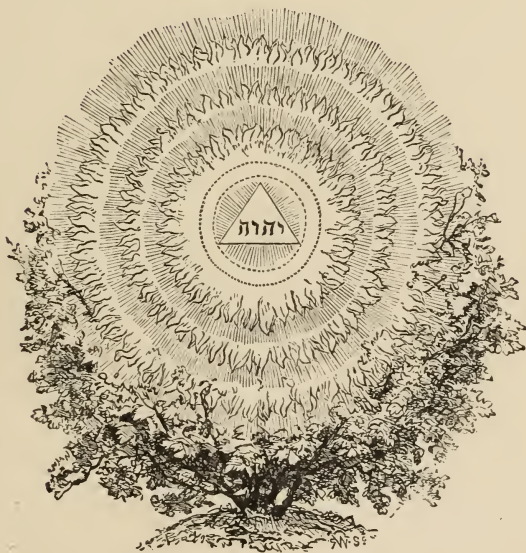


# THE PSALMS:

FRAE HEBREW INTIL SCOTTIS.

BY

P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D.,  
MINISTER.



It loze'd an' was name the waur.

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MDCCCXCI.

# THE BUIK,

CA'D O'

## PSALMS, OR LILTS, OR KIRK-SANGS,

MAUN be mair nor feckly David's. Twal, ye fin', o' Asaph's; twa wi' Solomon's name; and a-piece wi' Heman an' Ethan's name, an' ane wi' Moses': ane or mae by wha's no kent; maist like, frae the sugh o' them, by David. They gaed a' till sangs or sughs, i' the Makars' time, wi' harps an' wi' soundin-brods, or wi' fifes an' thairms: the blythest o' them aiblins like some heigh-lilts o' our ain, an' the dulest like some laigh-gaen croon or pibroch. Some sang-maister thar was, till airt the sangsters an' till time the sang; an' till him afore the lave the kirk-sang itsel was allenarly lippen'd. What sang-lumes, or organs, might than be in vogue, we ken-na for truth; their vera names are but jimply right-read in days like our ain—as ye may see eftirhen;\* but o' liltin on the heighest key thar was enough till gie name to them a': for ae Psalm, cxlv., or DAVID's *Telè*, or *Lilt*, as it's ca'd, whar it's liltin an' laudin frae en' till en', gied siclike name till the hail Buik as it stans. Our ain word *LILT*, that's but the Hebrew *TELL*; or *LILTIN*, that's but their *TELLIM*; synder'd an' sortit a wee the Norlan' gate, niebors weel wi' the name as it suld be.

The Buik pairts itsel in five: the three foremaist Pairts quat wi' *Amen an' Amen*, as ye sal fin' an' ye leuk, Ps. xli., lxxii., lxxxix., i' the hinmaist, or hinmaist verse but ane; the fourt wi' *Amen Halelujah*, or Laud ye the Lord, Ps. cvi.; an' the fyft wi' *Halelujah*, Ps. cl., at the en', whilk is the hinmaist word o' a'. The Psalms, Lilts, or Kirk-Sangs, hae maist o' them a gran', heigh, sary sugh; an' forby that they're biddens till God, hae wonner-feck fusion o' their ain as *Lyric Lilts* o' the makar. Thar's the saft seep o' the cluds an' the dour chirt o' the cranreuch; the lown holms, the green knowes, an' the blythe braes o' Bethlè'm; the cauld dyke-side, the snell showir, an' the snaw-white tap o' Lebanon; thar's the wimplin burn, the rowin spate, an' the gran' walth o' watirs; thar's the lanely, drowthy, dreich wustlan'; thar's the lowan heugh, the bleezan cairn, an' the craig that lowps an' dinnles; thar's the glint o' mony starn, the bright light o' the lift, an' the dule o' the dead-mirk dail, thegither; thar's the sang o' the cheerie herd, the sigh o' the weary wight, the maen o' the heartbroken man, an' the eerie sugh o' the seer; the dirl o' the pipe, the chirm o' the bird, the tout o' the swesch, an' the sraigh o' thunner; the mither's lilt for her wean, an' heigh hozannas at the yetts o' hevin: what the ee can see, what the lug can carrie; the chant o' the sant, an' the dule gant o' the goddowse; the blythe-bid o' the LORD himsel, an' the angrie ban o' his servan—forgather'd a' intil this ae Buik—an' gran' melee.

David, for a makar o' siclike, flings meikle mair intil sma' bouk nor the feck o' a' them wha hae lippen'd their thoughts the same gate. He sees an' he hears naething he canna tell; an' he tells a' like-as nane but himsel, afore or sen-syne, cou'd hae better tell'd it. David, for ane o' God's Seers o' Foretellers, an' for ane o' God's Sancts, fu' lown aneth His wings an' fu' gleg an' sikker i' the hevinly uptak; chrystit an' gifted baith till say God's say, an' till do God's bidden, i' the warld; made mair tryst on God's ain Word, an' lippen'd mair till God's ain gree, nor ony man or marrow o' them a' sen the time o' Moses. Moses himsel was the feck o' his lear, as ane may see wha likes; bot the bidden o' the LORD's mouthe ben i' his ain bosom, an' the sugh o' God's Ghaist i' the lown o' his ain heart, made him wysser nor the lave o' the folk, an' sterker nor the feck o' kings. Rightousness an' Truth war the twa braid stoops o' his life, an' the Word o' the LORD the ae bright light o' his gangins. That he was ettled till be but some fleshly figure o' the Chryst, in his warslins an' his winnins baith, haudin the lan' an' dingin the hethen his ain gate, he brawly be till ken; an' frae a' he tholed in himsel he schupit weel, wi' the help o' God, what the Chryst maun carrie. An' eke, that

he figured the folk wha lived i' the lown wi' God; wha gaed wrang whiles wi' the LORD, an pined for their ain misdoens; wha lippen'd till the LORD, an' wan weel awa frae their ain fauts an' folies; wha leukit ay till the face o' the LORD, an' had braw glints o' light whan the warld atowre was in mirkest midnight—no a lilt o' his ain but can tell. Mony a word o' his i' the wustlan', as it shot frae his mouthe in dule, wan hame till Calvary, an' mony a tang o' his harp had its ain sugh eftirhen' in Gethsemane. His flytins war feckly wi' the LORD's ill-willers, an' his biddens a' for help on the Halie Hill. Fu' mony a prayer he dirl'd to the lift, for the feckless wight that was nevir born; an' fu' mony a skreigh wan but frae his bosom, that nane but the widow an' the faitherless, i' their ain sad sighan, hae niebor'd sen-syne. Sic gude's-gree an' sic gifts made David the wale o' singers; an' no ae finger-breid o' God's Hail Word's mair trystit, or better kent, or mair han'd nor the Psalms. The Chryst himsel loutit till learn them, an' a' God's folk sen his day hae been blythe o' sic weel-timed readin.

Bot David was King, nae less nor Makar an' Foreseer, an' airtit the feck o' a' his sangs the gate o' God's gree wha set him on the thron, an' for rightin, up-biggen, an' haudin weel thegither the Kingryk was lippen'd i' his han'. Chryst, an' His ain heigher realm o' Man's Heal-makin, he foresighted an' a', as the learner may ken wha gangs till Ps. II., XXII., XLV., an' cx., an' wha hearkens till Chryst himsel in His ain vera Tryste. Bot the wyssest amang us sal hae but scrimp insight o' David's min', an we leuk-na till the sair warsle he dree'd wi' Saul an' wi' his folk, an' wi' siclike o' his ain, herriers an' peace-breakers o' the lan', that plagit him ay whiles he lived. He carps, now an' again, o' Godlowse Carls, an' now an' again, o' Bairns o' the Yird; lawless loons an' witless nae-believers, wha wrought ill till his folk, an' misca'd himsel, an' lightlied abune a' the God that tholed them: an' wha but the ill-deedie draigs o' the lan', or scruf o' the yird, war ettled or daur'd wi' sic names as thae? Carl, i' the Hebrew, we weel ken, ettles often enugh but Man or a Mighty Man, an' Bairn o' the Yird, but Son o' Man: yet owre an' owre in David's mouthe, they're wytit baith i' the name o' God, ban'd an' banish'd, for warkers o' a' mischieff an' thinkers o' a' ill again God's ain heritage. Wha syne could they be, an they war-na the draigs o' the auld Philistin folk o' the lan', an' wha sided wi' them again David, born ill-willers a' till God himsel an' till God's ain Chrystit? An ye read-na sae mair nor ance, the best o' David's Psalms, an' eke o' David's prayers an' biddens, sal gang for nought, an' for waur nor nought; they sal be but ill-heartit vanities—malisons in angir, that cou'd ne'er win by the lift.

David, for a man like the lave, had mony an ill faut o' his ain: yet sair he dree'd an' meikle he rued the wrang he wrought till his niebor, an' the angir he wrought till God. His ain ill-doen dang him, an' his heart's content whiles theekit him wi' schame. Bot tak David for a man as he stude by himlane, wi' the trystit crown on his head an' the hals o' his ill-willers, wi' mony an awesome warsle, aneth his feet; his ain heart whiles lowan like a kiln, an' his han's jimp redd o' bluid; the fauts he own'd to, an' mae, we maun e'en forgie him. Twa fauts abune the lave he had, an' they war baith Hebrew fauts. The warst o' the twa was, he sought owre het for bluid. The stoor he stude an' the ill he tholed wrought nae gude till his heart, an' e'en canker'd his nature. Baith God an' himsel had weel enugh min' o't: The LORD wad hae nae house-biggen at his han's; an' had the swurd at wark amang his out-come for mony a day, we ken brawly for what: an' till read the Psalms o' David rightly, siclike maun be thol'd in min'. Lang he dree'd, an' meikle he wanted; bot God till him was better nor a'. Ance or twice he forgies; he forgies, an' he bans again: he forgies for ae day, an' he bans for the lave o' a thousan years. David's ain Chrystit Maister taught us weel sen-syne anither gate, an' a' heigher; bot David lays the wyte o' a' on God, an' saikless himsel gangs thro' wi' 't. Nae ferlie nor he whiles tint temper; yet he ne'er tint tryst o' God. An we can do mair or better, we may faut him freely syne. Tak David thro' the piece for Man an' for Makar, for Seer an' for King, he was mair till the LORD's ain likan, a man mair eftir



God's ain heart, nor the feck o' his kind. Baith Abraham, an' Moses, an' himsel had fauts they might weel hae been quat o'; bot the LORD waled, an' gifted, an' liket them nane the less: yet nane o' their wrang-doens slippit His ee, or miss'd the dread down-come o' His han'.

Wha leuks, syne, for the leadin o' God's ain Gude Ghaist intil the Buik o' Psalms, maun leuk weel till the kin' o' man that spak for God i' the same, an' nae less till God's ain heigh gate o' guidin him. God speaks till us a' thro' our ain ghaist, an' feckly i' the tongue whar-intil we war born. God spak like-sae thro' David: thro' ane Hebrew till Hebrews, ferst; an' syne thro' Hebrews, by themsels, till the lave o' the warld. His ain halie Word, till us a', 's but ane: yet Psalms an' Foretelling baith cam but frae the lift thro' Hebrews. Tak weel wi' the Hebrew thought, an' ye sal tak weel eftirhen' wi' the thought o' God, wha lippen'd the tellin o't langsyne till folk, like Moses an' David, o' his ain han'-walin. What feck o' sense, what walth o' truth, what wit an' wyssheid; what far-sightiness, an' benmaist bodin; what weanlike tryst o' God, the Faither o' themsels an' a'; an' heighest thoughts o' Him, the Righter an' Heal-ha'der o' a', maun hae been theirs wha had the tellin o' a' till the lave o' his thoughtfu' creaturs!

O' this BUIK o' PSALMS mae Setts nor ane hae been:—

1, The LXX., intil Greek, gie what we count the XIV. for the LIII., an' LIII. for XIV.; forby that they airt a when words—the feck o' twa verses or tharby—frae the V., X., CXL., intil verse 3 o' their ain XIV.: an' Sanct Paul, as ye may see by what he reads frae that sett o' theirs (Rom. iii. 10), gangs wi' them.

2, What was ance kent for the Vulgate, or Auld Latin Sett, maks ae twa Psalms, IX. an' X., intil ane; an' ae single Psalm, CXLVII., intil twa. This wrang was rightit by Sanct Hieronymus, as he tells us in his ain Prologue till the New Vulgate: nochtless, it has been keepit ay on sen his day, baith i' the best Vulgates an' in ither weel-kent Catholic readins o' the Word, in mae tongues nor the Latin. Likesae, twa mae Psalms, CXIV. an' CXV., they sowthir intil ane, an' Psalm CXVI. they synder intil twa; whilk Hieronymus, their best stoop, lats stan'. Our weel-kent CXIX., this gate, fa's till be but their CXVIII., an' sae wi' the lave. This, forby some sma' differ i' the meath an' measur o' mony a single verse, that needs-na here till name.

3, I' the Hebrew itsel, what we tak for Headins stans but for the foremaist, or pairt o' the foremaist verse o' ilka Psalm: till whilk order mony wyss readers gie in.

4, I' the LXX. baith an' i' the Vulgate, an' whasae gang wi' them, *Halelujah* i' the five hinmaist Psalms, an' twa-three mae forby, is taen frae the Psalm an' set for a headin; anither wrang rightit in pairt by Sanct Hieronymus, lang or the Hebrew itsel was weel kent amang us.

5, By the same LXX. an' Vulgate, Psalm CXXXVII.'s gien till Jeremiah; an' Psalms CXII., CXXXVIII., CXLVI., CXLVII., CXLVIII., till Haggai an' Zechariah: an' Psalms CXXXIX., CXL., CXLI., CXLII., CXLIII., CXLIV., are set nane till David's makin, bot till David's gree allenarly by ither han's. The CXXXVII., an it be-na some foretelling, could be nane o' David's, an' might weel be Jeremiah's; bot the lave, for ought can be seen, might be David's ain, as likely's ony i' the Buik. Hieronymus gies but ane o' them till Haggai an' Zechariah; how the lave cam by makars' names, we ken-na.

6, An' hinmaist, the Hebrew Makars, gran' an' a' as they war, had a schule-man's gate o' their ain, till mak sangs wi' their verses an' pairts to fa' even wi' the A B C; an' took unco pains an' pride in't. Siclike are the XXV., XXXIV., XXXVII., less or mair: bot abune a' the lave, the CXIX., baith in pairts an' verses, ilka pairt in aght verses, an' ilka verse o' ilka pairt wi' its ain pairt-letter foremaist; an' the hail wi' a close-gaen, even sugh, short an' lang time about, frae en' till en'; maun hae been a wonner-wark o' thought, tho' thar's a hantle heigher lyric-makin baith afore an' ahint it.



# \* HEADINS O' PSALMS

## FOR THE HAIL BUIK.

AIJELETH-SHAHAR; *Hind o' the Mornin'*: ettled 1, till be but some fancifu' headin o' David's ain; 2, till be some shill, pitifu', wailin pipe, like the bellin o' deer i' the mornin; 3, but the name o' some sang the Psalm gaed till. Ps. xxii.

ALAMOTH; *Virginals*: some sang-gear ettled for dochters o' the quair till sing to, or till play upon, siclike's might be at dance or weddin. Ps. xlv.

AL-TASCHITH; *Waste-na*: nae sang-lume, an it war-na some laigh-gaen croon; bot a bidden o' David's, that God wad nane waste himsel, nor thole his ill-willers till waste him; as ye sal fin' Moses, in siclike case, bidden the Lord: Deut. ix. 26. Ps. lvii., lviii., lix., lxxv.

GITTITH; what this might be's no kent. *Gittuth*, whilk souns no far frae *Gittith*, ettles a *wine-press*; an' sae the LXX. themselfs tak it. Ps. viii., lxxxi., lxxxiv.

'Grees; *Staps, Stairs, Upgangs, or Heighgates*: Hebrew *Moluth*, siclike's the Latin *Molis*. Fourteen Psalms, on raik frae cxx. till cxxiv., wi' sic headin; bot nae sayan sikkerlie what's ettled: maist like, but some heigh-gaen key. Ps. cxx. on till cxxiv.

HIGGAION; *Thoughtfu', Thought-takin*; as ye sal fin' by Ps. ix. 16: maist-like, but some thoughtfu' sugh on the thairms, till gie the singer breath or he steer'd again. It gangs whiles wi' SELAH, as in Ps. ix. 16.

JEDUTHUN: but some sang-maister's ain name; a niebor o' Heman's an' Asaph's: 1 Chron. xvi. 41; 2 Chron. v. 12. Ps. xxxix., lxii., lxxvii.

JONETH-ELEM-RECHOKIM; *The forfochtin Dow amang far-off folk*: anither fancifu' headin o' David's ain, an it be-na the name o' some sang or chant for the Psalm, lvi.

MAHALATH; *Pendicle, or Pendle*: some sang-gear was hang on the han', or aiblins frae the shouthir; siclike's our ain triangle, till tang atween the pairs. Ps. liii.

MAHALATH-LEANNOTH; *Mahalath for Duplies, or Responses*: 1, sic sang-gear as abune, for tangin-out answers till the quair; 2, some read, wi' ither sense, *On the fecklessness, or down-draeg o' the pair*. Ps. lxxxviii.

MASCHIL; *Wys, Wyslke*; or, *Till mak wys or wysser*: might weel be said o' mony Psalms, an', like MICHAM aneth, gangs whiles alang wi' ither headins. Ps. xxxii., cxlii.

MICHAM; *The Gorden lilt*: a headin weel wordilie an' wysly gien till mony o' David's, tho' he said it himsel: stans whiles by its-lane, an' whiles, like MASCHIL, alang wi' ither headins. Frae Ps. xvi., here an' there, till lx.

MUTH-LABEN; *On The Dead o' the Son*: but on Psalm ix. An this be-na the name o' ony tune, sang, or sang-gear, i. maun hae been o' some pibroch, wi' a laigh-gaen sugh. Aiblins, was but the headin o' a Psalm on the downfa' o' dead o' some stoor riever or *Son o' the Yird*, that herried the folk as ye may see.

NEGINOTH, *Tune-timers*: 1, might be drums, tambours, or soundin-brods wi' thairms, like till the Spanish gittern 2, ony sang-gear wi' pipes or thairms, that was blawn ontill or tangit, till airt or maister the time. Frae Ps. iv., here an' there, till lxxvi.

NEHILOTH; *Glens, Howes, Fast-rinnin Watirs*: 1, quo' some, but the name o' some sang-gear nae langer kent; 2, quo' ither some, the foremaist word o' some sang itsel, that gaed wi' the Psalm. But ance, Ps. v.

SELAH; *Lorun Sugh*: was nae mair but some sang-maister's mark till quat awee, a' at ance, syne loud an' heigh the-gither. Gaed whiles wi' HIGGAION, or a *Thoughtfu' sugh*, afore't, dean lown awa intil naething. Ps. ix. 16.

SHEMINITH; *Aghtsome, ane Octave*: might thole till be taen either 1, some soundin-brod wi' aght thairms, or *octaves*, like our ain lang-syne *monie-chords*; 2, some sang wi' aght pairs, or singers; or 3, some laigh-gaen bass wi' chords i' the octave. Ps. vi., xii.

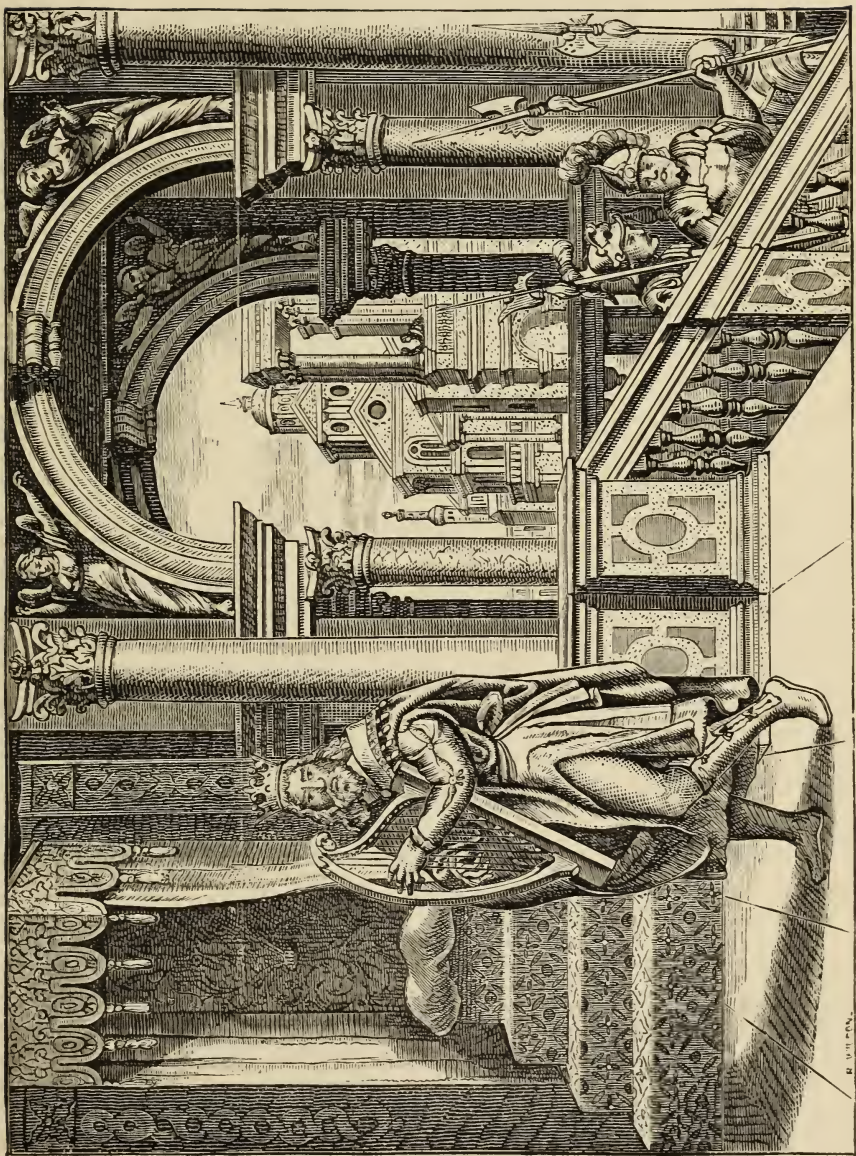
SHIGGAION; *Wand'rin*: some roun-about sugh, some noeven-gaen tune; whiles up, whiles down; here awa, there awa, as feck o' our ain chantit music gangs; bonie eneugh, but nae evenness; no comin hame on itsel. Ps. vii.

SHOSHANNIM; *Sax-some*: might thole till be taen *sax chordit*, or wi' *sax pairs*, or wi' *sax thairms*, siclike as SHEMINITH wi' aght. The Hebrew might e'en thole till be taen *on*, or *atowre the Lilies*, wi' their *sax* leaves, themselfs syne sae ca'd: an' wha kens but the *sax-chordit* sang-lume was buskit or decorated wi' *lilies*, for weddin-lilts, siclike's the Psalm xlv., an' Solomon's ain Sang, ii. 16, vii. 2? Ps. xlv., lxix.

SHOSHANNIM-EDUTH; *The Buskit Shoshannim, or Lilies i' their Brarvest Blume*. Ps. lxxx.

SHUSHAN-EDUTH; *Blythe an' bravo*; or *Buskit till yer Heart's Content*. How siclike headin gangs wi' but the ae Psalm—Ps. lx.—wad thole till be made clearer. Some able-eneugh readers tak *Eduth* wi' anither sense, for *Statut-laws*, or *Hail-biddens*, or *Commauns o' God*; but this, till nae betterment o' the headin whar it stans. Sic twa-fauld sense o' mony a Hebrew word's a wide yett for wrang gates i' the turnin.

Wha cons, wi' time an' thought, this hail Buik o' Psalms, an' some sang-neuks o' the Prophets forby, wi' tent till what gangs here-abune, sal airt himsel intill a hantle mair guid i' the readin o' them. Nae great scowthe o' sang-gear, ane may say, till sort or till wale amang, here: bot how ken we what their fifes an' horns, an' soundin-brods an' fiddles, war made o' or yet, how they war hanl'd? Horns o' the siller, fu' clear an' shill, dirlin the lug an' wauk'nin the heart; harps an' tambours o' the cedar, wi' siller soles, an' thairms o' the dinkst twine; ivor fifes an' quaukin fiddles, wi' some thousan tongues or mae in a single sugh, an' the LORD himsel heark'nin frae his Halie Howff aneth the cherubim, wad mak gran' eneugh wark on Zioun. The maist we can man, now-a-days, is but jimply till harl the sense, or till hilch an' haingle thro' some feckless tune till His gree, whase name was like the sugh o' mony watirs, an' his praise like a dinnlin spate, i' the lugs o' the Hebrew Makar. Fy! lat us up an' win on, till we wit a wee better what folk like the Psalmist ettled.







*DAVID in his ain Brarw Houss, at ZION.*—Ps. xxx



## THE

## BUIK O' PSALMS.\*

## [PAIRT ANE.]

## PSALM I.

*Folk are but frute-stoks—the gude weel plantit an' heartsome; the ill ne'er plantit awa, whose frute is but stoure, an' their cleedin stibble: the Lord kens them baith.*

[By wha's no said.]

**B**LYTHE *may* the man *be*, wha airts-na his gate by the guidin o' the godlowse;<sup>a</sup> an' wha stans-na i' the road o' wrang-doers; an' wha louts-na at the down-sittin o' lowse jaukers.<sup>b</sup>

2 Bot wi' the law o' the LORD is his hail heart's-gree; an' owre that rede o' his, day an' night, sigheth he.<sup>c</sup>

3 For he sal be† the frute-stok<sup>d</sup> plantit by the watir-rins, that frutes ay weel in his ain frute saison; an' his vera blade blights-na, bot a' the growthe he maks luckens.

4 Siclike *war* ne'er the godlowse; bot 'like caff *are* they *a'*, that the win' 's ay strewin.

5 Syne sae, at the rightin, sal the godlowse ne'er stan'; nor wrang-doers *win ben* till the gath'ran o' the rightous.

6 For the LORD kens weel the gate o' the rightous;<sup>f</sup> bot the gate o' the godlowse sal dwinnle.

## PSALM II.

*David's ain right till be King, an' Chryst's forby; a' ither kings maun thole an' lout.\**

[By wha's no said here.]

**W**HATFOR fey the far-aff folk, an' the frem folk trew ane ydil thing?<sup>a</sup>

2 Kings o' the yirth stan' up, an' righters tak thought thegither; again the LORD, an' again his Chrystit<sup>b</sup> ane, *sayan*;

3 Lat's rive their thirlbans syndry, an' fling atowre their tows frae us!<sup>c</sup>

4 Wha sits intil the lift sal laugh;<sup>d</sup> the Laird o' the lan'† sal lightlie them *a'*.

5 Syne sal he bost them in his wuth, an' fley them in his sair mislooin, *sayan*;

6 I hae setten† my king, for a', ontill my halie height o' Zioun.<sup>e</sup>

7 I sal e'en gar yo trew the reddening: Quo' the LORD until me, *f* My ain son *are* ye, this day hae I begotten thee.

8 <sup>g</sup> Seek ye frae me, an' I sal gie till *thee* the far-aff folk in fee, an' the yondermaist neuks o' the warld till yer ain ha'din.

9 Ye sal thring them wi' a gad o' airn; ye sal ding them till roons, like the shaird-makar's gowpin.<sup>h</sup>

10 Be wyss than, O ye kings; tak tent, ye righters o' the warld:

11 <sup>i</sup> Lout ye to the LORD wi' dread; an' gin ye bost, lat it be wi' slakkens.

12 <sup>k</sup> Swaif ye the Son, that he tak-na wuth; an' ye tine yer ain gate, gin his lowe be kenn'd but a kennin.

<sup>l</sup> O blythe *may* they *a' be*, wha lippen till himsel alane!

\* Luke 20, 42.  
Acts 1, 20.

<sup>a</sup> Prov. 4, 14,  
15.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 26, 4.  
Jer. 15, 17.

<sup>c</sup> Jos. 1, 8.  
Ps. 119, 1, 97.

† Heb. *like*,  
needsna here

<sup>d</sup> Jer. 17, 8.  
Ezek. 47, 12.

<sup>e</sup> Job 21, 18.  
Ps. 35, 5.  
Isaiah 17, 13;  
29, 5.  
Hos. 13, 3.

<sup>f</sup> Nahum 1, 7.

\* Afore  
CHRYST,  
1047.  
Sam. 5.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 46, 6.  
Acts 4, 25.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 45, 7.

<sup>c</sup> Jer. 5, 5.  
Luke 19, 14.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 37, 13;  
59, 8.  
Prov. 1, 26

† Wha's ain  
right it is till  
mak kings:  
anither word  
i' the He-  
brew here,  
nor *Jehorah*.

† Heb. *I hae  
chrystit*.

<sup>e</sup> 2 Sam. 5, 7.

<sup>f</sup> Acts 13, 33.  
Heb. 1, 5; 5, 5.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 22, 27;  
72, 8; 89, 27.  
Dan. 7, 13, 14.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 89, 23.  
Rev. 2, 27;  
12, 5; 19, 15.

<sup>i</sup> Heb. 12, 28.

<sup>k</sup> Gen. 41, 40.  
1 Sam. 10, 1.

<sup>l</sup> Isaiah 30, 18.  
Jer. 17, 7.

## PSALM III.

*A faither's heart-break: the awarst o'  
a heart-breaks maun be bruikit:  
the Lord's a lown hap for a'.*

A dree-sang o' David's, whan he  
quat the gate afore his ain son  
Absh'lom.\*

**L**ORD, <sup>a</sup>how fiend-folk thrang  
about me; mony again me set  
themsels roun.

2 Quo' mony o' my saul, <sup>b</sup>Thar's  
nae stay for him wi' God: Selah.

3 Bot yerlane, O LORD, <sup>are</sup>† out-  
owre me a'; my lofliheid, an' the  
uphauder o' my croun.

4 I sought till the Lord, I skreigh't;  
an' he spak till mysel, frae the height  
o' his haliness: Selah.

5 'I sal e'en lay me laigh an' sleep;  
I sal wauken *or lang*, for the LORD  
uphaudeth me.

6 <sup>d</sup>Nane sal I fear frae thousans  
o' the folk, wha owre-set *themsels*  
again me, rinket roun.

7 Up, LORD; saif me, O my God:  
'for yerlane ontill the chafts hae dang  
my faes; the teeth o' the godlowse  
yerlane gar'd dinne.

8 <sup>f</sup>Heal-ha'din's *wi'* the LORD  
himlane; yer blythe-bid's on yer  
folk *for evir*: Selah!

## PSALM IV.

*God's ain may lippen till himlane, an'  
be lown enough.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth:\*  
ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**S**PEAK hame till me, God o' my  
rightousness; *speak hame i' my*  
schraighan. Ye hae lows'd me *or*  
*now* frae haud: be gude till me syne,  
an' tent my bidden.

2 How lang, ye sons o' the carl,  
sal my gude's gree be lightlied *an ang*  
*yo?* Will ye *ay* be fain o' ydilh'id?

Will ye spier eftir lies *for evir?*  
Selah.

3 Bot weet ye weel, the LORD  
sets-by wha likes himsel: the LORD  
will hearken whan I skreigh until  
him.

4 Fyke an ye will, bot steer-na  
by: <sup>a</sup>threep wi' your hearts on yer  
beds, an' be whush: Selah.

5 <sup>b</sup>Offrans mak ye o' rightous-  
ness, an' lippen yerlanes wi' the  
LORD.

6 Wha will schaw us *auht* gude,  
quo' mony *an' mae*: 'the light o' yer  
leuks, O LORD, gar lift upon us  
*for ay!*

7 I' my heart ye hae gien me mair  
gree, nor e'er whan their corn an'  
their wine war rife.

8 <sup>d</sup>I sal baith lay me down, an'  
lye fu' lown; for yerlane, O LORD,  
hauds me livin sikker.<sup>c</sup>

## PSALM V.

*God tholes ill a' liean, bluidy folk; an'  
David wytes them i' the name o'  
God: wha do weel sal be blythe, an'  
win ben afore God.*

Till the sang-maister on Nehiloth:\*  
ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**H**EARKEN till my croon, O  
LORD; tak tent till my sighan.†

2 Hearken till the sugh o' my  
schraighan, my King an' my God;  
for till yerlane I sen' hame my  
bidden.

3 <sup>a</sup>At mornin ere, O LORD, ye sal  
hear my cry: at mornin ere I sal  
straught me till thee, an' sal bide  
yer kennin.†

4 <sup>b</sup>For ye *are* nae God wha likes  
the wrang; wha godlowse is, wi'  
thee sal hae nae bydan.

5 Wha roose themsels, sal ne'er  
stan' frontin thee;† a' doers o' wrang,  
ye mislo'e them utterlie.

6 Lican loons, ye thring them

\* 2 Sam. 15;  
16; 17; 18.  
A. C. 1023.

<sup>a</sup> 2 Sam. 16, 15.

<sup>b</sup> 2 Sam. 16, 8.  
It's ill win-  
nin by the  
ban.

† Heb. *schild*,  
*shed*, or *hap*-  
*pin*.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 4, 8.  
Prov. 3, 24.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 27, 3.

<sup>e</sup> Job 16, 10.  
Ps. 58, 6.  
Lam. 3, 30.

<sup>f</sup> Jer. 3, 23.  
Jonah 2, 9  
Rev. 7, 10;  
19, 1.

\* Some heigh  
soundin brod  
wi' baith  
pipes an'  
thairms, till  
blaw an'  
tang: leuk  
*Headins* o'  
the Buik o'  
Psalms.  
Hab. 3, 19.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 77, 6.

<sup>b</sup> Deut. 33, 1;  
Ps. 50, 14  
51, 19.  
2 Sam. 15, 12

<sup>c</sup> Num. 6, 26.  
Ps. 80, 3, 7, 19  
119, 135.

<sup>d</sup> Job 11, 18  
19.

Ps. 3, 5.

<sup>e</sup> Lev. 25, 18  
19; 26, 5.  
Deut. 12, 10.

\* Leuk tili  
*Headins*, &c

† Heb. *sair*  
*thought*.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 130, 6.

† Heb. *leuk*  
*lang up*.

<sup>b</sup> Hab. 2, 13

† Heb. *afore*  
*yer een*.

<sup>a</sup> Heb. *man o' bluid an' lies.*

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 55, 23

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 28, 2;  
132, 7; 138, 2.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 25, 4;  
27, 11.

<sup>c</sup> Luke 11, 44.  
Rom. 3, 15.  
<sup>e</sup> Ps. 62, 4.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *mak awa wi' them, haud them for dune.*

<sup>a</sup> Heb. *unco ain.*

<sup>a</sup> 1 Chron. 15, 21.  
Ps. 12, head-  
'n; an' leuk  
*Headins, &c*

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 38, 1.  
Jer. 10, 24;  
46, 28.

<sup>a</sup> Heb. *hame again.*

down; the bluidy an' the sliddery carl† the LORD ne'er tholes awa.<sup>c</sup>

7 Bot mysel till yer hous will ben, i' the feck o' yer ain gude-gree; an' beck me laigh at yer <sup>d</sup>halie howf, wi' dread o' thee.

8 Weise me, O LORD, i' yer ain right gates; for my ill-willers' will, straught ye yer gate afore me.<sup>c</sup>

9 For, i' their mouthe *thar's* nae sikker sugh; their wame's but the howff o' ill; <sup>f</sup>their craig's but a gapin heugh; <sup>g</sup>wi' their tongue, they *but* ettle a lie.

10 †Wyte, wyte them sair, O God: schute them owre i' their ain thought-takins; ding them by i' their ain heigh gates: for they steer'd till win up again thee.

11 Bot blythe be they a', wha lip-pen yerlane; lat them lilt evir mair, for ye fen' them weel; lat them †fyke an' be fain in thee, wha lo'e thy name.

12 For yerlane, O LORD, sal mak blythe the rightous; wi' gudeness ye sal theek them owre, as *wi'* ane schild.

## PSALM VI.

*David's feckless fa', an' threep o' dule wi' God: he warsles through.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth on Sheminith: \* ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**W**YTE me na sae sair,<sup>a</sup> O LORD, i' yer angir; an' ding me na by, i' yer bleezan torne.

2 Be gude till me, LORD, for but feckless am I; heal me, O LORD, for my banes are shukken.

3 My saul is e'en uncolie shukken: bot yersel, O LORD, how lang?

4 †Hereawa, LORD, an' redd-but my saul; O heal ye me, for yer pitie's sake.

5 For nane intil dead sal hae min'

o' thee: wha intil his lang hame sal laud thee mair?<sup>b</sup>

6 Forfoch'en am I wi' my sighan; wi' tears a' night || I hae drookit my bed; my bink I hae soom'd wi' my greetan.

7 Mine ee wears awa wi' tene; it swaks afore a' my ill-willers.<sup>c</sup>

8 <sup>d</sup>Awa frae me, a' ye warkers o' mischief; for the LORD will hearken the sugh o' my sabbins.

9 The LORD, he will hearken my threep; the LORD will tak hame my bidden.

10 Scham't sal they be an' sair fash't, ilk ane o' my faes: hame sal they gae, an' scham't sal they be, in a gliffie!

## PSALM VII.

*An unco fact wi' ill-speakers; a waur fact wi' ill-doers: bot the Lord's abuse a', an' wairs their mischief on their ain shouthirs.*

\* Shiggaion o' David: whilk he sang till the Lord, fornenst the ill tongue o' Cush the Benjamite.†

**O** LORD my God, till yerlane maun I lippen: saif me frae a' that seek eftir me, an' redd me but.

2 <sup>a</sup>That he glaum-na my life like a lyoun; rivan't, an' nae winnin-by. ||

3 O LORD my God, gin I hae dune siclike;<sup>b</sup> gin thar's ought o' mischief i' my han's:

4 Gin I hae wrought ill till my frienlie fiere; or fleesh'd my ill-willers for greed: ||

5 Lat the fien-loon syne owre-spang my saul; baith fang an' fling my life till the yird, an' my gudeliheid straik i' the stoure: Selah.

6 <sup>d</sup>Up, O LORD, i' yer angir; redd my ill-willers by, i' yer wuth: 'an' steer for me till the rightin ye ettled, wi' yer ain word o' *mouthe*.

7 Syne sal the folk a' rink thee

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 30, 9; 88 11; 115, 17 118, 17.  
Isaiah 38, 18  
|| or, *ilk night*.

<sup>c</sup> Job 17, 7.  
Ps. 31, 9; 38 10; 88, 9.  
Lam. 5, 17.  
<sup>d</sup> Ps. 119, 115

\* *Headins, &c*  
Hab. 3, 1.

12 Sam. 16.  
Cir. A. C.  
1062.

<sup>a</sup> Isai. 38, 13.  
|| or, *nae red-der-by*.

<sup>b</sup> 2 Sam. 16, 7, 8.

<sup>c</sup> 1 Sam. 24, 7; 26, 9.

|| or, *Na, I hae e'en loves'd them woha ill-will'd me for nought*.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 94, 4.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 44, 23.



roun'; an' for their sakes, hame again on hie!

8 The LORD himlane sal right-recht the folk: right me, O LORD, as my righteousness maun be,<sup>f</sup> an' the singleness o' my thoughts abune me.

9 O gin the ill o' ill-doers war dune; bot furdur ye the right: an' leuk weel till baith heart an' lisks, like a righteous God.<sup>g</sup>

10 || I shaltir me a' wi' God, wha saifs the upright in heart.

11 God himlane's the righteous rechter; an' God ill-tholes the hail day.

12 § An *the ill-doer* turn-na, *the LORD* maun <sup>h</sup>straik his swurd; he maun stent his bow, an' mak a' sikker:

13 The graith o' dead he maun schupe for himsel; his flanes o' lowe || he has wrought a' ready.<sup>h</sup>

14 Leuk syne *till the goddowse*: he hoves wi' nocht; he raxes wi' pyne; he's made lighter o' a lie.<sup>k</sup>

15 He howks a hole, an' braids it weel; *bot* he coups i' the sheugh he made *for anither*.<sup>l</sup>

16 Hame on his head comes a' his fash; an' down on his pow his ain ill-doen.<sup>m</sup>

17 I maun laud the LORD as his righteousness is; an' lilt till the name o' the LORD, *wha's* heigh abune oye.

(1) That ye may ken a', hearken how ither folk read: The LXX., an' wi' them the Vulgate, mak the words till rin *his flanes again the burners or bleezers*; Luther, an' wi' him the Dutch, *his flanes for dingin till dead*; the Mayntz Bibel, an' afore them Ulenberg, *his flanes that they may bleeze or burn*; the French, an' wi' them the Italian, *his flanes again the bleezan perseverers*; Rhemes, *his arrowes for them that burn*; Geneva, *his arrowes for them that persecute me*; an' eftir them, our ain Inglis, *his arrowes against the persecutors*: the feck o' whilk turnins the Hebrew its-lane can thole: But anent a' when o' them, we hear o' nae burners nor bleezers nor fire-kennlers i' the lan'. On the ither side, we ken weel (Ps. 18. 14) that God's flanes war ay flanes o' lowe, or bleezan bolts, in David's cen; an' gin ye read o' for again, as the Hebrew stans, ye hae *lowan flanes*, or *flanes o' lowe*; whilk maks a' straught an' truth-like.

<sup>f</sup>Ps. 18, 20.

<sup>g</sup>1 Sam. 16, 7; 1 Chron. 28, 9. Ps. 139, 1. Jer. 11, 20; 17, 10; 20, 12. Rev. 2, 23.

<sup>h</sup>or, *my hap*, or *my child's* *wei' God*.

<sup>i</sup>It canna be weel kent frae the Hebrew, wha suld turn here, the ill-doer frae David, or the Lord frae the ill-doer, or baith.

<sup>j</sup>Deut. 32, 41.

<sup>k</sup>or, *again the perseverers or burners* (1)

<sup>l</sup>Deut. 32, 23, 42.

<sup>m</sup>Ps. 18, 14; 64, 7.

<sup>n</sup>Job 15, 35. Isaiah 33, 11; 59, 4.

<sup>o</sup>Jam. 1, 15.

<sup>p</sup>Job 4, 8.

<sup>q</sup>Ps. 9, 15; 10, 2; 35, 8; 94, 23; 141, 10.

<sup>r</sup>Prov. 5, 22; 26, 27.

<sup>s</sup>Ecc. 10, 8.

<sup>t</sup>1 Kings 2, 32.

## PSALM VIII.

*The nameliheid o' God's abune lift an' lan'; an' his lōesome luve till his binmost creatur's ayont tellin.*

Till the sang-maister on Gittith: \* ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

O LORD, †Laird o' us a', how lordlie's thy name atowre a' the yirth; wha setten haist thy nameliheid abune the hevins.<sup>a</sup>

2 <sup>b</sup>Frae bairnies' mouthes an' weanies fine, ye hae ettled might again a' yer faes; that the wrang-doer baith an' wha rights himsel,<sup>c</sup> ye may whush them *ane wi' anither*.

3 Gin I leuk till thy lift, that fingir-wark o' thine; *till* the mune an' the starn ye hae set sae sikker:

4 <sup>d</sup>What's man, *quo' I*, that ye bear him in min'; or ane o' yird's bairns, ye suld mak him niebor?

5 Yet ye thol'd him but a thought frae God; † ye hae theekit him roun' wi' gudeliheid an' gree:

6 <sup>e</sup>Ye hae gien till himsel maister-ship an' a' owre yer ain han's warks; <sup>f</sup>ye hae putten a'-thing laigh aneth his feet.

7 †Beasties sma' an' owsen grit thegither; aye, an' the field-gaen deer forby:

8 The fier i' the lift an' the soomer i' the sea, an' a' that gaes ben thro' the troghs o' the sea.

9 O LORD, Laird o' us a', how heigh owre a' the yirth's that name o' thine! §

## PSALM IX.

*The ill-deedie carl has his ain time, bot he stackers an' fa's or the end be: the Lord neither stackers nor fa's; an' the feckless may lippen till himlane sikkerhe: David has lauded him loud an' lang, an' sal yet laud him louder an' langer.*

† Tak tent as ye read: thar'e no mony grander kirk sangs nor this.

\*Headins, &c.

† Ps. 2, 4; Laird o' the lan', &c.

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 113, 4; 148, 13.

<sup>b</sup>Matt. 11, 25; 21, 16.

<sup>c</sup>Ps. 44, 16.

<sup>d</sup>Job 7, 17. Ps. 144, 3. Heb. 2, 6.

† Heb. 2<sup>e</sup> made him but a thought laigher nor God.

<sup>e</sup>Gen. 1, 26, 28.

<sup>f</sup>1 Cor. 15, 27. Heb. 2, 8.

† Heb. a' *fe*, siclike as sheep, gaits an' sma' beiss.

§ An it be c'en abune the hevins, it may weel be heigh abune the yirth.

A. C. 1018.

\* Aiblins on  
the downfa',  
or dead, o'  
some riev an  
carl:  
Headins, &c.

Till the sang-maister on Muth-lab-  
ben: \* ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**I** MAUN laud, O LORD, wi' my  
hail heart; I maun tell o' a' thy  
wonner-warks.

2 Fu' blythe an' fain sal I be in  
thee; I sal lilt till thy name, Thou  
Highest o' a'.

3 Whan my ill-willers turn the  
gate hame, they sal stacher an'  
dwinle afore thee.

4 For my right ye wrought out,  
an' ye rightit me; ye sat on the  
thron, right-rechtin weel.

5 Ye wytit the folk; ye wastit  
the wicket; their name ye dight  
out for evir an' ay.<sup>a</sup>

6 O ill-will'd man, *surely* swurd-  
wark's by for evir: hail towns ye  
hae rutet frae the yird; themselfs  
an' a' min' o' them's dwafflet.

7 Bot the LORD *himlane* bides on  
evir mair; <sup>b</sup> for right-rechtin ay, has  
he ettled his thron.

8 An' the warld he sal right-recht  
himsel intil rightousness; <sup>c</sup> he sal  
redd among the hethen wi' a' maner  
o' right.

9 <sup>d</sup> An' the LORD sal be stoop till  
the feckless; a braw heigh <sup>†</sup> stoop i'  
the time o' stretts.<sup>†</sup>

10 An' a' that ken thy name sal  
betak themselfs till thee; for ye  
ne'er mislippen'd nane, wha spier'd  
for yersel, O LORD.

11 Lilt ye till the LORD, wha  
bides ontill Zioun; furth afore the  
folk wi' his wonner-warks a'.

12 'For an' he spier for blude,  
he'll hae min' o' them; the sighan  
o' the puir he will ne'er mislippen.

13 Hae pitie on me, LORD; leuk  
weel till the stoor I dree frae my  
faes; yersel, wha can rax me frae  
the yetts o' dead.

14 That I may lilt a' thy praise,  
i' the yetts o' the dochter o' Zioun:

fu' blythe sal I be i' thy heal-ha'din,  
*than*.

15 § The folk hae gaen down i' the  
sheugh they made; <sup>f</sup> i' the girn they  
happit, is their ain fit fankit.

16 The LORD is weel kent by the  
rightin he's wrought: by his ain  
han's wark, is the ill-doer grippet:  
|| <sup>g</sup> Higgaion, Selah!

17 Ill-doers sal gang till the howff  
o' dead; an' frem folk a', wha think  
nane o' God.

18 For the feckless puir sal nane  
ay fa' atowre; *nor* the langsome  
leuk o' the down-dang mislippen  
for evir.

19 Up, LORD; let-na carls<sup>†</sup> hae  
the gree: lat hethen folk be weel  
sortit afore ye.

20 Fley them, O LORD; gar the  
hethen ken they're but men: Selah.

## PSALM X.

*The yird-born carl\* has baith a heigh  
head an' a heavy han'; kens little,  
an' cares less; bot the Lord rights  
a', baith puir an' faitherless, wha  
lippen till himsel.*

[By wha's no said.]

**W**HATFOR, O LORD, stan'  
ye atowre; an' hap ye sae  
close in times o' strett?

2 The ill-doer in his haughtiness  
herries the puir: <sup>a</sup> Lat them be  
fankit a' i' the thoughts o' their ain  
thinkin.

3 For the ill-doer's fain till his  
heart's content, an' blythe-bids the  
warl's-worm || the LORD ay hates.<sup>b</sup>

4 The ill man in his haughtiness  
boost-na to care: nae God ava intil  
ane o' his thoughts.<sup>c</sup>

5 Wearisome ay are a' gates o'  
his: *owre* heigh fornenst him are  
thy right-rechts a': wha fash wi'  
him, he wheefles them by.<sup>d</sup>

§ Ill folk, or  
hethen.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 7, 15, 16;  
35, 8; 57, 6;  
94, 23.  
Prov. 5, 22;  
22, 8; 26, 27.

|| <sup>g</sup> *thocht-  
fu' sugh:*  
leuk till  
Headins, &c.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 19, 14;  
92, 3.

<sup>†</sup> The god-  
lowse yird-  
born folk o'  
the lan'.  
Ps. 10, 18.

\* Philistins,  
an' a' siclike  
o' David's  
day; whaill-  
willed him-  
sel an' the  
lown-livin  
folk o' the  
lan'; as we  
hae said or  
now.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 7, 16; 9,  
15, 16.  
Prov. 5, 22.

|| or, the  
*warl's-worm*  
blythe-bids  
himself, an'  
mislikes the  
Lord.

<sup>b</sup> Prov. 28, 4.  
Rom. 1, 32.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 14, 1, 2;  
53, 1.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 12, 5.

<sup>a</sup> Deut. 9, 14.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 102, 12.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 96, 13;  
98, 9.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 32, 7; 37,  
39; 46, 1;  
91, 2.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *castel-  
craig*.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *times*  
o' strett.

<sup>e</sup> Gen. 9, 5.

<sup>e</sup> Eccles. 8, 11.  
Isaiah 56, 12.  
<sup>f</sup> Rom. 3, 14.

† Heb. *nae end o' clairsers*.  
Ps. 12, 2.

<sup>g</sup> Hab. 3, 14.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 17, 11.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 17, 12.

† Heb. *i' his heart*: sic-like, ver. 6.  
<sup>a</sup> Job 22, 13.  
Ps. 73, 11;  
94, 7.

† Heb. *i' his heart*.

† Heb. *hauds an uncolie*.  
<sup>i</sup> Ps. 68, 5.

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 37, 17.

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 29, 10;  
145, 13;  
146, 10.  
Jer. 10, 10.  
Lam. 5, 19.  
Dan. 4, 34;  
6, 26.

<sup>i</sup> Tim. 1, 17.  
† Heb. *langsome thought*.

<sup>1</sup> or, *ding*.

6 Quo' he till himsel, I sal ne'er be steer'd; frae ae kithgettin till anither, siclike's *mysel* are ne'er the waur.<sup>e</sup>

7 <sup>f</sup>His gab's fu' o' swearin, an' lies, an' louseness; ben aneth his tongue's but labor an' kiaugh.†

8 He sits i' the neuks o' the towns; i' the lown <sup>g</sup>neuks he fells the saikless; <sup>h</sup>his een ay glaum on the puir.

9 <sup>i</sup>He taigles in howff like some lyoun in *his* den; he taigles for till fang the feckless; an' the feckless he fangs, whan he sweels him i' his net.

10 An' he louts; he cow'rs fu' laigh; syne dings the feckless wi' his mighty *bakspangs*.

11 Quo' he till himsel,† God has nae min': he has happit his face; he sal ne'er leuk mair.<sup>k</sup>

12 Bot rise, LORD God: rax up yer han'; forget-na the feckless.

13 Whatfor suld the ill man lightlie God? He says till himsel,† Ye'll ne'er spier mair.

14 Ye hae seen <sup>t</sup>yersel; for yersel can see baith cark an' care, till tak a' i' yer han'. Till yersel the puir man leuks an' lippens;† the frien' o' the faitherless yerlane are <sup>t</sup>Thou.

15 Flinder ye the arm o' the ill-doen, an' *eke* o' the ill-heartit man;<sup>m</sup> an' ripe out his wrang, till ye fin' nae mair.

16 <sup>n</sup>The LORD is King for evir an' ay: the hethen maun dwinnle frae aff his lan'.

17 Ye hae hearken'd till the chirm† o' the puir, O LORD: their hearts ye maun heal; ye maun lout yer lug:

18 Till right the faitherless an' the feckless; that yird-born loons nae langer gang on till fley <sup>1</sup>*them* a'.

Sic biddens o' David's maun feckly be taen as ettled again the Philistins, an' a' sic harmers o' the realm; as said has been.

## PSALM XI.

*Nae need till flie frae the ill-heartit loon: the Lord canna mislippen his ain.*

Till the sang-maister: *ane* o' David's.

**I** LIPPEN till the LORD: whatfor cry ye till my saul, Awa to yer craig *like* a bird!<sup>a</sup>

2 For leuk, the ill-deedie stent the bow;<sup>b</sup> their flane on the string they straught;<sup>c</sup> till ding the aefauld in heart, hidlins;†

3 <sup>d</sup>An the grundin† gang, what mair can the leal man do?

4 <sup>e</sup>The LORD's intil his halie howff; the LORD, his thron's i' the lift: <sup>f</sup>his een can see, his vera winkers try, yird's bairns.

5 The LORD wales weel the righteous; bot the ill-deedie man, an' wha likes mischieff, his saul abides-na.

6 <sup>g</sup>He sal toom on ill-doers a bleezan spate; <sup>h</sup>lowe, an' brunstane, an' the stoor o' storms: a stoupfu' o' their ain.<sup>h</sup>

7 For the righteous LORD likes weel a' righteousness; his een† tak tent o' the right.

## PSALM XII.

*David's dule for the dearth o' honest folk; bot the Lord will saif his ain frae lies an' jeerin.*

Till the sang-maister on Sheminith: \* ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**S** AIF us, LORD, for the gude man gangs;<sup>a</sup> for leal folk dwinnle 'mang the bairns o' yird.

2 Fausets they crack, ilk man till his niebor;<sup>b</sup> *wi'* fraisin gabs, an' wi' twasome hearts, they clash an' clavier.<sup>c</sup>

3 The LORD sal sned aff a' fraisin lips, an' the tongue that cracks sae unco crouselly:†<sup>d</sup>

4 Wha say, Wi' our tongue we sal maister a'; our lips are our ain,† wha's laird owre us?

Cir. A. C.  
1060

<sup>a</sup> 1 Sam. 26.  
19, 20.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 64, 3, 4.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 21, 12.

† Heb. *i' the mirk*.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 82, 5.

† Heb. *grundins*.

<sup>e</sup> Hab. 2, 20.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 33, 13;  
34, 15, 16;  
66, 7.

<sup>g</sup> Gen. 19, 24.  
Ezek. 38, 22.

|| or, *spatefu' o' girms*.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 75, 8.

† Heb. *faces, or leuks*.

\* Headin' o' Psalm 6:  
*Headins, &c.*

<sup>a</sup> Isaiah 57, 1.  
Micah 7, 2.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 10, 7.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 28, 3.  
Jer. 9, 8.

† Heb. *grit things*.

<sup>d</sup> 1 Sam. 2, 3.  
Dan. 7, 8.

† Heb. *belang us*.



<sup>a</sup> or, *fank*.  
<sup>c</sup> Ps. 10, 5.

<sup>f2</sup> Sam. 22, 31.  
Ps. 18, 30;  
119, 140.  
Prov 30, 5.

5 For the tholin o' the feckless,  
for the sighan o' the puir, now  
maun I up, quo' the LORD: I sal  
steek them *baith* lown, *frae him* that  
wad jeer || at ane o' them.<sup>c</sup>

6 The words o' the LORD are  
weel-dight words: siller dight in a  
kilm o' clay; seven times dightit.<sup>f</sup>

7 Yerlane, O LORD, sal waird  
them weel, for evir an' ay, frae the  
folk o' this kith-gettin.

8 On ilka han' ill-doers gang,  
whan the draigs o' yird are bune-  
maist.

### PSALM XIII.

*The Lord's like till lose sight o' David;  
bot David maun ne'er lose sight o'  
the Lord.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt  
o' David's.

**H**OW lang, O LORD? Will ye  
mind me nae mair? How  
lang will ye hap yer face frae me?<sup>a</sup>

2 How lang tak thought i' my saul  
maun I, *wi'* dule i' my heart daily?  
How lang sal my ill-willer rax  
abune me?

3 Tak tent an' hearken till me,  
LORD my God; enlighten my een,  
that I sleep-na the *sleep* o' dead:<sup>b</sup>

4 That my ill-willer say-na,<sup>c</sup> I hae  
waur'd him now! or my faes be  
fain an I be shukken.

5 Bot I'se lippen me a' till yer ain  
gude-gree; my heart sal be blythe  
i' yer ain heal-ha'din.

6 Na, I sal *e'en* gang lilt till the  
LORD; for he's wrought a' nieborlie  
for me.

### PSALM XIV

*The loons o' the lan' are an ill-doen,  
godlowse core: bot the Lord will  
fesh hame again a' that are tint,  
till Zioun.*

Till the sang-maister: ane o' David's.

<sup>a</sup> Deut. 31, 17.  
Job 13, 24.  
Ps. 44, 24;  
89, 46.

<sup>b</sup> Jer. 51, 39.  
<sup>c</sup> Ps. 25, 2.

**Q**UO' the gowk<sup>a</sup> till himsel,†  
*Thar's* nae God. <sup>b</sup> Far-gane  
are they a'; wrang-doers are they  
haililie; no ane o' them a' does weel.

2 'The LORD frae the lift leukit  
owre on the bairns o' yird, till see  
gin ony wyss war, spierin for God.

3 Bot it was bakgane a' wi' them;  
heart-holed war they a': <sup>d</sup>no ane  
o' them a' wrought right; no, an it  
war-na ane. ||

[*Quo' the Lord.*]

4 Ken they na *gude*, thae warkers  
o' ydilheid? wha' eat up my folk  
as they eat bread, an' spier ne'er  
for the LORD.<sup>f</sup>

[*Quo' David.*]

5 Thar dree'd they *syne* a dreadfu'  
dread; for *thar's* God wi' the hail†  
kith o' the righteous.

6 Ye hae lightlied the thought-  
takin o' the needie; bot the LORD  
himsel *was* his tryst.

7 <sup>e</sup>O wha sal rax yont frae Zioun  
heal-makin till Israel a'? § Whan  
the LORD sal bring hame again them  
that's in ban' o' his peopil, blythe  
*syne* sal Jakob be, an' Israel sal be  
fain!<sup>h</sup>

### PSALM XV.

*Wha sal bide lown an' lang i' the hous  
o' the Lord.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**L**ORD,<sup>a</sup> wha sal bide i' that  
howff o' thine? or wha be  
lown on yer halie height?

2 <sup>b</sup>Wha gangs ay straught; an'  
wha does ay right; an' wha speaks  
frae his heart right sikkerlie:†

3 'Wha double-deals nane wi' his  
tongue; wha warks nae ill till his  
frien'; nor ||tholes nae skaithe on  
his niebor:<sup>d</sup>

4 In whase een the little worth are  
lightlied enough, bot whasae fear  
the LORD he likes fu' weel; wha  
swears till his frien',† an' steers-na:

† Heb. i' his  
heart.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 10, 4;  
53, 1.

<sup>b</sup> Rom. 3, 10,  
&c.

Leuk what's  
said till *wha*  
reads this  
Buik o'  
Psalms, p. 2

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 102, 19.

<sup>d</sup> Rom. 3, 10.  
Leuk again  
till *wha*  
reads.

|| or, no, no  
ane.

<sup>e</sup> Amos 8, 4.  
Mic. 3, 3.

<sup>f</sup> Isaiah 64, 7.

† The gowk  
trew'd thar  
was nane:

(ver. 1.)  
Whan God  
leuks frae  
the lift an'  
cracks, the  
bauldest  
loon maun  
trimmle.

<sup>g</sup> Rom. 11, 26.

§ David wad  
fain the lave  
o' the lan'  
war a' as  
lown as  
Zioun.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 126, 1

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 24, 3.

<sup>b</sup> Isai. 33, 15.

<sup>c</sup> Lev. 19, 16.  
Ps. 34, 13.

† Heb. *e'en* as  
he trows.

|| or, *wyles*.

<sup>d</sup> Exod. 23, 1.

† Sae Luther  
reads, an'  
mae. Our  
ain Inglis,  
*wha swears*  
till the  
*wrang*, an'  
bides by 't,  
canna be  
thol'd. His  
ain *wrang*,  
is nane i'  
the Hebrew.

§ Wrangous-  
lie, or con-  
trair o' God,  
his law.

\* Exod. 22, 25.  
Lev. 25, 36.  
Deut. 23, 19.  
Ezek. 18, 8;  
22, 12.

† Exod. 23, 8.  
Deut. 16, 19.

\* Heb. *Goruden*: siclike  
as on Ps. 56,  
57, 58, 59, 60.  
*Headins*, &c.

\* Ps. 25, 20.

† Our Inglis  
taks this a'  
clean  
anither gate:  
the Hebrew  
s jimp clear.

† Heb. *lips*.

‡ Jos. 23, 7.  
Hos. 2, 16, 17.

§ Deut. 32, 9.  
Ps. 73, 26;  
142, 5.

¶ Lam. 3, 24.

‡ Ps. 17, 3.

\* Acts 2, 25.

† Ps. 73, 23;  
121, 5.

‡ Ps. 30, 12;  
57, 8.

§ Ps. 49, 15.  
Acts 2, 31;  
13, 35.

† Ps. 17, 15;

21, 6.  
Matt. 5, 8.

† Cor. 13, 12.  
† John 3, 2.

5 His siller wha sets-na till gather gear; §<sup>e</sup> nor nae fee will he tak on the saikless loon: §<sup>f</sup> wha siclike does sal ne'er be steer'd, frae the height o' the LORD, for evir.

### PSALM XVI.

*God's ain are brawlie aff, an' fu' weel contentit.*

\* Michtam o' David's.

**W**AIRD me weel, O God, for I lippen till yerlane.<sup>a</sup>

2 Ye hae said until the LORD, My Lord, ye're a' my ain; I hae nought that's gude, abunc yersel.†

3 For sants i' the lan', themsels an' the best; my pleasur's a' amang them.

4 Mair dule sal they hae, wha mel wi' ony ither: I sal neither toom till them their williewaughts o' bluid; no, nor lift their vera names intil my mouthe.†<sup>b</sup>

5 The LORD himsel's the fow o' my ha'din an' my caup; §<sup>c</sup> my luck yerlane hae lucken'd.

6 The lines hae fa'n till me in unco blythesome bits; na, the ha'din I hae fa'n's unco braw.

7 I maun blythe-bid the LORD, wha gies me wyss rede; an' my lisk, night by night, hauds me ay learnin.<sup>d</sup>

8 The LORD evirmair hae I set fornenst mysel: §<sup>e</sup> for he's at my right han', I sal ne'er be sair steerit.<sup>f</sup>

9 Wharthro' my heart's fu' fa'in, an' my gudeliheid §<sup>g</sup> fu' blythe is: na, my vera bouk itsel bides in tryst.

10 <sup>h</sup>For my saul ye winna lea' i' the lang hame o' dead; ye winna gie yer dearest ane till see the sheugh o' dule.

11 Yersel sal gar me ken the vera gate o' life: rowth o' joies afore thy face is; §<sup>i</sup> pleasurs thrang at thy right han' evir mair.

### PSALM XVII.

*Warl's weans hae their ain luck:  
David, wi' a clean heart, wad  
fainer hae the Lord: the Lord kens,  
an' will hearken till his bidden.*

Ane Heart's-bode o' David's.

**H**EARKEN, O LORD, till the right; tak tent till my threep; lout yer lug till my bidden, that frae nae fause lips *wins but till thee*.

2 Frae fornenst yersel, lat my rightin come; an' yer een, lat them leuk what's straught.

3 Ye hae tried my heart; §<sup>a</sup> ye hae sought a' night: ye hae <sup>b</sup>ripet me thro'; §<sup>b</sup> bot ye fan' naething. I thought wi' mysel; §<sup>c</sup> bot my mouthe ne'er fautit.

4 For the warks o' man; by the word o' yer lips, I hae wairded me weel frae gates o' the wilfu' waster.

5 <sup>c</sup>Haud up my gates i' yer ain right roads, that my fitsteds gang-na a-gley.

6 <sup>d</sup>I hae cry'd till yersel, for ye'll hear me, O God: lout me yer lug; hearken till my yammir.

7 Furth wi' yer ain gude-gree, §<sup>e</sup> yersel wha saifs wi' yer ain right han' a' wha lippen till yerlane, frae heigh gain-stan'ers.

8 Waird me like the sight † o' the ee; §<sup>f</sup> hap me i' the schadowe o' yer wings: §<sup>g</sup>

9 Frae ill-doers' face, wha wrang me sair; frae ill-willers o' my life, rinket roun an' roun me.

10 They're theekit about wi' their ain taugh; §<sup>h</sup> wi' their mouthe they can crack fu' crouselly.

11 Our gates, even now, they hae fankit roun; their een they hae loutit fu' laigh on the lan': §<sup>i</sup>

12 Like some lyoun are they, that's fain till rive; an' like lyoun's whalp, that bides || i' the bole.

13 Up, LORD; win forrit afore

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 16, 7.

<sup>b</sup> Job 23, 10.  
Ps. 20, 2; 66,  
10.

<sup>c</sup> Zech. 13, 9.  
Mal. 3, 2, 3.  
† Pet. 1, 7.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 119, 133.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 116, 2.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 31, 21.

† Heb. *the  
roce man, or  
babie*.

† Deut. 32, 10.  
Zech. 2, 8.

§ As ane wad  
shaltir him  
frae the  
glow'r o' the  
sun.

§ Ruth 2, 12.  
Ps. 36, 7; 57,  
1; 63, 7;  
91, 1, 4.  
Matt. 23, 37.

‡ Deut. 32, 15.  
Job 15, 27.  
Ps. 73, 7;  
119, 70.

† Ps. 10, 8;  
9, 10.

|| or, *claps  
laigh*.

§ Luther reads, *wi' that swurd, &c.*

\* Isaiah 10, 5.

† Luke 16, 25.

† Heb. *riwan-fu' o' weans.*

† Ps. 4, 6, 7; 16, 11; 65, 4.

\* 2 Sam. 22.

† Heb. *wi' liltin, i skreigh'd, &c.*

\* Ps. 116, 3.

† Heb. *dules, thets, or bands.*

\* Acts 4, 31.

him; ding him down: rax but my saul frae the ill-deedie man, § that swurd o' thine:<sup>k</sup>

14 Frae loons o' yer loof, O LORD; frae this warl's wights, whase luck's i' *their* life;<sup>l</sup> an' whase wame ye hae stegh't wi' yer happit gear: they hae weans at will;† an' their owrecome forby, they mak-guid till their bairns.

15 Bot in right, mylane, I sal see yer face; fu'filled sal I be, whan I wauk', wi' yer ain likeness.<sup>m</sup>

### PSALM XVIII

*The Lord kens whan, wi' a bleeze frae the lift, till set his ain folk free frae a' that wad steer them.*

Till the sang-maister, till ser' the Lord: *ane* o' David's; whan he spak till the LORD ilk word o' this sang, i' the day the LORD redd him out frae the han' o' his ill-willers a', an' eke frae the han' o' Saul:<sup>\*</sup> an' quo' he—

**O** LORD, my strenth, but I lo' ye weel!

2 The LORD my rock, my hainin-towir, an' my to-fa': my God, my craig; I maun lippen till himlane: my schild, the horn o' my heal-makin, an' my heigh-ha'.

3 I lilted fu' loud† till the LORD; an' frae ill-willers a' I was setten free.

4 <sup>a</sup>The dules o' dead dush'd me; an' spates o' mischieff fley'd me sair:

5 †Dules o' the lang-hame fankit me about; girns o' dead war unco nar.

6 I' my strett o' *stretts* I scaigh't till the LORD; till God, my ain God, I sighet fu' sair. He hearken'd my scaigh, frae his halie howff, my bidden wan ben afore him; *it wan* till his vera lugs.

7 The yirth syne dinnl't, an' sheuk;<sup>b</sup> the laighest neuks o' the

hills trimml't an' steer'd, for He was angrie.

8 Reek raise in his angir,|| an' lowe licket afore him; coals kennl'd at his on-come:

9 <sup>c</sup>An' he loutit the lift an' wan down; an mirk *was* aneth his feet:

10 <sup>d</sup>An' he canter'd on a cherub, an' he flew; an' he raiket on the wings o' the win':<sup>e</sup>

11 An' mirk he made a' for his howff about him; <sup>f</sup>mirk o' spates, an' cluds o' the carrie.

12 <sup>g</sup>Frae the light *was* afore him, his cluds wan awa; *wi'* hailstanes, an' *wi'* flaughts o' fire.

13 An' the LORD reel'd along the lift; the Heighest lat his skreigh win but:<sup>h</sup> hailstanes an' flaughts o' fire.

14 An' he lowsit his flanes, an' he sperfl't them; †bleeze on bleeze, an' he dang them.<sup>i</sup>

15 Syne war the wames o' the watirs seen, an' the growf o' the warld unhappit was; at sic wytan <sup>r</sup>yer ain, O LORD; at the gluff o' the win' o' thine angir.||

16 He rax't frae abune, he claught me;<sup>k</sup> he harl'd me atowre frae a warld o' watirs:†

17 He redd me frae my strang ill-willer, an' frae a' that wiss'd me ill; †wha starker war nor me.

18 Me they o'er-gaed i' the day o' my down-gaen; bot the LORD was an out-gate till me.

19 An' he brought me atowre intil room;<sup>l</sup> he redd me fu' right, for he liket me weel.

20 The LORD quat me even wi' my ain even-doen, an' contentit me weel for the cleanness o' my han's.<sup>m</sup>

21 For I tentit ay sikker the gates o' the LORD; an' was nae ill-ganger frae my God:

22 For his right-rechtins a' *war* afore me; an' his biddens frae me I ne'er pat awa:

|| or, *naistril*

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 144, 5.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 99, 1.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 104, 3.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 97, 2.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 97, 3.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 29, 3.

† Heb. *syne bleezes thick.*  
<sup>i</sup> Josh. 10, 10  
Ps. 144, 6  
Isaiah 30, 30.

|| or, *naistrils.*

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 144, 7.

† Heb. *unco spates.*

† Heb. *for they war starker, &c.*

<sup>l</sup> Ps. 31, 8;  
118, 5.

<sup>m</sup> 1 Sam. 24, 20.



23 I was aefauld ay wi' himsel; an' waired me weel frae my ain wrang-doen:

24 An' the LORD quat me right for my righteousness; for the cleanness o' my han's in his een.†

25 Wi' the nieborlie man ye can be nieborlie, LORD; wi' the aefauld man, aefauld:<sup>a</sup>

26 Wi' the weel-wushen man ye can sine yer han's;† wi' the thraw-art carl ye can haud yer ain:<sup>o</sup>

27 For down-dang folk yersel can saif; bot een† owre heigh, ye can baise them a'.<sup>p</sup>

28 For that light o' mine yerlane gar'd kennle; the LORD my God gar'd my mirkness lowe:‡

29 For, wi' yerlane, I raiket thro' a byke; an' wi' my God, I o'erlap a wa'.

30 For God, his gate it's aefauld;<sup>q</sup> the word o' the LORD, it's pruiſ; a schild *is* he ay, till a' that lippen till himlane.<sup>r</sup>

31 For wha *can be* Gude, an it be-na the LORD? or wha a stieve craig, an it be-na our ain God?<sup>t</sup>

32 *It's* God himlane wha graiths me wi' might,<sup>u</sup> an' straughts me fu' sikker the gate till gang:

33 Evenin my feet like the *cloots* o' the rae,<sup>v</sup> an' stanane me stieve on my heighest roddins:<sup>w</sup>

34 Ettlin my han's for facht, till ane airn-bow is flinder'd i' my arms.<sup>x</sup>

35 An' the schild o' yer heal-ha'din ye hae gien till me; an' yer right han' has uphaudden me; an' yer tholin made me unco great.

36 My gate ye hae braided aneth me, that my fisteds† suld ne'er gae by.

37 I sal o'ertak my ill-willers; I sal fang them firm; I sal ne'er seek hame, till it's by wi' them.

38 I sal thring them thro', an'

they sal ne'er man till rise; they sal gae down aneth my feet, *whar I stan'.*

39 For ye graith'd me wi' might for the stour; my gain-stan'ers a' ye hae whaml't aneth me.

40 An' my faes ye 'gien me by the hals; my ill-willers eke, I hae sned them aff.

41 They sought,† bot nae frien' *was thar*; till the LORD *they sought*, bot he mindet them nane.<sup>y</sup>

42 Syne I dang them like stoure afore the win'; like glaur<sup>z</sup> ontill the heighroad, flang I them by.

43 Ye hae redd me frae the chauner o' the folk;<sup>a</sup> ye hae setten me atowre the hethen;<sup>b</sup> folk *that* I kent-na sal be loons o' mine.<sup>c</sup>

44 Wi' loutit lugs sal they hearken till me; the sons o' the fremit sal kiss my caup.<sup>d</sup>

45 The gangrel gang hae thowet awa; an' shukken wi' dread frae their benmaist ha'dins.<sup>e</sup>

46 The LORD lives! an' blythe *be* my ha'din-height; heigh be the God o' my heal-makin:

47 The God wha wracks a' right for me, an' thirls the folk aneth my bidden:<sup>f</sup>

48 Wha redds me atowre frae my ill-willers a': na, <sup>g</sup>ye hae liftit me heigh abune my gain-stan'ers; frae the ill-deedie carl, ye hae claught me awa.

49 Wharthro', amang the folk, I maun laud yerlane;<sup>h</sup> an' lilt until thy name, O LORD:

50 *'Wha* ettles sic health for his King; an' sic nieborlie gree for his Chrystit: for David, an' for his out-come, for evir an' ay.<sup>k</sup>

# PSALM XIX.

God's Lift an' God's Law: *what David sees intil them baith, an'*

† Heb. *afore his een.*

<sup>a</sup> 1 Kings 8, 32.

† Heb. *twash yersel.*

<sup>o</sup> Lev. 26, 23, 24, 27, 28. Prov. 3, 34.

† Heb. *leuku.*  
<sup>p</sup> Ps. 101, 5. Prov. 6, 17.

‡ What mair could he hae nor light frae the lift? Job 18, 6; 29, 3.

<sup>q</sup> Deut. 32, 4. Dan. 4, 37. Rev. 15, 3.

<sup>r</sup> Ps. 12, 6; 119, 140. Prov. 30, 5.

<sup>s</sup> Ps. 17, 7.

<sup>t</sup> Deut. 32, 31. 1 Sam. 2, 2. Ps. 91, 2.  
<sup>u</sup> Verse 39. Isaiah 45, 5.

<sup>v</sup> 2 Sam. 2, 18. Hab. 3, 19.

<sup>w</sup> Deut. 32, 13; 33, 29.

<sup>x</sup> Ps. 144, 1.

† Heb. *my kuits suld ne'er be thravun.* Prov. 4, 12.

† Heb. *schraigh'.*

<sup>y</sup> Job 27, 9; 35, 12. Prov. 1, 28. Isaiah 1, 15. Jer. 11, 11; 14, 12. Ezek. 8, 18. Micah 3, 4. Zech. 7, 13.

<sup>z</sup> Zech. 10, 5.

<sup>a</sup> 2 Sam. 2, 9; 10; 3, 1.

<sup>b</sup> 2 Sam. 5.

<sup>c</sup> 1st. 52, 15; 55, 5.

<sup>d</sup> Deut. 33, 29. Ps. 66, 3; 81, 15.

<sup>e</sup> Micah 7, 17.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 47, 3.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 59, 1.

<sup>h</sup> Rom. 15, 9.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 144, 10.

<sup>k</sup> 2 Sam. 7, 13.

<sup>645</sup> Another  
gran' Kirk-  
sang-niebers  
weel wi'  
Ps. viii.

kens; what mony might see forby,  
an they leuk wi' his een.  
Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-  
lilt o' David's.

<sup>a</sup> Gen. 1, 6.  
Isaiah 40, 22.  
Rom. 1, 19, 20.

THE <sup>a</sup>hevins furth-tellin are the  
gudeliheid o' God; the hail  
lift furth-schawin is his ain han's-  
doen.

2 Ae day tells till anither day  
word; an' night till *her niebor* night  
gars ken.

3 *Thar's* neither tongue nor tellin,  
*whar* their sugh is nocht heard:

<sup>b</sup> Rom. 10, 18.  
20.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *airt*,  
*straught*, or  
*line*.

4 Their <sup>b</sup>airt<sup>†</sup> has gaen furth owre  
the hail yirth; an' their words till  
the sned-end o' the warld. He  
ettled amang them a shielin for the  
sun:

<sup>c</sup> Eccles. 1, 5.

5 An' he, like a bridegrom, gangs  
but frae his chaumir; <sup>c</sup>blythe, as  
ane giant is, till rin his rink dune.

6 His gate *is* frae the ae lift's end,  
an' his rink till the ither; an' nought  
is can happit be, frae that lowan  
light o' his.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 111, 7.

7 <sup>d</sup>The redden o' the LORD right  
thro'-gaen *is*, wauk'nin the saul:  
the truth-tryst o' the LORD right  
sikker *is*, makin wyss the wean-  
like.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 12, 6.

8 The visitins o' the LORD right-  
recht *are*, makin the heart fu' fain:  
<sup>e</sup>the bidden o' the LORD right soun'  
*is*, enlight'nin the een.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *truth*,  
or *troth*.

9 The dread-thought o' the LORD  
right healsome *is*, abydan for evir:  
the rightins o' the LORD *are* trew,<sup>†</sup>  
an' rightous ane wi' anither.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 119, 72,  
127.  
<sup>g</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Jn. 8, 10,  
11, 19.  
<sup>h</sup> Ps. 119, 103.

10 Mair till be langit for nor  
gowd; aye, nor meikle fine gowd:<sup>f</sup>  
sweetir eke nor hynie, an' the sweet  
dreipin kaims.<sup>g</sup>

11 Thy servan, als, by them weel-  
wairned is; an' wi' tentin o' them  
sikkerlie, *comes* unco gear.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 40, 12.

12 <sup>h</sup>Bot wha weel can weet *folk's*

ain mislearins? Quhyt ye me frae  
benmaist blains.<sup>i</sup>

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 90, 8.

13 Haud bak thy servan eke, frae  
a' heigh gangers: <sup>k</sup>lat them ne'er  
hae their will owre me.

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 119, 133.  
Rom. 6, 12, 14.

14 <sup>†</sup>Syne sal I be aefauld; an'  
syne sal I be saikless, frae nae end  
o' misguidin.

<sup>†</sup> Stan's i' the  
Heb. for a  
single verse.

15 <sup>l</sup>Lat the words o' my mouthe,  
an' the thought o' my heart, be for  
pleasur i' yer sight, O LORD, my  
strenth an' my hame-bringer.

<sup>l</sup> Ps. 51, 15.

## PSALM XX.

What God maun do for his Chrystit:  
*how blythe sal his folk be syne.*

<sup>646</sup> The  
Quair liltis  
till David:  
David liltis  
till Chryst.  
Niebers weel  
wi' Ps. ii.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-  
lilt o' David's.

THE LORD hear ye, i' the day  
o' dule; the name o' the God  
o' Jakob fen' ye:

2 Sen' yer might frae *his ain* halie  
*stedd*; an' furder ye fair frae Zioun:

3 Keep yer God's-gifts a' i' his  
min'; an' <sup>†</sup>seip yer brunt-offrans:  
Selah.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *mak*  
*saft*, or *sap-*  
*pie*, wi'  
creesh i' the  
lowe.

4 Gie ye e'en's yer ain heart wad  
hae; an' yer thoughts, bring them  
a' till bearin.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 21, 2.

5 Blythe sal we lilt i' yer heal-  
ha'din *syne*; an' i' our God's name  
haud heigh *our* banners.<sup>b</sup> The  
LORD fu'fill yer heart's-biddens a'.

<sup>b</sup> Exod. 17, 15.  
Ps. 60, 4.

6 Now ken I fu' weel, the LORD  
has min'<sup>†</sup> o' his Chrystit; he sal  
hearken him hame frae his halie  
hevin: wi' a' the might o' his ain  
right han', he sal haud him sikker.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *will*  
*saif*, *has gude*  
*min' o'*.

7 <sup>c</sup>Some *lippen* till sleds, an' some  
till staigs: bot we maun hae min'  
o' the name o' the LORD our God,  
*for evir*.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 38, 16.  
Prov. 21, 31  
Isaiah 31, 1.

8 They sal be cruckit, an' fa';  
bot we sal be straught, an' stan'.

9 The LORD haud a' fu' heal; an'  
the King hear us ay, whan we ca'.

PSALM XXI.

*Blythe may the King be, wchase up-  
hauder is the Lord: his ill-willers  
a' sal be scowther'd afore him.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-  
lilt o' David's.

**L**ORD, i' yer might may the  
King be blythe; i' yer ain  
heal-ha'din how blythe may he be.

2 <sup>a</sup>A' his heart could seek, ye hae  
wair'd on himsel; till the bidden o'  
his lips ye ne'er said na: Selah.

3 For his thoughts ye o'er-gang  
wi' gifts o' gude; ye hae rax't on  
his head a crown o' gowd.

4 <sup>b</sup>Till live, was a' he sought frae  
thee; <sup>c</sup>lee-lang days ye hae wair'd  
on him, for evir an' ay.

5 Sae gran's his gudeliheid i' thy  
gude-gree; laud an' lawtie *baith* ye  
hae even'd on his *head*.

6 Blythe-biddens for ay ye hae  
ettled on him; <sup>d</sup>fu' blythe hae ye  
made him wi' the blink o' yer ee.

7 For the King lippens a' till the  
LORD; an' by the nieborlie gree o'  
the Heighest, he sal ne'er be steer'd  
awa.

8 Yer han' sal light on a' yer ill-  
willers; yer right han' sal light on  
yer ill-willers *a'*.

9 <sup>e</sup>Wi' a glint ye sal mak them  
as het as ane oon:† the LORD in  
his wuth sal lat them owre; an'  
the lowe itsel sal mak snacks o'  
them.<sup>f</sup>

10 Their outcome frae yirth ye  
sal wear awa;<sup>g</sup> an' their seed frae  
'mang bairns o' the yird.

11 For they rax't *themsels* out  
again thee; they ettled mischieff,  
they could ne'er mak-guid.

12 For ye claught them ahin wi'  
yer thegs;|| an' afore, ye war ready  
till dings.

13 Heigh, heigh, O LORD, i' yer  
ain might; lat's lilt an' sing sangs  
till yer mightiness

PSALM XXII.

*David foremaist, an' Chryst abin him,  
baith maen fu' sair the mislipp'nin  
o' God i' their ain day o' dule: mony  
wunner-wyss words i' the sang-  
makar's mouthe anent this, an' till  
be weel tentit. For the lave, God  
himlane hauds a' livin: nae man  
can haud himsel livin; they come a'  
an' they gang; bot they're countit  
ay till the Lord for ane, for the  
Lord himsel maks a'.*

Till the sang-maister on \*Ajeleth-  
Shahar: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**M**Y God, my God, whatfor hae  
ye mislippen'd me?<sup>a</sup> Sae far  
*are ye frae helpin me, an' the words  
o' my waefu' wailin.<sup>b</sup>*

2 My God, I hae skreighit the lee-  
lang day, bot ye mind me nane; an'  
the night *forby*, an' nae peace for me.

3 Bot ye are yerlane,|| an' weel fa'  
the leal lilt o' Israel.

4 Our faithers lippen'd till thee;  
they lippen'd, an' ye redd them  
hame.<sup>c</sup>

5 They sigh't till yersel, an' wan  
weel awa; they lippen'd till thee,  
an' war nane affrontit.

6 Bot 'am bot a worm, an' nae  
man;<sup>d</sup> a carl's sang, an' a geck o'  
the peopel.

7 A' that see me laugh me by;<sup>e</sup>  
they schute wi' the lip, they cave  
the head.<sup>f</sup>—an' *quo' they,*

8 He lippen'd the LORD; lat *the*  
LORD gar him gang;<sup>g</sup> lat *the* LORD  
redd him but, sen ‡ he liket him  
weel.<sup>h</sup>

9 Bot yerlane redd me out frae  
the wame;<sup>i</sup> ye mislippen'd me nane  
on my mither's bosom.

10 On yersel was I cuisten frae  
the womb; frae my mither's bouk,  
ye *'been* my God.<sup>k</sup>

11 Be-na far frae me, LORD, for  
stretts are nar; for nane *but yerlane*  
can mak sikker.

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 20, 4. 5.

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 61, 5. 6.

<sup>c</sup>2 Sam. 7, 19.  
<sup>d</sup>Ps. 91, 16.

<sup>e</sup>Ps. 45, 7.

<sup>f</sup>Mal. 4, 1.

<sup>g</sup>Heb. *ye sal  
mak them like  
ane oon o'  
love, i' the  
time o' yer  
leuk.*

<sup>h</sup>Ps. 18, 8.

<sup>i</sup>Joh 18, 16,  
19.  
<sup>j</sup>Ps. 37, 28;  
109, 13.  
<sup>k</sup>Isaiah 14, 20.

<sup>l</sup>Or, *ye dang  
them roun on  
the shouthirs.*

\*Headins. &c

<sup>a</sup>Matt. 27, 46.  
Mark 15, 34.

<sup>b</sup>Hebr. 5, 7.

|| or, *halie;  
setten by, no  
till be han'd*

<sup>c</sup>Ps. 25, 2, 3.  
31, 1; 71, 1  
Isai. 49, 23.  
Rom. 9, 33.

<sup>d</sup>Isai. 53, 3

<sup>e</sup>Matt. 27, 39.  
Mark 15, 29.

<sup>f</sup>Joh 16, 4.  
Ps. 109, 25.

<sup>g</sup>Matt. 27, 43

‡ Either the  
Lord or  
David.

<sup>h</sup>Ps. 91, 14

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 71, 6.

<sup>k</sup>1 ai. 46, 3.



<sup>d</sup>Deut. 32, 14.  
Ps. 68, 30.  
Ezek. 39, 18.  
Amos 4, 1.

12 'Droves o' nowte hae rinket me roun; stoor stirks o' Bashan hae fankit me about.

<sup>m</sup>Job 16, 10.  
Lam. 2, 16;  
3, 46.

13 <sup>m</sup>They glaum'd abune me wi' their mouthes, *like* a rievane an' a roaran lyoune.

<sup>n</sup>Dan. 5, 6.

14 'Am skail'd like watir; <sup>n</sup>ilk bane o' me's lowse; my heart's nae better nor wax,<sup>o</sup> it's thow'd down laigh i' my bosom.†

<sup>e</sup>Job 23, 16.

† Heb. *mid*, o' my inside.

<sup>f</sup>Prov. 17, 22.

<sup>g</sup>Job 29, 10.

Lam. 4, 4.

John 19, 28.

15 <sup>p</sup>My bouk clang like a shaird, an' my tongue stak till my hals;<sup>q</sup> an' ye brought me till the stoure o' dead.

16 For brachs hae forset me roun; the gath'ran o' ill-doers fankit me about; they drave thro' my han's an' my feet.<sup>r</sup>

<sup>r</sup>Matt. 27, 35.

Mark 15, 24.

Luke 23, 33.

John 19, 23.

37; 20, 25.

† His banes wore thro' his fell, an' rave his vera cleedin;

whiles taen anither gate, anent Chryst.

<sup>s</sup>Luke 23, 35.

<sup>t</sup>Luke 23, 34.

John 19, 23,

24.

<sup>u</sup>Ps. 35, 17.

† Heb. *han*'.

<sup>v</sup>2 Tim. 4, 17.

<sup>w</sup>Isai. 34, 7.

† Heb. some heigh-gaen beiss, o' what kin's no ken'd;

whiles ca'd *Unicornis*,

<sup>x</sup>Hebr. 2, 12.

Ps. 40, 9.

<sup>y</sup>John 20, 17.

Rom. 8, 29.

20 Redd my saul atowre frae the swurd; <sup>u</sup>an' the lave o' my *life* frae the grip† o' the grew.

21 <sup>x</sup>Redd me, *LORD*, frae the lyoune's glaum; <sup>y</sup>ye hae heard me *or now*, frae the horns o' the reme.†

22 <sup>z</sup>I maun tell o' yer name till my brether *ilk one*,<sup>a</sup> in mids o' the folk I maun lilt till thee.

23 Wha fear the *LORD*, ye suld laud him <sup>a</sup>; <sup>a</sup> Jakob's out-come, laud him heigh; an' the growthe o' Israel <sup>a</sup>, quauk ye afore him.

24 For he lightlied-na, nor grue'd at the dule o' the down-dang; nor happit his face frae him; <sup>b</sup>bot hearken'd, whan he skreigh'd till himsel.

25 Frae yersel *comes* the sugh o' my sang;<sup>c</sup> i' the gath'ran sae gran' I sal bide my trystes, afore them that fear him.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>c</sup>Ps. 35, 18.

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 116, 14.

26 'Lown-livin folk sal feed an' fen'; they sal lilt till the *LORD*, wha leuk for himsel: yer heart sal live as lang's *the lave*.

<sup>e</sup>Ps. 69, 32.  
Isai. 65, 13.

27 <sup>f</sup>A' neuks o' the yirth sal hae min', an' sal turn their gate till the *LORD*; <sup>g</sup>ilk kin o' the folk sal lout afore thee.

<sup>f</sup>Ps. 2, 8; 72, 11; 86, 9;

98, 3.

Isai. 49, 6.

<sup>g</sup>Ps. 96, 7.

28 <sup>h</sup>For the kingryk's the *LORD*'s; an' maister *is* he 'mang the nation's.

<sup>h</sup>Obad. 21.

Zech. 14, 9.

29 The best on yirth sal feed an' fa';<sup>i</sup> wha gang till stoure, ilk ane maun lout afore him; for nae livin *wight* can ay thole livin.

30 *Bot their* out-come sal thole,† an' be countit till the *LORD* for kith-gettin.<sup>k</sup>

† Heb. *sal do service, sal be thirls*.

<sup>k</sup>Ps. 87, 6.

31 <sup>m</sup>They sal come *i' their day*, an' gar his rightousness be ken'd to the niest-come kin, that himsel did *it*.<sup>l</sup>

<sup>m</sup>Ps. 78, 6; 86, 9; 102, 18.

<sup>l</sup> Ilka kith-gettin has its ain wark to do, an' its ain fee frae the *LORD* for service.

### PSALM XXIII.

*The sheep-keepin o' the Lord's kind an' canny, wi' a braw bowff at lang last: David keeps his sheep; the Lord keeps David.*  
Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**T**HE *LORD* *is* my herd,<sup>a</sup> nae want sal fa' me:<sup>b</sup>

<sup>a</sup>Isai. 40, 11.

Jer. 23, 4.

Ezek. 34, 23.

John 10, 11.

1 Peter 2, 25

Rev. 7, 17.

2 He louts me till lie amang green +howes;<sup>c</sup> he airts me atowre by the lown watirs:

<sup>b</sup>Phil. 4, 19.

3 He waukens my wa'-gaen saul; he weises me roun, for his ain name's sake, intil right roddins.<sup>d</sup>

† Heb. *saf* *grovuly* *gerss*.

<sup>c</sup>Ezek. 34, 14.

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 58, 31, 3.

4 Na! tho' I gang thro' the dead-mirk-dail;<sup>e</sup> *e'en thar*, sal I dread nae skaithin: for yersel *ane* nar-by me; yer stok an' yer stay haud me baith fu' cheerie.

<sup>e</sup>Job 3, 5; 10, 21, 22; 24, 17.  
Ps. 44, 19.

5 <sup>f</sup>My buird ye hae hansell'd in face o' my faes; ye hae drookit my head wi' oyle; my bicker *is fu' an'* skailin.

<sup>f</sup>Ps. 104, 15.

6 E'en sae, sal gude-guidin an' gude-gree gang wi' me, ilk day o' my livin; an' evir mair syne, i' the

† Ayont the  
dead-mirk  
dail, the Lord  
hauds a howff  
o' his ain for  
a' livin.

LORD's ain howff, at lang last, sal I  
mak bydan.†

## PSALM XXIV.

*The Lord himlane is Laird o' us a';  
whan He comes hame, the heighest  
an' the widest yetts main open.*  
Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

THE <sup>a</sup>yirth is the LORD's, an'  
her out-come a'; the warld,  
an' whasae bide tharon:

2 <sup>b</sup>For himlane grundit it amang  
the fludes; fu' sikker he set it amang  
the watirs.

3 <sup>c</sup>Wha sal win up till the height  
o' the LORD? an' wha intil his halie  
stedd sal hae fast abydan?

4 <sup>d</sup>Whase han's unwyttan are,  
whase heart unfleckit is; wha ne'er  
hecht his saul until ydilheid, nor  
sworn hath bakspanganlie.

5 Blythe-bidden *ay* sal he hae,  
frae the loof† o' the LORD; an'  
right-rechtin frae the God o' his  
heal-ha'din.

6 Siclike *are* they a', wha leuk for  
himself; <sup>e</sup>wha spier for thy face, O  
Jakob: Selah.

7 <sup>f</sup>Heigh wi' yer heads, O ye  
yetts; ye warld-wide thro'-letts,  
heize! that the King o' Gudeliheid  
may win ben.<sup>g</sup>

8 *Bot* wha o' Gudeliheid is King?  
The LORD *himlane*, stark an' mighty;  
the LORD intil tuilze strang!

9 Heigh wi' yer heads, O ye yetts;  
ye warld-wide thro'-letts, heize!  
that the King o' Gudeliheid may  
win ben.

10 *Bot* wha o' Gudeliheid is this  
same King? The LORD o' mony-  
might is *he*; himlane is that King  
right namele! Selah.

## PSALM XXV.

*Ane heart's-bode o' David's till the*

*Lord, in unco sair strettis: how  
nieborlie the Lord gangs ay wi' a'  
biddable, lown-livin folk.*

Ane o' David's.

TILL yersel, O LORD, rax I my  
saul:<sup>a</sup>

2 O God, my ain, I lippen yer-  
lane;<sup>b</sup> lat me ne'er hing my head,  
nor my ill-willers geck owre me.<sup>c</sup>

3 Nor nane wha lang for yersel  
leuk down; lat them leuk down,  
wha gang on wi' a lie.

4 Yer gates, O LORD, gar me  
trew them weel;<sup>d</sup> yer ain gates  
weise me *till wa'*:

5 Lat me fuhre i' yer truth, an'  
weise ye me; for yerlane, O LORD,  
*are* my heal-ha'din a': ilk lee-lang  
day, I leuk up† till thee.

6 Hae min' o' yer rewth, O LORD,  
*hae min'* o' yer ain pitie;<sup>e</sup> how they  
*hae been* ay sen-syne.

7 The misgates an' owregaens o'  
my youth, lat be;<sup>f</sup> *bot* hae min' o'  
mysel for yer pitie's sake; for yer  
gudeness' sake, O LORD, *min'* me.

8 Gude an' aefauld's the LORD  
*himself*; sae wrang-gangers a' he can  
thole till set straught.

9 He weises the biddable ay wi'  
right; an' lown-livin folk he gars  
ken his gate.

10 A' gates o' the LORD *are* gude-  
ness an' truth, till wha keep his  
tryste an' his biddens *bide*.

11 <sup>g</sup>For yer name's sake, LORD,  
o'erleuk my sin, for it's heigh an'  
wonner-wide.†

12 Whatna wight *is* he that fears  
the LORD; he sal guide him the  
gate he likes till *fen'*:

13 His saul sal taigle the night in  
guid, an' his <sup>h</sup>out-come *syne* sal haud  
the lan'.†

14 <sup>i</sup>The LORD's ain thought's wi'  
wha fear him; an' that tryste o' his  
he sal gar them ken.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 86, 4;

143, 8.

Lam. 3, 41.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 22, 5;

31, 1.

Lai. 28, 16;

49, 23.

Rom. 10, 11.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 13, 4.

<sup>d</sup> Exod. 33, 13.

Ps. 5, 8; 27,

11; 86, 11;

119; 143, 8,

10.

† Heb. *bide*  
for

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 103, 17;

106, 1; 107, 1

Jer. 33, 11.

<sup>f</sup> Job 13, 26,

20, 11.

Jer. 3, 25.

A. C. 1017.

<sup>a</sup> Exod. 9, 29;

19, 5.

Deut. 10, 14.

Job 41, 11.

Ps. 50, 12.

1 Cor. 10, 26,

28.

<sup>b</sup> Job 38, 6.

Ps. 104, 5;

136, 6.

2 Peter 3, 5.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 15, 1.

<sup>d</sup> Isai. 33, 15,

16.

† Heb. *frae*  
*aff*.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 27, 8.

<sup>f</sup> Isai. 26, 2.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 97, 6.

hag. 2, 7.

1 Cor. 2, 8.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 31, 3.

† Heb. *mony-  
fauld, grit*.  
Rom. 5, 20.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 37, 11,  
22, 29.

† David has  
min' o' Jakob  
weel: leuk  
Gen. 28, 10,  
15.

<sup>i</sup> Prov. 3, 32.  
John 7, 17;  
15, 15.

15 My een, *they're* ay on the LORD; for himlane redd's my feet frae the net.

16 Leuk atowre till me, LORD, an' rew on me; for lanely an' feckless *am* I:

17 The stretts o' my heart are doubl'd an' mair; redd me out whar I canna win by.†

18 Leuk weel till my dule an' my dree; an' a' my wrang-gangins leuk owre:

19 Leuk weel till my faes, for fu' mony they be; an' they like me as ill as they daur.

20 O waird ye my saul, an' wear me by; lat me ne'er hing my head, for I lippen till thee.

21 Lat the right an' the straught haud me heal an' fere; for I leuk till yersel late an' ere.†

22 Redd Israel hame again, God, frae a' his cumber sair.

## PSALM XXVI.

*Honest folk can thole till be weel spier'd, an' clea' han's are braw at God's ain yetts: David ettles baith; like a wean at the fit, he hauds weel by the Lord, an' will niebor nane wi' the godlowse.*

*Ane o' David's.*

**R**IGHT-RECHT me,<sup>a</sup> LORD, for I gang mylane;† bot I lippen the LORD, an' suld stacher nane.

2 <sup>b</sup>Soun' me, O LORD, an' try me weel; my lisk an' my heart, leuk thro':

3 For yer gudeness *is* right i' my een; an' I gang ay the gate ye trew.†

4 <sup>c</sup>Wi' liean loons I taigle nane; nor the gate o' the gley'd can gang:

5 The kirk† o' ill-doers I like fu' ill; <sup>d</sup>for I lout-na wi' warkers o' wrang.

6 <sup>e</sup>My loofs I maun sine in saiklessness, LORD; syne roun by yer altar ca':

7 Till tell wi' the sugh o' a psalm, an' lat wit o' yer wonner-warks a'.

8 <sup>f</sup>The biel' o' yer biggin, O LORD, as I lo'e! an' the neuk whar yer gudelheid taigles!

9 <sup>g</sup>Yoke-na my saul wi' doers o' wrang; nor my life wi' loons o' bluid:

10 Wha gowp mischieff wi' their han's, an' their right han' is pang'd wi' nae guid.†

11 Bot in saiklessness *ay* lat me fuhre mylane;<sup>h</sup> redd me hame, an' be gude till me, *God*.

12 <sup>i</sup>My fit stans stieve on the straught: i' the kirks, I'se blythe-bid the LORD.

## PSALM XXVII.

*The Lord himlane's baith houss an' ha' till David; airts him weel an' bauds him livin: an' siclike is he ay, till a' wha lippen till himsel.*  
*Ane o' David's.*

**T**HE LORD *is* my <sup>a</sup>light an' my lown; o' wham sal I be fley'd? The LORD *is* <sup>b</sup>the stoop o' my life, o' wham sal I hae dread?

2 Till eat my flesh whan ill-doers wan heigh; faes o' my ain, an' ill-willers eke; they stacher'd themselves, an' cam laigh.

3 <sup>c</sup>Tho' ane host war raiket for-nest me, my heart suld be steerit nane; tho' war suld wauken again me, till this I wad lippen mylane.

4 <sup>d</sup>Ae thing frae the LORD hae I sought; an' the like I maun warsle to win: till bide i' the houss o' the LORD, a' days o' my life *to rin*; till glow'r on the skance† o' the LORD, an' till spier in his ain halie hame.

5 For mysel in his howff he sal hap, i' the day o' dule an' dree:<sup>f</sup> he sal biel' me ben i' his biggin *then*; on a craig he sal set me fu' hie.

6 <sup>g</sup>Syne sae sal my head, abune

<sup>f</sup>Ps. 27, 4.

<sup>g</sup>1 Sam. 25, 29.  
Ps. 28, 3.

† Heb. i' gear, ill-come gear.  
<sup>b</sup>Verse 1.

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 40, 2.

† Heb. frae my strett places.

† Heb. wait ay on yersel.

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 7, 8.  
† Heb. i' my ain single-ness, or aefauldness, like a wean takin the fit

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 7, 9; 17, 3; 66, 10, 139, 23.  
Zech. 13, 9.

† Heb. gate o' yer truth.

<sup>c</sup>Ps. 1, 1.  
Jer. 15, 17.  
† Heb. gath' ran.

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 1, 1.

<sup>e</sup>Exod. 30, 19, 20.  
Ps. 73, 13.

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 84, 11.  
Isai. 60, 19, 20.  
Mic. 7, 8.

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 118, 6, 14.

<sup>c</sup>Ps. 3, 6.

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 26, 8.

<sup>e</sup>Ps. 90, 17.  
† Heb. lo'e-some light.

<sup>f</sup>Ps. 31, 20;  
83, 3; 91, 1

<sup>g</sup>Ps. 3, 3.



† Heb. *slach-tirins*, or *slachirs*.

my faes, be lifted fu' heigh roun a'; an' † gifts o' glee in his houss I maun gie; till the LORD I maun lilt an' blaw.

7 Hearken, LORD, till my skreigh, an' be gude till me; an' speak hame till me, ay whan I cry.

° Ps. 24, 6; 105, 4.

8 Quo' my heart till yersel, <sup>b</sup> Seek ye my face: yer face, LORD, seek maun I. †

‡ Right sae 'tans the Hebrew o' this hail verse: David wad fain the Lord sought him, bot he maun e'en seek the Lord himsel ferst

† Ps. 69, 17.

‡ Isai. 49, 15.

† Ps. 25, 4; 86, 11; 119, 33.

9 <sup>i</sup> Hide-na yer face frae me; ding-na yer loon in wuth awa: my stoop are ye; forget-na me; nor mislippen me, God o' my heal-ha'din a'.

10 <sup>k</sup> Tho' my faither an' mither loot me mylane, the LORD himsel has me uptaen.

11 <sup>i</sup> Yer ain gate guide me, LORD; an' the road that's soun', for my ill-willers' sake, wise me wi' kind accord.

m Ps. 35, 25.

12 <sup>m</sup> O lippen me nane till my ill-willers' braith: for threepers o' lies again me heis; an' the giber† that ettles skaith!

† Heb. *ṭwāha blarcos out*.

13 O the gude o' the LORD, i' the lan' o' the live,<sup>n</sup> gin I had-na lippen'd till see!

n Ps. 56, 13; 116, 9; 142, 5.

14 <sup>o</sup> Bide ay on the LORD *himlane*; be bauld, an' yer heart sal thrive: e'en sac, on the LORD bide ye!

° Ps. 31, 24; 130, 5. Isai. 25, 9.

### PSALM XXVIII.

*The Lord maun baud David on live; the Lord sal ding owre ill-dbers; bot ay gar his Chrystit thrive. Ane o' David's.*

**T**ILL yerlane, O LORD, I maun cry; my rock, <sup>a</sup> be-na whush till me: <sup>b</sup> for till me *gin* ye whush, like the lave I maun be, wha gang down the gate o' the sheugh.

2 Hearken ye till my maen, whan I sigh till yerlane; <sup>c</sup> whan I rax up my han's till yer ain halie hame.

3 <sup>d</sup> Harl me nane wi' the ill, nor wi' warkers o' wrang *till gae*; <sup>e</sup> wha

† Ps. 83, 1.

° Ps. 143, 7.

° Ps. 5, 7; 138, 2.

† Ps. 26, 9.

° Ps. 12, 2; 55, 21; 62, 4. Jer 9, 8.

crack till their niebors fu' lown, bot mischieff i' their hearts *hae they*.

4 <sup>f</sup> Gie till them as their warks *hae been*, an' for a' they hae wrought o' ill: † fornenst the wark o' their han's, gie them hame; gie them hame † their fill!

† 2 Tim. 4, 14. Rev. 18, 6.

† Heb. *ill o' their doens*.

† Heb. *gie them double*

5 On the warks o' the LORD, an' the deed o' his han's, sen they nae thought can wair; <sup>g</sup> themsels he sal ding till nought, an' them he sal big nevir mair.

g Job 34, 27.

6 Bot blythe *be* the LORD, for he heard the sugh o' my sighan sair.

7 The LORD *is* my strenth an' my schild; my heart lippens a' till himlane: syne brawly I fen, an' my heart's unco fain; an', wi' my sang I sal laud himlane.

8 The LORD *is* their strenth an' *their* stoop; he's the health † o' his Chrystit *forby*.

† Heb. *a' kin' o' heal-makin*. Some tak stoop wi' health, an' mak it stoop o' healths, &c.

† Heb. *feed them*.

9 Saif yer folk, an' blythe-bid yer ain; an' feed† an' up-head them, for ay.

### PSALM XXIX.

*Weel-wordy's the Lord o' the heighest laud: wban He sighs, the yirth steers; woods, watirs, wustlands, an' a', dimmle.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**G**IE ye till the LORD, ye sons o' the mighty; gie ye till the LORD gudeliheid an' strenth:

a 1 Chron. 16, 28, 29. Ps 96, 7, 8, 9.

2 Gie ye till the LORD the gudeliheid o' his name; lout ye till the LORD i' the lo'esomness o' haliheid! <sup>b</sup>

b 2 Chron 20, 21.

3 The sigh o' the LORD's atowre the spates; <sup>c</sup> the God o' gudeliheid gars thunner: the LORD *is* atowre mony feck o' fludes.

c Job 37, 4, 5.

4 The sigh o' the LORD's wi' pith; the sigh o' the LORD's wi' gloiry.

5 The sigh o' the LORD rives cedars in twa; na, the LORD rives cedars o' Lebanon till flinders.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 114. 4.

<sup>e</sup> Dent. 3. 9.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *son*.

<sup>‡</sup> Atween  
bleezes o'  
light comes  
a reel o'  
hunner.

<sup>§</sup> Wi' fright,  
or at *pairlin*-  
time: leuk  
Job 39. 1, 2, 3.

<sup>‡</sup> Sae stan's  
the Hebrew,  
an' wi' unco  
pith it stan's.  
Our Inglis  
reads anither  
gate, wi' but  
little pithan'  
less gram-  
mar.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 10. 16.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 28. 8.

6 <sup>d</sup> An' e'en gars them sten like a stirk; <sup>e</sup> Lebanon an' Sirion, like some <sup>†</sup>cowte o' the unicorns.

7 The sigh o' the LORD synders the flaughts o' fyre.<sup>‡</sup>

8 The sigh o' the LORD gars the wustlan' quauk; the LORD gars the wustlan' o' Kadesh dinnle!

9 The sigh o' the LORD gars the staggies cling; <sup>§</sup> an' it dreels aff the leaf o' the forests. Bot *it's* intil his ain halie howf, the <sup>†</sup>hail o' Him-  
sel speaks gloiry.

10 The Lord sits heigh on the spates; aye, <sup>f</sup>the LORD sits King for evir.

11 <sup>h</sup> The LORD will gie feck till his folk; wi' peace sal he blythe-bid his peopill!

### PSALM XXX.

*David's ain welcome-hame tilt the hous he biggit on Zioun.*

Ane heigh-lilt, or sang at the <sup>\*</sup>han-  
sellin o' the Houss o' David.

**I** MAUN lift ye, LORD, abune a' *the lave*, for ye hae uphaddin me: an' ill-willers o' mine ye ne'er hae thol'd till geck at mysel wi' glee.

2 O LORD, my God, I skreigh't till yerlane; an' ye hae healit me.

3 O LORD, ye brought up my saul frae the sheugh; <sup>a</sup> ye steer'd me till life, on my gate to the heugh.

4 <sup>b</sup> Lilt loud to the LORD, ye sants o' his; an' gie laud, at the thought o' his haliness.

5 <sup>c</sup> For intil his wuth's but a gliff; <sup>d</sup> lee-lang life's in his likans: sabbins may thole for a night; <sup>e</sup> but a sang wi' the mornin' *waukens*!

6 <sup>f</sup> An' quo' I till mylane i' <sup>†</sup> the lown, I sal ne'er be steer'd ony mair.

7 O LORD, by yer nieborlie gree, ye set a fu' stieve on my craig: ye happit yer face *but a wee*; forfoch'n was I fu' sair.

8 I hae skreigh't till yerlane, O LORD; till the LORD I made dule-some maen:—

9 What gude can come o' my bluid, an I gang down till the sheugh? <sup>§</sup> will the stoure gie laud till thee, or yet tell yer truth enough?

10 Hearken, LORD; an' be gude till me, LORD: ye maun e'en be a stoop till me.

11 <sup>h</sup> My dule ye hae swappit for lightness o' fit; my lingle o' harn ye hae lowsit *it*, an' wi' glaidness hae graithit me:

12 That *my* gloiry<sup>‡</sup> suld laud ye, an' ne'er gang wae; O LORD, my God, I maun laud ye for ay!

### PSALM XXXI.

*David's in dulesome dree, baith hous an' ha'; bot the Lord, wi' a glint o' his ee, redds him but frae sic cumber a'.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**I** <sup>a</sup> HAE lippen'd yerlane, O LORD; I sal nane be affrontit for ay: <sup>b</sup> i' yer righteousness, redd me hame.

2 <sup>c</sup> Lout me yer lug fu' gleg; <sup>d</sup> i' glegly rax me outowre: be for rock o' refuge till me; for till saif me, a hainin-towir.<sup>†</sup>

3 <sup>d</sup> For my craig an' my castel are ye; syne sae, <sup>e</sup> for yer ain name's sake, O weise an' wear ye me.

4 Redd me frae the girns they hae happit for me; for yerlane are my stoop sae styth:

5 <sup>f</sup> I lippen my life i' yer han'; redd me hame, LORD God o' truth!

6 <sup>g</sup> I thole them nane, wha<sup>†</sup> mak lies their ain; bot I lippen a' on the LORD, mylane.

7 I maun fyke an' be fain i' yer ain gude-gree; wha thought on my dule, an' in stretts hae tentet me:

8 An' steekit me nane i' the han'

<sup>§</sup> Ps. 6. 5; 88. 11; 115. 1<sup>e</sup>

<sup>b</sup> 2 Sam. 6. 1. Isai. 61. 3.

<sup>‡</sup> David countit ma on his *tong*: nor his *croven*. Ps. 16. 9: 57. 8.

<sup>\*</sup> Deut. 20. 5.  
<sup>2</sup> Sam. 6. 20.  
A. C. 1042.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 86. 13.

<sup>b</sup> 1 Chron. 16. 4.  
Ps. 97. 12.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 103. 9.  
Isai. 26. 20;  
54. 7, 8.  
<sup>d</sup> 2 Cor. 4. 17.  
<sup>e</sup> Ps. 63. 3.  
<sup>f</sup> Ps. 126. 5.

<sup>f</sup> Job 29. 18.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *my lozen*.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 22. 5;  
25. 2; 71. 1  
Isai. 49. 23.  
<sup>b</sup> Ps. 143. 1

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 71. 2.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *for a hainin-towir*.  
<sup>d</sup> Ps. 18. 1.  
<sup>e</sup> Ps. 23. 3;  
25. 11.

<sup>f</sup> Luke 23. 4.  
Acts 7. 59.

<sup>g</sup> Jonah 2. 8.  
<sup>†</sup> Heb. *twair*.  
*weel lies o' lightness*.

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 4, 1;  
18, 19.

o' the fae; <sup>h</sup>bot my feet set stieve  
in scowth.

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 6, 7.

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *my  
ghaist or  
spreit.*

9 Be gude till me, LORD, for 'am  
cumber'd *yet*: <sup>i</sup>my ee wears awa in  
wuth; na, my <sup>†</sup>breath an' my bouk,  
*they flicher.*

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *yeirs.*

<sup>k</sup>Ps. 32, 3;  
102, 3.

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 41, 8.  
Isai. 53, 4.

<sup>m</sup>Job 19, 13.

<sup>n</sup>Ps. 38, 11;  
88, 8, 18.

<sup>n</sup>Ps. 64, 8.

<sup>o</sup>Ps. 88, 4, 5.

10 For my life wears awa in dule,  
an' my days<sup>†</sup> in sighan; my pith  
gangs i' my pine, an' my <sup>k</sup>banes are  
swaken.

11 <sup>i</sup>Till my ill-willers a' 'am a  
geck, an' e'en till my <sup>m</sup>niebors sairly:  
till my friens 'am a fearsome sight;  
<sup>n</sup>wha see me therout, flee frae me.

12 <sup>o</sup>'Am clean out o' min' as gane;  
I thole like a dune bicker.

<sup>p</sup>Jer. 20, 10.

<sup>q</sup>Jer. 6, 25;  
20, 3.

Lam. 2, 22.

13 <sup>p</sup>For I heard the clash o' a  
when; <sup>q</sup>on ilka han' *was* dread:  
whan they gather'd again me like  
ane, my life they ettled till sned.

14 Bot I lippen'd mylane till thee;  
quo' I, O LORD, my ain God are ye

15 My tides *are* a' i' yer han';  
redd me frae the han' o' my faes,  
an' frae them wha gird at me.

<sup>r</sup>Num. 6, 25,  
26.

Ps. 4, 6; 67, 1.

<sup>r</sup>Ps. 25, 2.

16 <sup>r</sup>Wair a glint o' yer ee on yer  
loon; saif me for yer gudeness' sake:

17 O LORD, <sup>r</sup>lat me ne'er hing  
down, for loud till yerlane I scraigh:  
lat a' the ill hing down, <sup>r</sup>an' steek  
their gab i' the graif.

<sup>r</sup>1 Sam. 2, 9.

<sup>s</sup>Ps. 12, 3.

<sup>s</sup>1 Sam. 2, 3.  
Ps. 94, 4.

Jude 15.

<sup>r</sup>Isai. 64, 4.  
1 Cor. 2, 9.

18 <sup>s</sup>Lat lian lips gang whush,  
<sup>s</sup>that carp at the righteous wi' scorn  
an' glee.

19 <sup>r</sup>What walth o' yer gude ye  
hain, for them wha hae dread o'  
thee; ye hae ettled for them wha  
lippen yerlane, tho' sons o' the yird  
suld see.<sup>†</sup>

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *for-  
ness the sons  
o' yird.*

<sup>z</sup>Ps. 27, 5;  
32, 7.

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *haughty  
glow'r o' the  
carl.*

20 <sup>z</sup>Ye sal hap them hame i' the  
lown o' yer leuk, frae the <sup>†</sup>glow'r  
o' the haughty carl; ye sal hap them  
frae sight in a canny neuk, frae the  
canglin clash o' the *warl'*.

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *made  
his gudeness  
womanly*.  
Ps. 17, 7.

<sup>a</sup>1 Sam. 23, 7.

<sup>b</sup>1 Sam. 23, 26.  
Ps. 116, 11.

21 Prais'd be the LORD for his<sup>†</sup>  
wonner o' gude, till me, in a brugh  
weel-biggen.<sup>a</sup>

22 For mysel, <sup>b</sup>quo' I i' my haste,

'Am sned-aff' frae afore yer een:<sup>c</sup>  
nochtless, ye hearken'd my scraigh  
o' dule, whan I sighet fu' sair till  
yerlane.

23 <sup>d</sup>Lo'e ye the LORD, a' sants o'  
his ain: leal-folk the LORD fen's;  
bot the warker o' pride he pays  
hame.

24 <sup>e</sup>Be stieve, an' yer heart sal  
thrive; a' ye, wha lippen the LORD  
himlane.

<sup>c</sup>Isai. 38, 11, 12.  
Lam. 3, 54.  
Jonah 2, 4.

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 34, 9.

<sup>e</sup>Ps. 27, 14.

## PSALM XXXII.

*Better own fauts an' be forgien, an'  
do weel; nor gang yer ain thravn  
gate, till be schuten atowre frae  
God wi' stang or bridle, like sense-  
less, menseless brute beiss.*

\*Maschil o' David's.

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *adins*, &c.

**W**HEEL for them, *whase* <sup>a</sup>ill's  
forgien; *whase* wrang-doen  
's happit.

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 85, 2.  
Rom. 4, 6, 7, 8.

2 Weel for the wight the LORD  
wytes wi' nae ill; an' in <sup>†</sup>breath o'  
his ain *is* nae double-dealin.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *ghaist  
or spreit.*

<sup>b</sup>John 1, 47.

3 Held I my peace, my banes  
thow'd awa; *or e'en* gin I rowtit  
the lee-lang day.

4 For day an' night, yer han' was  
owre me a lade; my seep wrought  
by till the drouth o' simmer: Selah.

5 My wrang-doen *syne* I lat wit  
till thee; an' the ill *that* I *kent*, I  
did-na hap it. <sup>c</sup>Quo' I, I'se mak  
shrif o' my sins till the LORD; an'  
ye freely pat-by the ill o' my doen:  
Selah.

<sup>c</sup>Prov. 28, 13.  
Isai. 65, 24.  
1 John 1, 9.

6 Wharthro', <sup>d</sup>till yersel sal ilk  
likely ane pray, whan he lights on  
a faut <sup>†</sup>till men'. Whan spates  
o'ergang o' watirs thrang, till him  
they sal ne'er win ben.

<sup>d</sup>Isai. 55, 6.  
John 7, 34.

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *light-  
ness, or faut,*  
o' his ain,  
that 'll thole  
menden. Our  
Inglistaks a'  
this clean  
anither gate.

7 <sup>e</sup>Yersel *hae been* howff till me;  
in stretts ye hae stoopit me; ye hae  
graihet me roun wi' sangs o' gaen-  
free: Selah.

<sup>e</sup>Ps. 9, 9; 27,  
5; 31, 20;  
119, 114.

8 I sal weise ye, *quo' God*; I sal



wear ye the gate ye maun gae. I  
sal tent ye fu' gleg wi' my ee.

9 <sup>f</sup>Be-na ye like naig or like mule,  
*that gang wi' nae thought o' their ain;*  
whase chowks maun be chackit wi'  
branks an' kewel, § in case be they  
yoke on yerlane.

10 <sup>g</sup>Fu' mony a stoun's till the  
ill-doen loon; bot wha lippens the  
LORD, gude gree sal graith him  
roun.

11 <sup>h</sup>Be blythe i' the LORD, an' fu'  
fain, a' ye † that do the right pairt;  
an' lilt fu' loud for joye, a' ye *that*  
*are* straught o' heart.

PSALM XXXIII.

*The righteous maun daur till sing:  
The Lord that made a', an' that's  
owre a', is their ain heal-ha'din.*  
[By wha's no said.]

**S**ING sangs till the LORD, <sup>a</sup> ye  
rightous; <sup>b</sup> sic liltin sets-weel  
the aefauld.

2 Gie laud till the LORD on the  
harp; <sup>c</sup> on the lut *wi'* the tensome  
thairms, lilt loud till him:

3 <sup>d</sup> Sing ye till himsel a new sang;  
play weel, wi' ane awsome sugh:

4 For right is the LORD's ain  
word; an' ilk wark o' his ain's intil  
truth.

5 <sup>e</sup> The right he lo'es, an' right-  
rechtin *a'*; <sup>f</sup> the gude o' the LORD  
the yirth fu'fills.

6 <sup>g</sup> By the word o' the LORD the  
lifts war made; <sup>h</sup> an' their plenishin  
*a'*, by the <sup>i</sup> breath o' his mouthe.

7 <sup>k</sup> He sweel'd like a bing the  
bouk o' the spates; he hairstit in  
barns the laighest fludes.

8 Fear the LORD, the hail yirth;  
quauk afore him, a' ye that won i'  
the world.

9 <sup>l</sup> For himsel spak, an' it was;  
he bad, an' it stude fu' sikker.

10 <sup>m</sup> The will o' the folk the LORD

lats gang; the thoughts o' the peopil  
he dings till naething.

11 <sup>n</sup> The will o' the LORD for ay  
sal stan'; the thoughts o' his heart,  
frae ae † kith-gettin till anither.

12 <sup>o</sup> Weel for the folk, whase God  
is the LORD; the folk *that* he waled  
for his ain hame-ha'din.

13 <sup>p</sup> The LORD frae the lift couth  
raik wi' his een; the bairns o' yird,  
he sees ilk ane o'.

14 Frae the bit whar he sits, he  
tents ilk dwaller on yirth.

15 He schupes their hearts like  
ane; <sup>q</sup> he minds upon a' their doens.

16 <sup>r</sup> Nae king's made right by the  
feck o' ane host; nae † mighty man  
redd by his mighty pingle:

17 <sup>s</sup> A horse for heal-ha'din's no  
till tryst; wi' his strenth an' a', he  
canna redd-single.

18 <sup>t</sup> Bot, the ee o' the LORD's on  
<sup>u</sup> wha fear himsel, on wha lippen a'  
till his likan:

19 Till redd out their saul frae  
dican-dune; || <sup>x</sup> an' in dearth, till  
haud them thrivan.

20 <sup>y</sup> Our life's but a tryst on the  
LORD; <sup>z</sup> our stoop an' our schild  
*is* he.

21 For our heart in himsel sal be  
fain; † on his name sae halie traist  
we.

22 Lat yer luve be atowre us,  
LORD, sae lang's we lippen till thee.

PSALM XXXIV

*A sang for the feckless an' forfain;  
till lippen to the Lord, an' mak the  
maist o' their ain fecklessness.*

David's, whan he alter'd his gate  
afore <sup>\*</sup> Abimelech; an' he drave  
him but, an' he gaed his wa'.

**I**LK tide o' my life I'se <sup>a</sup> blythe-  
bid the LORD; his praise i' my  
mouthe *sal* be plene:

<sup>f</sup> Prov. 26, 3.  
James 3, 3.

§ Haltir that  
gangs owre  
the head an'  
atween the  
chowks—  
guld enugh  
for ony  
mule, be't  
beast or  
body.

<sup>g</sup> Prov. 13, 21.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 64, 20;  
68, 3.

† Heb. *right-  
ous*, or *right-  
doen folk*.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 97, 12.  
<sup>b</sup> Ps. 147, 1.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 92, 3.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 96, 1; 98,  
1; 144, 9.  
Isai. 42, 10.  
Rev. 5, 9.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 45, 7.  
<sup>f</sup> Ps. 119, 64.

<sup>g</sup> Gen. 1, 6, 7.  
Hebr. 11, 3.  
2 Peter 3, 5.

<sup>h</sup> Gen. 2, 1.

<sup>i</sup> Job 26, 13.

<sup>k</sup> Gen. 1, 9.  
Job 26, 10;  
38, 8.

<sup>l</sup> Gen. 1, 3.  
Ps. 148, 5.

<sup>m</sup> Isai. 19, 3.

<sup>n</sup> Job 23, 13.  
Prov. 19, 21.  
Isai. 46, 10.

† Heb. *till  
kith-gettin  
an' kith-  
gettin*.

<sup>o</sup> Ps. 65, 4;  
144, 15.

<sup>p</sup> 2 Chron. 16, 9.  
Job 28, 24.  
Ps. 11, 4; 14, 2.

<sup>q</sup> Job 34, 21.  
Jer. 32, 19.

<sup>r</sup> Ps. 44, 6.  
† Heb. *mighty  
man is nane  
redd*.

<sup>s</sup> Ps. 147, 10.  
Prov. 21, 31.

<sup>t</sup> Job 36, 7.  
Ps. 34, 15.  
† Peter 3, 12.  
<sup>u</sup> Ps. 147, 11.

|| or, *frae  
dead*.  
<sup>x</sup> Job 5, 20  
Ps. 37, 19.

<sup>y</sup> Ps. 62, 1, 5,  
130, 6.  
<sup>z</sup> Ps. 115, 9,  
10, 11.

† Heb. *for*,  
twice owre.

A.C. 1062.

<sup>\*</sup> Ca'd *Achish*,  
1 Sam. 21, 13.

<sup>a</sup> 1 Thes. 5, 18  
2 Thes. 1, 3.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 119, 74;  
142, 7.

2 I' the LORD sal my saul be liltin-  
blythe; <sup>b</sup> the feckless sal hear, an'  
be fain.

3 Mak might o' the LORD wi'  
me; an' his name we'se uphaud  
thegither:

4 I sought the LORD, an' he  
hearken'd me hame; syne redd me  
frae a' my fluther.

5 Folk leuk ay till Him, an' ||are  
brighten'd <sup>a</sup>; nae gluff o' schame  
hae their faces: ||

6 This puir-body skreigh't, an'  
the LORD couth hear; syne heal'd  
him frae a' his fashes.

7 Na, <sup>c</sup> the LORD's erran-rinner  
*himself* <sup>d</sup> bides about; till rax them  
atowre that are fley'd o' him:

8 <sup>e</sup> Pree ye, an' ken gin the LORD  
be-na gude; <sup>f</sup> blythe *be* the wight  
can bide on him.

9 <sup>g</sup> Fear ye the LORD, ye sants o'  
his; for nae want <sup>h</sup> 's till them that  
fear him:

10 <sup>i</sup> The lyoun's whalps may  
hungir an' thole; bot, wha seek the  
LORD, <sup>†</sup> want o' nae gude sal steer  
them.

11 Here awa, <sup>§</sup> bairns, an' hearken  
till me; the fear o' the LORD I sal  
hint ye:

12 <sup>†</sup> What wight *is he that's* fain  
o' life; lo'es lang-days, till see gude-  
*rife*?

13 Waird yer tongue frae *making*  
mischieff; an' yer lips frae lean,  
*tent* ye.

14 <sup>k</sup> Awa frae ill, an' weel do ye;  
<sup>†</sup> seek ay for the lown, an' win at it:

15 <sup>m</sup> For the een o' the LORD *are*  
on righteous folk; an' his lugs till  
their bidden *are loutit*:

16 <sup>n</sup> Bot the leuk o' the LORD's  
again doers o' wrang; min' o' them  
frae the yirth, till *ruite* it.

17 The *feckless* sigh, an' the LORD  
can hear; an' frae a' their fash redd's  
them haillie

18 <sup>o</sup> The LORD's fu' nar till heart-  
broken folk; an' the wa'-gaen in  
spreit he sets gailie.

19 <sup>p</sup> The wrangs o' the righteous  
fu' mony *be*; bot the LORD frae  
them a' has him synder'd:

20 Ilka bane o' his *bouk* tak tent  
o' sal he; <sup>q</sup> no ane o' them a' sal be  
flinder'd.

21 <sup>r</sup> The ill-deedie man mischieff  
sal fell; wha ill-will the righteous,  
awa sal pine:

22 The breath <sup>†</sup> o' his servans the  
LORD sal hae bak; an' wha lippen  
till him, <sup>†</sup> no ane o' them a' sal  
dwine.

### PSALM XXXV.

*A sair plea wi' the Lord again lean  
stouthbrief rievvers: the Lord maun  
hearken an' uphaud David; an' the  
Lord's ay as guid as his word.*

*Ane o' David's.*

**F**LYTE, <sup>a</sup> LORD, wi' them that  
flyte wi' me; an' fecht ye wi'  
them, that fecht again me.

2 Schild an' boukler, tak them  
baith; <sup>†</sup> up, an' be stoop till hain me.

3 Syne out wi' the spear, an' kep  
the gate on them that wad fain win  
till me: say ye to my saul, *O God—*  
Heal-ha'din mylane *I'se be* till ye.

4 <sup>b</sup> Scham't an' throwither lat them  
be, that hanker sae sair for my  
breath; bak lat them gae, an' wae  
lat them be, that ettle till wark my  
skaith.

5 <sup>c</sup> Like caff afore the win' lat  
them be; an' the LORD's ain rinner  
ahin' them:

6 <sup>d</sup> Mirk an' slidd'ry the gate they  
gae; an' the LORD's erran-rinner  
ding them.

7 For saikless for me they sheughit  
their girn; saikless, they howkit my  
life awa:

8 Mischieff, or he wit, sal owre-  
gang him; <sup>e</sup> the girn that he happit

<sup>o</sup> Ps. 51, 17.  
Isai. 57, 15;  
61, 1.

<sup>p</sup> Prov. 24, 16.

<sup>q</sup> John 19, 36.

<sup>r</sup> Ps. 94, 23.

<sup>†</sup> Tak it, wha  
daur.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *they  
sal a' no  
dwine*

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 43, 1.  
119, 154.  
Lam. 3, 58.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *an' up  
till stoop, or  
lain me.*

<sup>b</sup> Verse 26.  
Ps. 40, 14, 15:  
70, 2, 3.

<sup>c</sup> Job 21, 18.  
Ps. 1, 4.  
Isai. 29, 5.  
Hos. 13, 3.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 73, 18.  
Jer. 23, 12.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 7, 15, 16;  
57, 6; 141, 9  
Prov. 5, 22.

|| or, *airtit on  
like rinnin  
watir.*

| or, *horwk,  
an' hing  
down their  
heads, like  
moude-  
warks, sal  
they no.*

<sup>c</sup> Dan. 6, 22.

<sup>d</sup> Gen. 32, 1, 2.  
2 Kings 6, 17.  
Zech. 9, 8.

<sup>e</sup> 1 Peter 2, 3.  
<sup>f</sup> Ps. 2, 12.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 31, 23.

<sup>h</sup> Job 4, 10, 11.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *they  
sal noch  
want a' gude.*

§ Maun ettle  
the puir  
feckless folk,  
siclike 's he  
tholed him-  
sel till be.

<sup>i</sup> 1 Peter 3, 10.

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 37, 27.  
Isai. 1, 16, 17.

<sup>†</sup> Hebr. 12, 14.

<sup>m</sup> Job 36, 7.  
Ps. 33, 18.  
1 Peter 3, 12.

<sup>n</sup> Lev. 17, 10.  
Jer. 44, 11.  
Amos 9, 4.

sal fang him; tharin, wi' a stoun',  
sal he fa'.

9 Bot my saul sal be blythe i' the  
LORD; an' lowp for joye in his ain  
heal-ha'din.

10 'Ilk bane i' my *bouk* may say,  
Wha's like yersel, O LORD; the  
puir frae †the pithy, reddin' aye,  
the puir an' forfain, frae him that  
wad rive him in twa!

11 Thar raise *amang them* threep-  
ers o' ill; they threepit again me, I  
ken-na what:

12 *Ill* for guid they niffer'd wi'  
me, †till herry my saul *or they quat*.

13 Bot me! *h*whan they pined,  
my cleedin *was* harn; my breath I  
wastit wi' wantin; *i*till my bosom,  
my bidden cam hame.

14 Like's *he war* a frien', like's *he*  
*war* a brither till me; *e'en sae*, gaed  
I about: like as ane that was wae *for*  
*his* mither, *e'en sae*, I loutit an' grat.

15 Bot at my *k*down-fa' they war  
fain; an' syne they wan a' thegither:  
†or I wat, *t*he fusionless loons,  
again me, like ane did gather: they  
rave *me* syndry *in bits*; *they rave*, an'  
they did-na whush:

16 Wi' †trovers o' lies at bousin-  
bouts, again me their teeth they  
grush't.<sup>m</sup>

17 O LORD, *n*how lang can ye  
see siclikes? rax my saul frae their  
wasterfu' thrang; *a*n' †mysel frae  
the lyoun's tykes.†

18 *I* Maun laud yersel i' the gran'  
deray; wi' the bouk o' the folk, I  
maun lilt till thee.

19 Lat my ill-willers nane be sae  
crouse wi' lies; *q*wha hate me for  
nought, †lat them steek the ee.

20 For o' nieborlie-gree they ne'er  
speak a word; bot lies they can  
flaucht thegither, again the lown  
folk o' the yird.

21 Their mouthe they hae raxit

again me straught; an' quo' they,  
'Hech! Hech! our ain ee saw't.

22 Ye hae seen't, O LORD; *'*be-  
na whush, my Lord: tarry-na far  
frae me.

23 *'*Wauken an' wait, for the right  
that's mine: my God an' my Lord,  
for my plea!

24 I' yer righteousness right me,  
O LORD, my God; lat them nane  
hae the gree owre me.

25 *"*Lat nane o' them say i' their  
hearts, Aha, †it's e'en's we wad  
hae! nor yet, We hae glaum'd him  
up! lat ane o' them *daur till* say.

26 *\**Scham't an' gyte thegither  
gang they, my ill that like till see:  
*'*graithit in scham an' scorn be they,  
wha set themsels heigh owre me.

27 Lat them lilt an' be glaid, wha  
are fain o' my right; *"*an' ay lat  
them say, The LORD be wight,  
*"*that lo'es lown life for his lealman.

28 An' that right o' thine my  
tongue sal tell; *a*n' ilka day lang,  
sal gie laud till yersel.

## PSALM XXXVI.

*The ill man can neither think, nor say,  
nor do aught gude: God thinks an'  
does a' gude: David may be weel  
content, an' let the ill-doeer dree.*

Till the sang-maister; *a*ne o' David's,  
thirlman to the LORD.

THE †claivers o' the godlowse  
*gang* ben i' my heart: *thar's*  
*a*nae fear o' God afore his een.

2 *b* For he lies till himsel in his ain  
sight, or his mischief be kent ayont  
tholin.

3 The words o' his mouthe are  
but nought an' a lie; till be wyss *a*n'  
do weel, he has quat al-utterlie.

4 *'*On his bed he can think but o'  
nought; he gangs ay the gate o' nae  
gude; mischief he can ne'er win by.

5 *d* Bot thy gudeness, LORD, *is i'*

<sup>r</sup>Ps. 40, 15;  
54, 7; 70, 3.  
<sup>i</sup>P., 83, 1.

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 44, 23.

<sup>u</sup>Ps. 70, 3.

† Heb. *our  
ain min'*.

<sup>x</sup>Verse 4.  
Ps. 40, 14.

<sup>y</sup>P., 100, 29.  
132, 18.

<sup>z</sup>Ps., 9, 4.

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 149, 4.

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 51, 8.

† Heb. *pithier  
nor himsel, or  
owre pithy  
for him.*

<sup>s</sup>Ps. 38, 20;  
109, 3, 5.  
† Heb. *the  
herriment o'*.  
<sup>b</sup>Joh 30, 25.  
Ps. 69, 10, 11.  
<sup>i</sup>Matt. 10, 13.  
Luke 10, 6.

<sup>k</sup>Ps. 38, 17.

† Heb. *an' I  
kent-na*.  
<sup>i</sup>Joh 30, 1, 8.  
12.

† Heb. *snich-  
erin liears*.

<sup>m</sup>Ps. 37, 12.  
Lam. 2, 16.  
<sup>n</sup>Hab. 1, 13.  
<sup>o</sup>Ps. 22, 20.  
† Heb. *a'  
that's o' me*.  
† Heb.  
*wahlpis*.

<sup>p</sup>Ps. 22, 25,  
31; 40, 9, 10;  
111, 1.

<sup>q</sup>Ps. 69, 4;  
109, 3; 119,  
161.

Lam. 3, 52.  
John 15, 25.

† Our Inglis  
taks this  
anither gate,  
*Lat them  
nane wink  
wi' the ee*; as  
ye may fin',  
Job 15, 12.  
Prov. 6, 13;  
10, 10.

† Heb. *gaen-  
wurang wai'  
the tongue,  
lowse talk*.

<sup>a</sup>Rom. 3, 18.  
<sup>b</sup>Deut. 29, 19.  
Ps. 10, 3;  
49, 18.

<sup>c</sup>Prov. 4, 16.  
Micah 2, 1.

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 57, 10;  
108, 4.



† Heb. *hills o' God.*

† Job 11, 8.

Rom. 11, 33.

† Job 7, 20.

† Ruth 2, 12.

Ps. 17, 8;

91, 4.

or, *sons o' man*: bot

ettles a' livin

things on

yrith.

† Ps. 65, 4.

† Heb. *druken,*

or *drookit fou,*

wi' pleasur.

§ Siclike's

the *dece.*

† Siclike's

the *rain.*

Job 20, 17.

Ps. 16, 11.

Rev. 22, 1.

† Jer. 2, 13.

† Heb. *o' pride.*

\* Ps. 1, 5.

the lift; thy truth-tryst even wi' the cluds.

6 Thy righteousness like the hills fu' heigh; † 'thy right-rechtins *are* ane unco flude: Baith beast an' body, LORD, thou hauds them heal.<sup>f</sup>

7 What gear *is* i' yer gudeness, God! ‡ Aneth the schadowe o' yer wings, || yird's bairns can betak them lown.

8 <sup>h</sup>They're † drookit-daft wi' the § seep o' thy dwallin; ye sloken them *a'*, frae the ‡ burn o' yer bliss.

9 <sup>i</sup>For wi' thee *is* the wa'll-ee o' life; intil light o' thine, we see light itsel.

10 O rax out yer gudeness till them wha ken ye! an' yer righteousness ay till the single in heart.

11 May the cloot o' the carl† ne'er gang my gate; nor the han' o' the ill-doer ding me by.

12 Thar gaed the warkers o' mischieff till the grun: they stacher'd,<sup>k</sup> an' they cou'd-na stan!

# PSALM XXXVII.

*Nae need till flee the lan', nor nae fore o' wrang-doers: the righteous sal ay fa' their ain, an' wrang-doers sal be sned aff for evir; bot a' that lippen till the Lord sal thrive.*

*Ane o' David's.*

**F**ASH <sup>a</sup>yersel nane for ill-doers, nor sigh for the warkers o' wrang:

2 For like gerss they'll be glegly snedden; an' like fother-blume they sal gang.

3 Lippen the LORD an' do weel; bide ay on the lan', an' thrive at will.

4 Be blythe i' the LORD, an' yer heart's content he sal wair on thee:

5 <sup>b</sup>Deval on the LORD yer gate; lippen him, an' do *a'* sal he:

6 'For yer right he sal clear like the light; an' like height o' the day, yer plea.

7 <sup>d</sup>Be lown wi' the LORD, 'an' thole for him: fash nane for ill-doers' thrivan-gate; for the loon that can wark mischieffs.

8 Awa wi' angir, an' quat frae lowe; <sup>f</sup>fash yersel nane wi' the wrang.

9 <sup>g</sup>For warkers o' wrang sal be clean sned-awa; bot wha wait on the LORD, themlane the lan' sal fa'.

10 For syne, but a gliff, an' the ill-doer's dune: <sup>h</sup>tho' ye leuk for his place, thar's nae mair o' *him*.

11 'Bot lown-livin folk sal ay haud the lan'; an' be blythe wi' nae en' o' gude-nieboran!

12 The ill-man, he thinks on the righteous for ill; an' grushes again him his teeth:<sup>k</sup>

13 Bot the ‡ Laird o' the lan' sal 'laugh at him, for he kens his ain day sal be niest.

14 The warkers o' wrang, they lows'd the swurd, an' eke they stentit their bow; the feckless an' needy, till ding them *baith*, an' till fell the aefauld sae free.†

15 <sup>m</sup>Their swurd sal gang ben i' their ain heart *then*, an' their bows till flinders sal flie.

16 <sup>n</sup>Ay better's a nirl wi' the right, nor the rowth o' mae warkers o' wrang:

17 <sup>o</sup>For the arms o' wrang-doers sal breinge in bits; bot the righteous the LORD sal mak strang.

18 The LORD kens weel the days o' the leal; an' their heirskip sal stan' for evir:

19 They sal ne'er be down-cuisten in time o' ill; <sup>p</sup>an' in days o' hungir sal stegh their fill:

20 Bot the warkers o' wrang till naething sal gang; an' faes o' the

† Job 11, 17.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 62, 1.

† Lam. 3, 26.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 73, 3.

Eph. 4, 26.

§ Job 27, 13, 14.

<sup>h</sup> Job 7, 10;

20, 9.

Verse 35.

<sup>i</sup> Matt. 5, 5.

\* Ps. 35, 16

† Another

word nor

*Jehovah.*

Ps. 2, 4.

<sup>l</sup> Ps. 2, 4.

† Heb. *even*

*on, straight*

*ganger.*

<sup>m</sup> Micah 5, 6.

<sup>n</sup> 1 Tim. 6, 6.

<sup>o</sup> Job 38, 15.

Ps. 10, 15.

Ezek. 30, 21,

&c.

<sup>p</sup> Job 5, 20.

Ps. 33, 19.

¶ Ps. 102, 3.

† Heb. *they sal  
thorve i' the  
reek, they sal  
thorve; or,  
they sal  
thorve i' the  
reek, the hail  
o' them.*

r Ps. 112, 5, 9.

i Prov. 3, 33.

LORD, like the creesh o' lams, sal  
thowe i' the <sup>r</sup>reek thegither!†

21 The ill-doer taks, an' he ne'er  
brings hame; <sup>r</sup> bot the righteous will  
len' an' lat lye:

22 'Syne, whasae he bids sal ay  
bide the lan'; them he bans, *they*  
sal e'en be shot-by.

i Prov. 16, 9.

† Heb. *gates,  
or out-gates,  
on the heigh  
road; or firm  
roddins.*

u Ps. 34, 19, 20;

91, 12.

Prov. 24, 16.

2 Cor. 4, 9.

23 'Frae the LORD, the †wide  
yett o' the mighty man 's set; an'  
he fuhres on his gate fu' blythe:

24 "Tho' he stacher a *wee*, he sal  
nane down gae; for the LORD hauds  
his han' fu' stythe.

25 A wean I hae been, an' an  
auld man am e'en; bot the righteous  
for-ried, <sup>x</sup> or his bairns seekin bread,  
I ne'er saw:

x Job 15, 23.

Ps. 59, 15;

109, 10.

r Ps. 112, 5, 9.

26 <sup>y</sup> Ilk day he cou'd gie or cou'd  
len'; an' his outcome *was* blythe  
an' a'.

z Ps. 34, 14.

27 *Syne*, <sup>z</sup> awa frae mischieff, an'  
do weel; an' bide evir mair *whar*  
*ye min'*:

28 For the LORD, he lo'es right-  
rechtin weel, an' will ne'er lea' his  
ain till pine: for evir an' ay sal they  
be stay; bot the stok o' ill-doers  
sal dwine.<sup>a</sup>

a Ps. 21, 10.

Isai. 14, 20.

29 The righteous sal fa' the yird;  
an' sal bide on 't, the lenth o' lang-  
syne.<sup>b</sup>

b Prov. 2, 21.

30 The mouthe o' the righteous, it  
sets-furth sense; an' his tongue o'  
right-rechtin can tell:

c Dent. 6, 6.

Ps. 42, 8;

119, 98.

Isai. 51, 7.

† Heb. *his**gangins.*

31 'His God's ain law *is* weel ben  
i' his heart; an' his gate,† it sal  
ne'er swak itsel.

32 The ill-man, he glaums at the  
rightous; an' fain wad be his dead:

33 The LORD winna lea' him intil  
his han'; nor at rightin, gie him  
nae remede.

34 Bide ye on the LORD, an' haud  
weel by his gate; till fa' the lan' he  
sal heize ye yet: wi' wrang-doers  
sned-aff, ye sal see 't.<sup>d</sup>

d Ps. 91, 8.

35 'I hae seen the wrang-doer  
thrive; an' braid like the braw  
green-tree:§

36 He gae'd, an' he was-na; I  
sought him belyve, bot funden he  
cou'd-na be.

37 Tak tent till the aefauld, an'  
leuk till the straught; for the en'  
o' siclike *is* the lown:

38 Bot owre-gangers sal whamle  
thegither themlane; an' the en' o'  
wrang-doers gae dune.

39 Bot right folks' heal-ha'din, it  
*comes* frae the LORD; their strenth  
i' the time o' strett:

40 An' the LORD sal stoop them,  
an' redd them out; frae wrang-  
doers' *han's*, he sal redd them but:  
an' them, for they lippen till him,  
fu' sikker an' soun' he sal set.

e Job 5, 3.

§ Wi plenty  
o' skowth,  
but nae  
haudin,  
groove whar  
he likes.

## PSALM XXXVIII.

*David, in pitifu' plight, baith saul an'  
body, cries uncolie till the Lord till  
be gude till him an' help him.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's, till keep  
the Lord in min'.\*

\* Headin o'  
Ps. 70.

WYTE me na, LORD, i' yer  
lowan wuth;<sup>a</sup> ding me na  
by i' yer bleezan torne:

a Ps. 6, 1

2 <sup>b</sup> For deep intil me yer flanes  
hae taen grip; an' sair ontill me is  
yer han' down-borne.

b Job 6, 4.

3 Nae feck i' my flesche, fornent  
yer angir; <sup>c</sup> nae †rest i' my banes,  
fornent my sin.

c Ps. 6, 2.

† Heb. *torson*.

4 <sup>d</sup> For my ain misdeeds hae gane  
owre my head; like some weary  
weight, they're ill till carrie.†

d Ezra 9, 6.  
Ps. 40, 12

5 My dulesome dints gang foich  
i' my folly:

† Heb. *owre*  
*heavy for*  
*myself.*

6 Twafauld am I, an' cruppen till  
naething; <sup>e</sup> a' day lang, I gang dark  
an' drearie.<sup>f</sup>

e Ps. 35, 14.

f Job 30, 28.

Ps. 42, 9;

43, 2.

7 For my lisk it's pang'd wi' some  
fusionless ill; an' nae soun'ness ava  
*is left* i' my body.

8 Feckless am I, an' forfochten

† Job 3, 24.  
Isai. 59, 11.  
|| or, for till  
ease my heart.

sairly; † I sigh wi' a || sab frae the heart i' my bosom.

9 O LORD, afore thee *is* a' my yirn; an' my sighan, frae thee it has ne'er been happit.

b Ps. 6, 7;  
88, 9.  
† Heb. it's  
nae mair wi'  
me

10 My heart dwaums, my pith bides-na wi' me; na, <sup>b</sup>the light o' my een, † it's gane clean frae me.

† Ps. 31, 11.  
† Luke 10, 31,  
32.  
† Heb. kins-  
folk, or  
niebors.

11 <sup>i</sup>My joes an' my frien's <sup>k</sup>stan' atowre frae my breinge; an' my † blude themsels haud far frae me.

12 Wha seek for my life hae girns till lay; wha ettle me ill speak a' mischieff, an' pingle on lies the hail day.

† 2 Sam. 16, 10.  
David tholed  
weel.  
m Ps. 39, 2, 9.

13 Bot I, <sup>i</sup>like the deaf man, hearken'd nane; <sup>m</sup>an' e'en like the dum, wha ne'er raxes his mouthe:

14 I was e'en as the man wha hears-na a sugh; an' ben i' whase gab *are* nae gainsayans.

15 For a' till yerlane I hae lippen'd, O LORD; ye maun speak till me lown, Lord God o' my ain.

16 For quo' I, Gin they're fain till see me fa'; gin they haud themsels heigh an my fit slidder! †

§ David's ain  
natural turn  
was heigh  
enough; he  
tholed scorn  
ay, waur nor  
a clour wi'  
the sword.

17 For likan till gang am I ay; an' my dule, it's afore me evir.

18 For my sin I hae weel setten furth; on the wrang I hae dune, I tak thought wi' a swither.

|| or, my ill-  
willers  
are livin', an'  
livin' like.

19 Bot || ill-willers on live, are a' fu' stark; an' mony are they, wha mislike me saikless:

n Ps. 35, 12.

20 <sup>n</sup>Wha pay me wi' ill, for gude till *themsels*; <sup>o</sup>wha seek me wi' wrang, for my ain weel-doen.

o 1 John 3, 12.  
Peter taks  
anither  
thought o't.  
1 Peter 3, 13.

21 Dinna lea' me, O LORD, thou God o' my ain; nor bide frae me far, *as the lave are bydan*.

22 Fy, haste ye till help me, O LORD, my heal-ha'din!

### PSALM XXXIX.

*David maun be whush afore the Lord: man's but a fain an' a feckless creatur, frae the day that he cam, till the day he maun gang: David, like the lave, maun win hame.*

Till the sang-maister, till Jeduthun: \* ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

QUO' I, I maun waird my gate, in case be I slip wi' my tongue: I maun steek my mouthe fu' stieve, † sae lang's the ill-doer's afore me.

2 <sup>a</sup>I keepit sair sugh i' the lown; I wheeshtit me, *even* frae gude: bot my dule, it wauken'd the waur, ay.

3 My heart was het i' my breast; † wi' my thought, the lowe kenn'd: *syne* spak I right out wi' my tongue,

4 <sup>b</sup>Lat me wit, O LORD, o' my en'; an' the meath o' my days, what it's a': how bruckle 'am syne, I sal ken.

5 Alake! but some han'-breid ye made my days; an' 'my time's like naething afore ye. <sup>d</sup>The stievest man *on yird* can stan', † ilk ane o' them's weak *as Abel*: Selah.

6 Man daikers, atweel, in a gloam; na, they fash themsels a' for nought: 'he harls gear thegither; bot kens-na, the same wha sal aught.

7 Bot now, what leuk I for, LORD; my thoughts they *are* a' on yerlane:

8 Frae my wrang-gangins a' redd me out; the geck o' the gowk mak me nane.

9 <sup>f</sup>I was whush; I ne'er open'd my mouthe; for I *wat* yerlane did it.

10 <sup>s</sup>Haud aff me a *wae*, wi' yer weight: 'am dune, wi' the dirl o' yer han'.

11 Whan ye ding the brawest wi' blauds for sin; <sup>h</sup>ye wear his pith awa like a moth: <sup>i</sup>Sure ilk man's weak *as Abel*: Selah.

12 Hearken my bidden, O LORD; an' eke till my schraigh gie heed; be-na ye whush at my taivers: † for 'am but a gangrel wight wi' thee; <sup>k</sup>hameless, like a' my faithers.

13 <sup>m</sup>Haud aff me, LORD, or I gather pith; afore I gang by, an' nae mair o' me.

\* 1 Chron. 16, 41; 25, 1.  
Ps. 62 an' 77.  
Headins.

† Heb. *zvi'*  
branks.

a Ps. 38, 13.

† Heb. *i' my*  
*inside*

b Ps. 90, 12.  
119, 84.

c Ps. 90, 4.  
d Verse 11.  
Ps. 62, 9;  
144, 4.

† Heb. *weak*  
*as weakness*  
*ilka man*:  
whilk word  
*is Abel*;  
Gen. 4, 2.

e Job 27, 17.  
Eccles. 2, 18.  
21, 26; 5, 14.

f Job 40, 4, 5.  
Ps. 38, 13.

g Job 9, 34;  
13, 21.

h Job 4, 19;  
13, 28.  
Isai. 50, 9.  
Hos. 5, 12.  
i Verse 5.

† Heb. *my*  
*tear*.

† Lev. 25, 23.  
1 Chron. 29,  
15.

Ps. 119, 19.  
2 Cor. 5, 6.  
Hebr. 11, 13.  
1 Peter 1, 17  
2, 11.

† Gen. 47, 9.  
m Job's 10, 20.  
21; 14, 5, 6



## PSALM XL.

*David, intil dreigh haud, leuks lang for the Lord, an' the Lord redds him out; he preaches syne a' that's gude till the lave. Bot a heigher far nor David's ettled here, an' a rightousness mair nor his ain.*

Till the sang-maister : ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**L**ANG leukit I for the LORD;<sup>a</sup> an' he loutit till me, an' he heard my skreigh.

2 An' he raxit me up frae ane awsome heugh,<sup>b</sup> frae the till sae teugh; an' he stude my feet on a craig; my roddins fu' sikker made he.

3 'An' a new sang pat he i' my mouthe, *nae less nor* laud till our God: <sup>d</sup>mony sal see, an' fley'd sal they be; an' sal lippen a' syne till the LORD.

4 Blythe be the wight, wha ettles the LORD for his tryste; wha wair-na a leuk on the proud, nor on them wha gang eftir a lie.

5 'Fu' mony, O LORD my God, hae ye made yer warks o' wonner! *fan'* yer thoughts o' gude till oursels, thar' nae reddin up till thee. Gin I suld owretell an' wair words on them, they're mae nor a buik *wad be*.

6 <sup>e</sup>O' slachtir an' hansel, ye ne'er thought weel. My lugs ye hae dreel'd: brunt-offran hail, an' hansel for sin, ye wad nane o'.

7 Syne, Leuk, quo' I; mysel maun be! I' the braid o' the Buik, *it's* written o' me:

8 <sup>h</sup>Till wark yer will, O my God, but 'am fain; 'an' that bidden o' thine's i' my bosom.†

9 <sup>k</sup>Right-rechtin I cried till the feck o' the folk; my lips I ne'er steekit, O LORD, ye wot:

10 Yer rightousness happit I ne'er i' my heart; yer troth an' yer heal-

ha'din tell'd I baith; yer rewth an' yer trewth I ne'er hade, frae the thrang forgather.

11 Steek ye na, LORD, yer pitie frae me: 'yer rewth an' yer trewth, lat them waird me weel.

12 For ills ayont tellin hae graith'd me about; <sup>m</sup>my ain ill-deeds hae fang't me sae fast, I canna leuk up: thranger are they, nor the hairs o' my head; <sup>n</sup>an' my heart, it mislippens me sairly.

13 <sup>o</sup>Will ye, O LORD, but till rax me out; fy, haste ye, O LORD, till help me!

14 <sup>p</sup>Lat them a' be affrontit an' lowe i' the face, wha seek for my life till waste it. Bak lat them gae, an' be smoor'd wi' schame, wha like weel the ill that 'am trystit.

15 <sup>q</sup>Fu' lane lat them be, for the cost o' their scorn, Heh! Heh! wha can say till me.

16 <sup>r</sup>Lat them be blythe an' frolick in thee, a' wha seek eftir yersel: Lat them ay say, The LORD be hie! wha like yer heal-ha'din weel.

17 <sup>s</sup>'Am† but forfairn an' forlied; yet the LORD, he can rew on me: my strenth an' out-redder *are* ye yerlane; taigle na langer, my God, *frae me!*

## PSALM XLI.

*Wha's kind till the puir, the Lord sal be kind till him: David's auld plea wi' ill frien's: the Lord hauds him weel; lat them do their warst.*

Till the sang-maister : ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**B**LYTHE *be the* man, wha has min' o' the puir:<sup>a</sup> *in his ain* day o' dule, the LORD sal free him.

2 The LORD sal weel waird him, an' haud him on live; fu' blythe sal he *fen* i' the lan'; an', till his ill-willers' will ye sal ne'er up-gie him.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 43, 3;  
61, 7.

<sup>m</sup>Ps. 38, 4

<sup>n</sup>Ps. 73, 26.

<sup>o</sup>Ps. 70, 1, &c.

<sup>p</sup>Ps. 35, 4, 26;  
70, 3; 71, 13.

<sup>q</sup>Ps. 70, 3.

<sup>r</sup>Ps. 70, 4

<sup>s</sup>Ps. 70, 5  
† Heb. *But 'am*.

<sup>a</sup>Prov. 14, 21.

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 27, 12.

† Or, his bed,  
or his  
doun-lyin.

3 The LORD sal prap him on his dowie bed; ye sal turn || whar he lyes, whan he's a' forfoch'en.

4 Quo' I, O LORD, be gude till me; heal ye my saul, for 'am wrang wi' thee.

5 My ill-willers a', they crack ill at mysel: The dead sal he die, an' his name dwinnle.

6 An he come for till see, he claivers a lie; † nought but ill can his heart gather: but gangs he, an' he tells *his niebor*.

7 Thegither again me they clype fu' laigh; *no ane o' them a' but* wills me ill; again me mischieff they tak thought an' ettle:

8 Some †ill-man's dree's come

† Heb. his heart gathers ill thegither till himsel, or till isel.

† Heb. fash frae Belial.

owre him *now*; an' syne that he lyes, he sal stan' nae langer.

9 'My ain lown frien', that I lippen'd till ay; *d'wha pree'd o' my bread, the heel he can gie me.*†

10 Bot yersel, O LORD, be gude till me; an' heize me up, or I quat them even.

11 Sae weel sal I ken ye lo'e me dear, gin my ill-willer owre me bears-na the gree.

12 Bot mysel ye sal haud i' my ain leal-gate; an' set me fu' sikker afore ye for ay.

13 Prais'd be the LORD, o' Israel God; aye, frae ae langsyne till anither: Amen, an' Amen; [Sae be't, an' sae be!]

† Job 19, 19.  
Ps. 55, 12, 13,  
20.  
Jer. 20, 10.  
d Obad. 7.  
John 13, 18.  
† Heb. lift up  
heigh again  
me.

Here  
quats the  
Ferst Buik o'  
Psalms, as  
the auld sett  
stude. Lenk  
what's said  
till *ruha*  
reads, p. 1.

## [PAIRT TWA.]

### PSALM XLII.

*David, i' the wustlan', far frae God,  
's like till die o' drouth for his pre-  
sence, an' tholes ill the givin o' his  
fause frien's: he leuks till win  
hame again.*

A.C. 1023.

\* A Right-  
rede:  
Headins, &c.  
1 Chron. 6, 33,  
37; 25, 5.

Till the sang-maister: \*Maschil for the sons o' Korah.

AS the hart for the wimplin watis sighs; sae sighs for yersel, my saul, O God.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 63, 1;  
84, 2.

<sup>b</sup> 1 Thess. 1, 9.

<sup>a</sup> Sae tholes wi' drouth for God, <sup>b</sup> for the livin God, my saul: How lang or I gang, an' win ben afore God?

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 80, 5;  
102, 9.  
<sup>d</sup> Verse 10,  
Ps. 79, 10;  
115, 2.

3 'Day an' night, my tear's been my bread; <sup>d</sup>ilka day lang till me as it's said, O whar *is* that God o' thine?

<sup>e</sup> Job 30, 16.

4 I hae min' o' siclike, 'an' I toom out my life on mysel: for I gaed wi' the lave; 'I gaed till God's

<sup>f</sup> 1 Sai. 30, 29.

howff wi' the sugh o' a sang, an' o' praise, wi' the heigh-liltin thrang.

5 'Whatfor sae dowie, O my saul! sae sairly forfoch'en 'ithin me? Lippen till God, for I'll praise him yet; *for* || the health o' his leuks *abune me!*

† Ps. 43, 5.

|| or, thar's  
health in his  
leuks, &c.

6 My life, O my God, 's but a lade on mylane: I suld min' ye syne frae the Jordan lan', an' the Hermon folk; frae the height o' Mizar. ||

7 <sup>h</sup> Ae dreid howe till anither sugh, at the rowte o' yer watir-spates: <sup>i</sup> yer bringers a', an' yer rowin fludes, hae gaen owre me bremin.

8 <sup>k</sup> His gudeness *yet* the LORD ettles by day, 'an' a sang wi' mysel i' the night; *an'* my prayer till the God o' my life.

9 *An'* I'll say until God my rock,

|| or, the *ruce*  
hill; some bit  
sma' hill  
whar he  
campit in  
thae days o'  
fash, lang  
syne  
Ps. 133, 3.  
<sup>b</sup> Ezek. 7, 26.  
<sup>i</sup> Ps. 88, 7.  
Jonah 2, 3.

<sup>k</sup> Dent. 28, 8.  
Ps. 133, 3.  
<sup>j</sup> Job 35, 10.  
Ps. 63, 6;  
149, 5.

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 38, 6;  
43, 2.

§ Our Inglis  
reads here  
*wi' a sword,*  
whar thar's  
nae *stour*.

<sup>n</sup> Verse 3.  
Joel 2, 17.  
Micah 7, 10.

Whatfor think ye nane on me?  
<sup>m</sup> whatfor down-dang maun I ay  
gang, aneth the ill-willer's gree?

To Wi' a § clour i' my banes, they  
gibe me, thae ill-willers o' mine;  
n' ilk day as they yammir until me,  
O whar *is* that God o' thine?

II Whatfor are ye dowie, my  
saul? an' whatfor sae forfoch'en in  
me? Lippen till God, for I'll laud  
him or lang: the health o' my leuks,  
an' my God, *is he!*

## PSALM XLIII

*Leuks unco like some to-fa' till what  
gangs afore.*

[By wha's no said.]

**R**IGHT me, O God, an' redd  
my plea, frae a pitless na-  
tioun: frae the wily an' the wicket  
carl,† O wark ye my salvatioun!

2 For yerlane *are* the God o' my  
strenth; whatfor hae ye schot me  
awa?<sup>a</sup> Whatfor sae blate, maun I  
bide the gate, aneth the ill-willer's  
law?

3 <sup>b</sup>O but wi' yer light an' yer  
truth! They sal weise me on, they  
sal wear me ben, till yer halie height  
an' yer ain lown dwallins.

4 Syne sal I win till God's offran-  
stane; till God, my ain †joye an'  
rejoicin: syne wi' the harp, O God  
my God, I sal lilt till yersel wi'  
loisin.†

5 <sup>c</sup>Whatfor are ye dowie, my  
saul? an' whatfor sae forfoch'en in  
me? Lippen till God, for I'll laud  
him or lang: the health o' my leuks,  
an' my God, *is he!*

## PSALM XLIV.

*Israel's by-gane days hae been gran',  
whan the Lord was wi' them: The  
Lord, sen syne, hauds atowre: the  
sang-makar fleeches wi' him sair,  
till come hame till his folk, an' help.*

Till the sang-maister: \*Maschil,  
|| for the sons o' Korah.

**O** GOD, wi' our lugs we hae  
learn'd; our forebears hae  
tell'd oursels, *what* wark ye wrought  
i' their days; i' the days lang afore  
*our ain.*

2 <sup>a</sup>*How* ye dang out the folk wi'  
yer han'; an' ye plantit themsels *an'*  
*a'*: ye wrought sair wark on the  
folk; an' eke, ye drave them awa.

3 <sup>b</sup>For nane by their sword coft  
they the lan'; nor their arm wrought  
them salvatioun: bot yer ain right  
han', an' that arm o' thine; an' the  
light o' yer leuks, for ye lo'ed them.<sup>c</sup>

4 <sup>d</sup>Yersel, O God, are that king  
o' my ain: heal-ha'din sen' ye till  
Jakob!

5 Wi' yerlane, we sal †dush our  
faes:<sup>e</sup> i' yer name, we sal ding till  
the yird a' that can stan' again us.

6 <sup>f</sup>For nane on my bow sal I bide;  
an' my sword, it sal ne'er mak me  
sikker:

7 Bot yersel frae our faes can redd  
us atowre; an' our ill-willers *a'*, ye  
can fluther.

8 A' day lang, we hae liltit till  
God; an' yer name, ever mair sal  
laud it: Selah.

9 <sup>g</sup>Bot now ye hae dang us atowre;  
an' affrontit oursels fu' sairly: nae  
mair wi' our hosts, gang ye furth  
*till the stour.*

10 Oursels ye gar turn frae the  
face o' the fae; an' our ill-willers  
rive at their pleasur:

11 <sup>h</sup>Ye hae gien us like fe, till  
feed *the lave*; an' hae sperf't us *a'*  
mang the hethen:

12 <sup>i</sup>Ye hae troket yer folk for  
nought; an' are nane the mair o'  
their win:

13 <sup>k</sup>Ye hae made us a geck till  
our niebors; a snirt an' a sneer, till  
wha round us fen':

\*Headins, &c.

|| or, of the  
sons.

<sup>a</sup> Exod. 15  
17.  
Ps. 78, 55:  
80, 8.

<sup>b</sup> Deut. 8, 17  
Josh. 24, 12.

<sup>c</sup> Deut. 4, 37

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 74, 12.

† Heb. *salding*  
*wi' the head*  
*like a tup.*

<sup>e</sup> Da 1, 8, 4.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 33, 16.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 60, 1, 10;  
74, 1; 80,  
38; 103, 11.

<sup>h</sup> Ver. 22.  
Rom. 8, 36.

<sup>i</sup> Isai. 52, 3, 4  
Jer. 15, 13.

<sup>k</sup> Deut. 28,  
37.  
Ps. 79, 4;  
80, 6.

† Heb. *carl o'*  
*guile an'*  
*wicketness.*

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 42, 9.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 40, 11;  
57, 3.

† Heb. *joye o'*  
*my rejoicin.*

† Heb. *lilt*  
*wi' praise, or*  
*laudin; auld*  
*Scots, lois, or*  
*loissin.*

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 42, 5, 11.



<sup>1</sup> Jer. 24, 9.  
<sup>m</sup> 2 Kings  
19, 21.  
Ps. 22, 7.

14 <sup>1</sup>Ye hae made us a swatch till the folk; <sup>m</sup>a cave o' the head amang a' their kin.

15 A' day lang is my schame afore me; an' the lowe o' my face, it haps me owre:

16 For the jeer o' the scorner an' speaker o' ill; for the ill-willer's glow'r; <sup>n</sup>an' for him, wha taks right till himsel.

<sup>n</sup> Job 16, 4.  
Ps. 8, 2.

17 Siclike comes a' our ain gate; yet we ne'er hae forgotten yersel, nor yet broken tryst wi' thee.

18 Our heart, it has ne'er gane bak; nor our stap fa'n awa frae yer lead:†

† Heb. *our gate fa'n awa frae yer roddin.*

19 Tho' ye dang us in bits amang ethir-holes; <sup>o</sup>an' happit us owre wi' the gloam o' dead!

<sup>o</sup> Isai. 34, 13;  
35, 7.

20 Gin we e'er forgot the name o' our God; or braidit our loov's till some unco god:<sup>p</sup>

<sup>p</sup> Job 11, 13.  
Ps. 68, 31.

21 <sup>q</sup>Wad-na God himsel hae sought out the like? for himlane kens the neuks o' the heart.

<sup>q</sup> Job 31, 14.

22 <sup>r</sup>For yer sake, an' a', ilk day are we dang till dead; we're countit but sheep for the slachtir.

<sup>r</sup> Ver. 11.  
Rom. 8, 36.

23 <sup>s</sup>Wauken, O LORD; whatfor can ye sleep? Thole awee yet; ding-na clean by for evir.

<sup>s</sup> Ps. 7, 6; 35, 23; 59, 4; 79, 65.

24 <sup>t</sup>Whatfor hap ye yer face? Hae ye nae mair min', o' our poor-tith an' cumber?

<sup>t</sup> Ps. 13, 1.

25 For our <sup>u</sup>saul's dang down till the stoure; our wame till the grun is cruppen.


<sup>u</sup> Ps. 119, 25.

26 Up, till do weel for us, Lord: an' redd us a' hame; for that gude-ness o' thine, *we ay lippen!*

# PSALM XLV.

*An the Chryst himsel be here, as nae doubt he maun be; Solomon, wha figured him, comes foremaist.*

Till the sang-maister on Shoshan-nim: \* for the sons o' Korah; Maschil: \* A Lilt o' Loves.

 This weel-kent love lilt, sensefou an' a' as it is, is cramp enough i' its ain Hebrew. Our Inglis tak's a hantle o't anither gate; an' nae turnins nor ane may be weel tholed o' mony words. \* *Headins, &c.*

**M**Y heart, it's dinnlin owre wi' a sang *that's* unco braw: I maun tell o' what I've made, fore-nenst the king an' a': my tongue *sal be* the pen, o' ane that gleg can draw.



2 Brawer are ye *yerlane*, nor a' the bairns o' yird! <sup>a</sup>Intil thae lips o' thine, what-na losliheid's been wair'd! Sae weel as God has liket ye, langsyne.

<sup>a</sup> Luke 4, 22

3 <sup>b</sup>Dicht yer swurd ontill *yer* thie; || mighty mak yer losliheid an' gree:<sup>c</sup>

<sup>b</sup> Isai. 49, 2.  
Hebr. 4, 12.  
Rev. 1, 16;  
19, 15.

4 <sup>d</sup>An' i' yer gree, || ride furth wi' gloir; for truth's sake, an' for right-ousness, till dree: an' warks o' wonner sair, sal thy right han' schaw till thee!

|| or, *O thou mighty.*

<sup>c</sup> Isai. 9, 6.

<sup>d</sup> Rev. 6, 2.

|| or *stent yer bow*: that niebors weel wi' ver. 5.

5 Sae snell's yer shafts hae been! The *vera* folk aneth thee fa', i' *their* heart that ill-will the king.

6 <sup>e</sup>That thron o' thine, O God, *is* for evir an' for ay; an' o' right-ousness a gad, *is* the king's-gad o' yer sway.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 93, 2.  
Hebr. 1, 8.

7 <sup>f</sup>The *man* || that's guid ye like; an' the ill ye winna fa': e'en sae hath God himsel,<sup>g</sup> God o' thine, wi' the oyle o' joye owre-chrystit thee, abune yer niebors a'.<sup>h</sup>

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 33, 5.

|| or, *the thing*

<sup>g</sup> Isai. 61, 1.

<sup>h</sup> 1 Kings 1, 39, 40.

Ps. 21, 6.

8 Myrrh an' aloes on yer claes, || war strinkl'd *syne*; whan frae the ivor pailis ye cam but, they made ye fine.<sup>i</sup>

|| or, *cassia*, sae ca'd for it was ay strinkl'd.

<sup>i</sup> Sang 1, 3.

9 Kings' dochtirs, i' yer bravest gear, || war snod: the qucen at thy right han', i' the gowd o' Ophir stude.<sup>k</sup>

|| or, *among yer bravest women.*

<sup>k</sup> Leuk 1 Kings 2, 19

<sup>l</sup> Deut. 21, 12

10 Dochtir, hearken ye an' leuk, an' lout yer lug; <sup>l</sup>an' forget ye a' yer ain folk, an' eke yer faither's blude:†

† Heb. *houss*

11 Syne yer leuks sal like the king; an' for he *is* your Lord, ye maun lout fu' laigh till him.<sup>m</sup>

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 95, 6.  
Isai. 54, 5.

12 <sup>n</sup>An' the dochtir out o' Tyre *sal be* till ye wi' a gift; the best o' a' †the lan', till pleasur thee, sal shift.

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 72, 10.  
Isai. 49, 23.

† Heb. *folk*.

° Rev. 19, 7, 8.

P Sang 1, 4.

† Heb. *till thee; whar yeare, that is.*

q 1 Pet. 2, 9. Rev. 1, 6; 5, 10; 20, 6.

† Heb. *frae ae kithgettin till anither kithgettin.*† Heb. *evir an' ay.*|| or, *of.*\* *Headins, &c.*  
1 Chron. 15, 20.  
Ps. 48; 66.° Deut. 4, 7.  
Ps. 145, 18.b Ps. 93, 3; 4, Jer. 5, 22.  
Mat. 7, 25.§ Leuk Exod. 14, 24, 27.  
2 Chron. 20, 20.

Ps. 30, 5; 143, 8.

c Ps. 2, 1.  
d Josh. 2, 9, 24.

e Ver. 11.

f Ps. 66, 5.

13 ° Gin the dochtir o' the king be-na braw, baith out an' in! Frae wabster's wark o' gowd, her cleedin wrought has been.

14 P In pearlins eke sal scho be brought until the king: her lasses, like hersel, sal syne be airtit ben.†

15 Wi' blytheheid an' wi' glee, sal they be fushen in; an' they sal a' gang hame, till the pailis o' the king.

16 Fornenst yer faithers syne, yer bairnies thar sal be; an' intil a' the lan', ye may mak them princes hie.†

17 Yer name I'se mak weel ken'd, till a' kiths that come an' gang;† syne sae sal folk gie laud till thec, †for evir, wi' a sang!

## PSALM XLVI.

*God's stiever ay nor castel-craigs, an' heigher nor the hills: whar He bides, sal ne'er be steerit.*

Till the sang-maister: || for the sons o' Korah; a lilt on Alamoth.\*

**G**OD for oursels *is* tryste an' stoopin; help in stretts, right nar is *he*.<sup>a</sup>

2 Nane syne sal we fear, tho' the yirth suld steer; or hills be flang owre i' the heart o' the sea.

3 Its watirs warsl'd, *its watirs* flang; the hills they war steer'd, as it brem'd alang:<sup>b</sup> Selah.

4 Bot a watir rins, whase wimplin wins till glad the brugh o' God; the halie bit o' dwallins, *it*; the Heighest, *his abode*.

5 God bides in her bosom, nane sal scho fey; God sal betyde her or blink o' day. §

6 ° The folk, they warsl'd; the kingdoms, they fash'd: He gied but a sigh, the yirth swakket.<sup>d</sup>

7 The LORD o' mony-might 's a' on our side; our ain heigh-ha'din 's the God o' Jakob: Selah.<sup>e</sup>

8 f Here-awa syne, see the warks

o' the LORD; wha maks a' fu' lown i' the heart o' the yird.

9 ° Wha quiats the steer, till the neuks o' the lan': <sup>h</sup>he flinders the bow, an' sneds the spear; he scowthers in lowe the sleds o' weir.<sup>i</sup>

10 Be whush, an' ken that 'am God mylane: heigh owre the hethen, heigh owre the yirth, sal I win hame.

11 k The LORD o' mony-might 's a' on our side; our ain heigh-ha'din 's Jakob's God: Selah.

## PSALM XLVII.

*The God that 's King intil Zioun, he 's King o' the hail yirth.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heighlilt || for the sons o' Korah.

**D**ING wi' the loof,<sup>a</sup> O a' ye folk! Lilt ye till God wi' the sugh o' a sang!

2 For the LORD owre a' *is himlane* till be fear'd; <sup>b</sup>atowre the hail yirth, a king fu' gran'.

3 He sal thring down the folk aneth us; an' the nationns aneth our feet: °

4 He sal wale out our hame-ha'din for us; †the riggin o' Jakob sae meet: Selah.

5 d God has gane up wi' a sugh; the LORD wi' the tout o' a swesch.

6 Sing ye till God, sing a sang: sing a sang till our King, sing ye.

7 e For God *himlane*, o' the hail yirth is King; || fu' wyssly till him sing ye! f

8 God owre the hethen is king; God sits on his thron, sae weel shiftit.†

9 Fu' blythely the folk thegither did win; § o' Abraham's God, the folk that war kin: <sup>h</sup>for the schilts o' the yirth, till God sal be *gien*; § an' himlane sal be uncolie liftit.

§ 1 sa. 2, 4.

b Ps. 76, 3.

i Ezek. 39, 9.

k Ver. 7.

|| or, *of.*

a Isa. 55, 12.

b Mal. 1, 14.

c Ps. 18, 47.

† Heb. *the height o' Jakob that he liket weel.*

d Ps. 68, 24, 25.

e Zech. 14, 9.

|| or, *the wyss anes.*

f 1 Cor. 14, 15, 16.

† Heb. *o' his ain setten-by; frae a' ither neuks o' the lan' till Mount Zioun.*

§ Rom. 4, 11. b Ps. 89, 13 to 19.

§ They sal a' be laid down at Zioun, in fewte till God as King.

## PSALM XLVIII.

*Nae town like Zioun, wbar God himsel  
can bide: an the Kirk war ay like  
Zioun, God's folk wad hae brau  
lown-tide.*

Or, of.

A kirk-sang: ane heigh-lilt || for the  
sons o' Korah.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 87, 3.

<sup>z</sup> Ps. 47, ver.  
8, etles the  
same.

<sup>§</sup> Some read,  
*a brave young  
queen, flow'r  
o' a the lan'.*

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 50, 2.  
Jer. 3, 19.  
Lam. 2, 15.  
Dan. 8, 9;  
11, 16.

<sup>c</sup> Ezek. 20, 6.

<sup>d</sup> Isai. 14, 13.

<sup>e</sup> Mat. 5, 35.

**F**U' mighty 's the LORD, an' fu'  
loud till be laudit ay;<sup>a</sup> in the  
brugh o' our ain *gude* God, the hill  
o' his ain setten-by. †

2 <sup>§</sup> Sae braw, as it stan's, 'pride  
o' a' the yirth; <sup>d</sup> frae the airts o' the  
north, is Mount Zioun; 'the town  
o' the King sae gran'.

3 God in her biggens sae braw,  
is weel-kent for his heigh heal-  
ha'din.

4 For, saw ye? The kings cam  
thegither; thegither, they hirpled  
awa:

5 They leukit, an' syne they war  
daiver'd; feckless an' gyte, they  
gaed a'.

<sup>f</sup> Hos. 13, 13.

<sup>g</sup> Ezek. 27, 26.

<sup>§</sup> Some lang  
shawl boats  
they drave  
wi' oars, an'  
that cou'd na  
bide the  
win'. The  
kings war  
dang like a  
when  
cobles lang  
syne i' the  
sea.

<sup>b</sup> Ver. 1, 2.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. on, ay  
on; *evir* ay.

6 A dwaum, it cam owre them  
thar; <sup>f</sup> a stoun' like the bearin-pang;

7 <sup>g</sup> Wi' a blirt frae the blaudin  
east, *whan* the <sup>§</sup> cobles o' Tarshish  
ye dang!

8 E'en sae as we heard, we hae  
seen, i' the brugh o' the LORD o'  
hosts; <sup>h</sup> in our ain God's town:  
God sal haud her fu' soun'; an'  
*that*, †sae lang's time sal last:  
Selah.

9 We hae thought on yer gude-  
ness, God; i' the midds o' yer halie  
howff.

10 Siclike 's yer name, O God,  
siclike yer praise *maun* be: owre a'  
the ends o' the yirth, your right-  
han' o' right hauds the gree.†

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *gōzu-  
pen; zavel  
filled; the  
fou o'*

11 Lat Zioun height be blythe,  
lat the dochters o' Judah be fain;  
for thae right-rechtins a', o' thine.

12 Gang ye roun Zioun, turn ilk  
neuk; count ye her castels a'.

13 Min' ye her strenths, †haud  
heigh her towirs; the niest-come  
kin till schaw:

14 For this same God is our ain  
God, for evir an' for ay: Himlane  
sal wise us nieborlie, †owre Death  
himsel *till stay*.

## PSALM XLIX.

*Walth an' worry, poortith an' pine,  
gang a' till the graiff thegither:  
what comes o' them syne?*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-  
lilt || for the sons o' Korah.

**H**EARKEN till this, O a' ye  
folk: tak tent, a' that won i'  
the warl':

2 <sup>a</sup> Baith sons o' the cotter,† an'  
sons o' the carl; the bein and the  
bare thegither:

3 My mouthe, it sal gie yo wyss  
rede; an' the thought o' my heart  
*sal be worth yer swither.*†

4 <sup>b</sup> I sal lout my ain lug, for a  
canny word; *syne* but on the harp  
my snell sayan tang. §

5 Whatfor suld I dread, i' the day  
o' misdeed; *whan* the ill o' my heels  
is about me thrang?

6 <sup>c</sup> *Whan* folk that weigh their ain  
weight,† an' that rowe in walth,  
are fraisan *thegither*:

7 No a carl *amang them* can down  
wi' a plack, or swap wi' God, till  
saif his brither.

8 <sup>d</sup> A bode for their breath 's owre  
heigh *for them*; an' gang *whar it will*,  
it gangs for evir:

9 Yet *fain* wad he ay live on, 'an'  
ne'er see the sheugh *neither*.

10 <sup>f</sup> For ane sees *how* the wyss  
maun die, wi' the gowk an' the doit  
thegither: they dwinnle awa, an'  
the feck o' their fa', they pairt wi' t  
a' till anither. §

11 Their benmaist thought 's their

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *mak  
stieve, wi'  
stane as weel  
as in story,  
till stan' for  
ay. See Mat.  
syne, 24, 12.*

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *owre  
or ayont.  
Our Inglis  
reads ill here  
David leuks  
far ayont  
death for  
himself an'  
his folk, in  
God's keep-  
in. The  
himmaist ill  
willer God  
sal ding is  
Death him-  
self; an wha  
sees-na that  
David kent  
it? 1 Cor. 15,  
26, &c.*

or, of.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 62, 9.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *sons o'  
the yird:  
Leuk what's  
said till wha  
reads, p. 2.*

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *canny  
thoughts.*

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 78, 2.  
Mat. 13, 35.

<sup>§</sup> He heark-  
ens weel  
himself or he  
speaks.

<sup>c</sup> Job 31, 24.  
Ps. 52, 7; 62,  
10.

Mark 10, 24.  
1 Tim. 6, 17.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *lippen  
till their  
might.*

<sup>d</sup> Job 36, 18,  
19.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 89, 48.

<sup>f</sup> Eccles. 2, 16.

<sup>g</sup> Prov. 11, 4



† Heb. *till kithgettin an' kithgettin.*

ain houses for ay: their howffs suld stan', whiles folk come an' gang; † an' till lan's o' *their ain*, their ain names gie they.

12 Bot man in *sic* gree, jimp tholes a night: like the brutes is he, that gang out o' sight.†<sup>h</sup>

† Heb. *gang wuhush, or awa.*

<sup>b</sup> Verse 20. Ps. 82, 7.

13 Sic gate o' their ain 's but a *swatch* o' their haivers; yet wha come eftir them, roose their clai-vers: Selah.

|| or, *sal feed on them.*

<sup>i</sup> Dan. 7, 22. Mal. 4, 3. Luke 22, 30. 1 Cor. 6, 2. Rev. 2, 26; 20, 4.

† Heb. *an' their strenth, or their beauty.*

<sup>k</sup> Job 4, 21. Ps. 39, 11.

14 Like sheep they lye a' i' the sheugh; Death himsel || sal be herd till them *syne*: 'an' the rightous, at mornin, sal thring them enough: † a' help for them gangs by i' the heugh, *whan they flit* frae their dwallin fine.<sup>k</sup>

15 Bot my life God sal saif, trae the grip o' the graiff; for himsel sal rax haud o' me *then*: Selah.

16 Hae ye nae dread, tho' some carl suld speed; tho' the gear o' his houss suld be boukit:

<sup>i</sup> Job 27, 19.

17 For ne'er, *i'whan* he dies, sal he harl a haet; nor ahint him, his gloiry be sheughit.

|| or, *he made blythe.*

<sup>m</sup> Deut. 29, 19.

Luke 12, 19.

† Heb. *she, i.e., the saul sal gang.*

<sup>n</sup> Verse 12.

<sup>o</sup> Eccles. 3, 19.

† Heb. *gang wuhush, or awa, wi' nae crack o' their ain gloiry.*

18 Tho' his saul, it was blythe, || <sup>m</sup> whan he fuhred on live: an' folk gie ye laud, whan ye min' yer *ain*:

19 † It sal gang till the lave o' his forebears belyve; no ane o' them a' sal see light again.

20 <sup>n</sup> Man in *sic* gree, an' wha kens-na right; <sup>o</sup> like the brutes is he, that gang out o' sight.†

### PSALM L.

*The Lord hauds a plea wi' his folk: nae offran, but o' rightousness an' truth, will ser' him.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

|| or, *for Asaph.*

<sup>i</sup> Chron. 15, 17; 25, 2.

<sup>2</sup> Chron. 29, 30.

**G**OD o' Gods, the LORD lath spoken, an' the yirth has cry'd upon: frae the sun's up-gaen *at brightnin*, till his hame-gaen *i' the gloam*.

2 Frae *Zioun-Hill*, the <sup>a</sup> height o' gloiry; God has skancit cleare, <sup>b</sup> himsel.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 48, 2.

<sup>b</sup> Deut. 33, 2. Ps. 80, 1.

3 Our God sal come, an' nane sal wheesht him; 'fire afore him, a' sal reist *them*; round him, it sal blaw fu' snell!

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 97, 3. Dan. 7, 10.

4 <sup>d</sup> Till the lift he 'll skreigh, athort it; syne till yirth, his folk to redden, *he sal ca'*:

<sup>d</sup> Deut. 4, 26; 31, 28; 32, 1. Isai. 1, 2.

Mic. 6, 1, 2.

<sup>e</sup> Deut. 33, 3.

<sup>f</sup> Exod. 24, 7.

5 <sup>e</sup> A' my sants till me be sortit; <sup>f</sup> wha wi' me my tryst hae snedden, as by law.†

† Heb. *hae snedden, or cuttit wi' me my tryst by slachtir, as the law was:—* Rom. 10, 8.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 97, 6.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 75, 7.

6 <sup>g</sup> Syne the hevins his ain right-rechtin, furth sal tell; <sup>h</sup> for wha sal right *the warld* at rechtin, 's God himsel: Selah.

7 'Hear, my folk, for I maun tell yo: Israel, an' I 'se threep wi' thee; <sup>k</sup> God am I, yer God *till be*.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 81, 8.

<sup>k</sup> Exod. 20, 2.

8 'No for yer slachtir'd *beiss* I'se wyte yo; <sup>m</sup> nor yer offrans ay afore me, perfyte a':

<sup>i</sup> Isai. 1, 11.

<sup>m</sup> Hos. 6, 6.

9 <sup>n</sup> Stirk I 'se ne'er tak frae yer biggen, *nor* nae buck frae faulds o' thine:

<sup>n</sup> Mic. 6, 6. Acts 17, 25.

10 For woodlan'-dier a' 's my be-langin; knowte on a thousan hills *are mine*:

11 I ken ilk bird that flies abune yo; an' the field-gaen brute 's my ain:†

† Heb. *alang twi' mysel.*

12 Gin I suld thole a dwaum o' hungir, no till thee wad I mak maen;† for till me the warld 's a *ba'din*, an' a' the gear its bouk can hain.<sup>o</sup>

† Heb. *speak, or yammir o' t.*

<sup>o</sup> Exod. 19, 5. Deut. 10, 14.

Job 41, 11. Ps. 24, 1.

1 Cor. 10, 26, 28.

13 Think ye I 'se live on flesh o' beeve, or sloke my drouth on' bluid o' hin'?†

† Heb. *gairs, bucks, sma' horn'd beiss.*

14 <sup>p</sup> Gie ye till God a lift o' laud; <sup>q</sup> till Wha 's owre a', yer ain trysts pay ye:

<sup>p</sup> Hos. 14, 2. Hebr. 13, 15.

<sup>q</sup> Deut. 23, 21. Job 22, 27.

Ps. 76, 11. Eccles. 5, 4, 5

15 <sup>r</sup> Syne cry till me, i' the day o' dule; I sal rax yo but, an' gie me the gree.

<sup>r</sup> Ps. 91, 15; 107, 6, 13, 19, 28.

16 Bot quo' God till the doer o'

\* Heb. till count, or tell, or gang thro'.

\* Rom. 2, 21, 22.

\* Heb. ad vov-  
l' rers.

\* Heb. sent  
furth.

\* Ps. 52, 2.

\* Eccles. 8,  
11, 12.  
Isai. 26, 10;  
57, 11.

\* Rom. 2, 4.

or, ye  
thought I  
was a' like  
ysel.

\* Ps. 90, 8.

\* Ps. 27, 6.  
Rom. 12, 1.

† Heb. slachtir  
o' praise;  
unco stoort;  
siclike ver.  
14.

‡ Our Inglis  
an' mae tak  
this anither  
gate, an' a  
wrang gate,  
wantin ae  
word wi',  
that stan's  
plene i' the  
Hebrew; an'  
airtin  
anither in,  
that's no  
thar

A.C. 1034.

\* 2 Sam. 11,  
2, 4; 12, 1,  
&c.

\* Verse 9.  
Isai. 43, 25;  
44, 22.  
Col. 2, 14.

† Heb. 9, 14.  
1 John 1, 7.  
Rev. 1, 5.

wrang, What hae ye wi' my bidden  
till do,† or my tryst in yer mouthe  
till fang;

17 'Sen ye wad ne'er thole a re-  
bute; an' my bidden ahint yo ye  
fang?

18 An ye saw the thief-loon at  
his wark, syne ye hanker'd till gang  
wi' him; an' wha † wrangit their  
niebor's bed, ye ay be till troke  
wi' them:

19 Yer mouthe ye hae † fee'd till  
mischieff; 'an' yer tongue it has  
flaucht it a lie:

20 Ye sat, an' ye skaithe'd yer  
brither; on yer mither's son ye pat  
schamous gree:

21 Siclike ye hae dune, "an' I was  
whush: \* ye thought the ill-thought  
I was like yerlane. || Bot I'se threep  
wi' yo yet;† an' afore yer een, I sal  
raik yer wrang-doens ilk ane.

22 I rede yo, tak thought o' this;  
a' ye wha think nane o' God: in  
case be I rive yo in bits, an' nane be  
till redd the road.

23 \* Wha offers a † lift o' laud, is  
the man that maks meikle o' me: an'  
ay whar he airts his gate, wi' God's  
help I sal gar him see. ‡

## PSALM LI.

*David maens sair an unco sair faut,  
nane but the Lord an' himsel wats  
o': He owns a'; he wins by wi' a  
sair pingle; his ain heart, syne, sal  
be the slachtir-gift.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-  
lilt o' David's; \* whan Nathan,  
God's-seer, gaed till him, an' he  
had gaen anowre till Bathsheba.

**B**E gude till me, God, as yer  
gudeness can be; † i' the feck  
o' yer rewth, dicht out my wrang:  
2 <sup>b</sup> Reinge me fu' weel, frae my  
ill-dune deed; an' sine me fu' soun'  
frae the sin I belang:

3 For my wrang I ken brawly

mysel; an' my sin, it 's fu' sikker  
afore me.

4 <sup>c</sup> Till yerlane, till yerlane, I'dune  
a' the skaith; † an' sic ill I hae  
wrought i' yer een: † that ye may  
be rightit, ay whan ye breath;  
clean-quat i' the rightin ye 'gien.

5 <sup>f</sup> Ye ken, I was schupen in sin;  
† an' in wrang, my ain mither she  
† coft me:

6 <sup>h</sup> Bot truth ye like weel within;  
i' the benmaist neuk, ye hae taught  
me.

7 <sup>i</sup> Reinge me wi' hysope, an' syne  
I'se be braw: wash me, an' syne  
I'se be brighter nor snaw.<sup>k</sup>

8 Gar me hearken *ance mair* till  
blytheheid an' glee; the banes ye  
hae broken, mak liltin-free.

9 Yer sight frae my sins, hap at-  
owre; † an' a' my ill-doens dicht by:

10 Mak a clean heart, O God, for  
me; an' † trew breath i' my body,  
perfy'.

11 Thring me na but frae yer  
sight; nor that spreit o' yer ain sae  
halie, tak ye *ony mair* frae me:

12 The joye o' yer heal-ha'din wair  
on me yet; an' stoop me *forby wi'*  
the ghaist that's fit. †

13 Wrang-gangers *syne* I sal airt  
yer ain gate; an' wrang-doers a' sal  
win bak till thee.

14 Redd me frae bluid, O God,  
thou God o' my ain heal-ha'din; an'  
my tongue it sal lilt o' yer rightin  
sae leal.

15 Unsteek ye my lips, O LORD;  
an' my mouthe yer ain praise sal tell.

16 For, o' slachtir ye ne'er thought  
weel:<sup>m</sup> tho' I suld gie altar-lades, ||  
siclike ye wad ne'er envy.

17 <sup>n</sup> God's slachtir-tryst 's a birset  
ghaist; a birset heart an' a tholin  
breast, O God, ye will ne'er leuk  
by!

18 Be gude till Zioun, yer ain kin'  
gate; Jerusalem's wa's big ye:

<sup>c</sup> Gen. 20, 6;  
39, 9.  
Lev. 5, 19;  
6, 2.

<sup>d</sup> Luke 15, 21.

<sup>e</sup> Rom. 3, 4

<sup>f</sup> Job 14, 4.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 58, 3.

<sup>h</sup> John 3, 6.

<sup>i</sup> Rom. 5, 12.

<sup>j</sup> Eph. 2, 3.

<sup>k</sup> Job 14, 4.

† Heb. happit  
me twarm.

<sup>b</sup> Job 38, 56.

<sup>c</sup> Lev. 14, 4.

<sup>d</sup> 6, 49.

<sup>e</sup> Num. 19, 18.

<sup>f</sup> Hebr. 9, 19.

<sup>g</sup> Isai. 1, 18.

<sup>i</sup> Verse 1.

† Heb. right-  
gaen spreit i'  
my inside

† Heb. twillin,  
or ready, to  
do what's  
right.

<sup>m</sup> Num. 15.

<sup>n</sup> 27, 39.

<sup>o</sup> Ps. 40, 6; 50,

<sup>p</sup> 48. Isai. 1, 11.

<sup>q</sup> Jer. 7, 22.

<sup>r</sup> Hos. 6, 6.

|| or, *ans I  
wand gie:*  
Our Inglis  
reads here  
anither gate.

<sup>s</sup> Ps. 34, 18.  
Isai. 57, 15;  
66, 2.

|| or, *slachtirs*  
o' rightous-  
ness, or right.

\* Ps. 4, 5.  
Mal. 3, 3.

19 Syne fair-fa' yer ain || meet  
slachtir-gifts: ° the offran an' hail  
bleezan lifts: syne knowte on yer  
cairn they sal gie!

PSALM LII.

A.C. 1062.

*The lean tongue's like a gleg razor, but  
the Lord can sned it in twa.*

\* A Right-  
rede:  
Headins, &c.  
1 Sam. 22, 9.

Till the sang-maister: \* Maschil o'  
David's, whan Doeg the Edomite  
gaed ben an' tell't Saul, an' said  
till him, David has gaen up till  
the hous o' Abimelech?

a 1 Sam. 21, 7.

† David can  
sneer: he wa-  
nce a herd  
himself; Doeg  
was forsmen  
o' the herds.

**W**HATFOR be sae crouse i'  
a mischieff, ye † haughty carl?  
the gudeness o' God *tholes* ilka day  
lang.

b Ps. 50, 19.

† Heb. *zwarkin*  
ayont kennin;  
hidlins.

2 <sup>b</sup>Yer tongue ettles ill, like the  
razor fu' snell; † sneddin sae canny  
nane can tell.<sup>c</sup>

\* Ps. 57, 4;  
59, 7; 64, 3.

3 Ill mair nor guid ye wad fain;  
a lie, nor till say the right: Selah.

|| or, *tongue o'*  
*a lie, or lean*  
*tongue.*

4 A' frettin words ye wad fain,  
tongue that sae fause can gang.||

d Ps. 40, 3;  
64, 9.

e Ps. 58, 10.

5 Syne sal God ding ye for ay:  
he sal birse thee an' harl thee but,  
frae *that* howff o' yer ain; an' sal rute  
thee out, frae the lan' o' the livin  
warl': Selah.

f Ps. 49, 6.

6 The righteous themsels sal glow'r  
an' grew; <sup>d</sup> an' sneer at him *syne* sal  
they:<sup>e</sup>

g Hos. 14, 6.  
† Heb. *bushy*  
*green.*

7 Aye, this was the carl, tak a  
leuk at *him*, wha ne'er made God  
his stay; <sup>f</sup> bot lippen'd alane till his  
gear anew, an' stoopit him ay on  
his wrang.

8 <sup>g</sup> Bot 'am in the hous o' God,  
like the olive that braids fu' braw; †  
my tryste, for evir an' ay, I hae set  
in God's gudeness a'.

b Ps. 54, 6.

9 I sal lilt evir mair till thee, for  
yersel *sic rebute* hae wrought; an'  
sal bide by yer name, for afore  
yer sants, it's weel that siclike *be*  
*thought*.<sup>h</sup>

PSALM LIII.

*Anither draught o' the godlowse gowk:*

*they'veen rife in David's day; an'  
are ay till the fore sen-syne.*

Till the sang-maister on Mahalath:  
\* Maschil o' David's.

\* A Right-  
rede:  
Headins. &c.

a Ps. 10, 4;  
14, 1.

b Rom. 3, 10

**Q**UO' <sup>a</sup> the gowk till himsel,  
*Thar's* nae God ava': far-  
gaen are they a'; they 'dune waur  
nor ill: <sup>b</sup> no ane o' them a' does  
weel.

2 God frae the lift leukit owre,  
abune the bairns o' the clod; till  
see gin ony war wyss, *or ane* that  
spier'd eftir God.

3 They had a' gane bak *thegither*; ||  
thegither they wrought at wrang:  
no ane wrought weel *by anither*; no,  
an' it war-na ane.||

|| or, *he, or it*  
*was a' gane*  
*bak.*

|| or, *no, no*  
*even ane.*

4 Will they ne'er be wyss [*quo'*  
*God*], thae warkers o' *sic* mischieff?  
wha eat up my folk, *as* folk eat  
bread; an' spier nevir a word for  
God?

5 <sup>c</sup> Syne yonder they † sheuk wi'  
dread, whar dread might nevir be:  
for God himlane has sperft the  
banes, o' *him* wha camps at thee.  
Ye basit *them syne*, for God himsel  
shot them by wi' schamous gree. §

c Lev. 26, 17,  
36.  
Prov. 28, 1.

† Heb. *dree'a*  
an unco  
dread.

§ This ae  
verse, an'  
mae o' the  
same Psalm,  
might be  
read mony  
gates: the  
Hebrew's  
cramp, an'  
jimp clear

6 O wha sal rax yont frae Zioun  
heal-ha'din till Israel a'? Whan  
God sal fesh hame *the lave*, o' his  
folk *that's been* ay in haud; Jakob  
sal lilt wi' pleaur, Israel *syne* sal be  
glaid!

PSALM LIV.

A.C. 1061-60.

*David, uncolie worried an' herried,  
flings the weight o' a' ontill God.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth:  
\* Maschil o' David's, whan the  
Ziphims gaed, an' quo' they till  
Saul, Does-na David hide himsel  
wi' us?

\* Anither  
Right-rede:  
Headins. &c.  
David maun  
ay clear  
himself, an'  
kens brawly  
how.

1 Sam. 23, 19;  
26, 1.

**S**AIFF me, O God, by yer name;  
an' right-recht me i' yer might.



a Ps. 86, 14.

† Heb. *for-*  
*ness* them.

b Ps. 118, 7.

† Heb. *the*  
*Laird o' the*  
*lan' 's pack*  
*wi' a', or*  
*amang a'*  
*that uphaud*  
*my life.*or, *he sal*  
*sen'.*

c Ps. 52, 9.

d Ps. 59, 10;  
92, 11.† Heb. *mine*  
*ee, it sal leuk*  
*on mine*  
*emie.* Our  
Englis reads  
*see his desire.*  
*wi' nae leave*  
*frae the*  
*Hebrew.*

A.C. 1023.

\* Hinmaist  
Right-rede  
o' David's  
but ane, Ps.  
142: Snell  
an' a' as it is,  
ane o' his ain  
best makin.a 2 Sam. 16,  
7, 8.† Heb. *my*  
*inside.*

2 Hearken, O God, till my bidden; lout yer lug till the words o' my mouthe.

3 For <sup>a</sup>frem-folk again me win up; an' stoor folk spier eftir my saul; wha ne'er set a God i' their gate:† Selah.

4 Bot oh, ginna God *be* my stoop! <sup>b</sup>an' wi' a' that uphaud my saul, the Laird o' the lan' 's in tret.†

5 Mischieff ||sal come hame on my ill-willers a': i' yer truth, O God, sned them aff!

6 Fu' blythely I 'se offer till thee: till yer name I 'se gie laud; O LORD, for it 's gude:<sup>c</sup>

7 For frae ilka sair strett, he has set me free; <sup>d</sup>an' my sight, it sal light on mine enemie!†

## PSALM LV.

*David, as right is, pleans mair o' fause frein's nor o' foul faes; he bans them till the vera sheugh in God's name; whar a' siclike suld gang, an' himsel weel quat o' them.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth:  
\* Maschil o' David's.

**H**EARKEN my bidden, O God; hide yersel nane frae my prayer:

2 Tak tent till mysel, an' speak hame till me; I sigh i' my thought, an' I mourn fu' sair:

3 *What* wi' the sugh o' the fac, *what* wi' the ill-man's fang; <sup>a</sup>for they claiver again me mischieff, an' in wuth they would fain do me wrang.

4 My heart, it 's dang down i' my †breast; an' the dules o' dead hae come owre me:

5 Dread an' a grue win up on me *now*; an' ane awesome scunner 'll smoor me.

6 An' quo' I—Oh, wha 'll gie me wings like the doo? *syne* wad I flie an' be lown;

7 Aye, *syne* wad I slichter far aff, an' bide by mylane i' the moorlan': Selah!

8 *Syne* frae the blirt an' the blaudin blast, I wad rax me awa an' gang. ||

9 Ding, O LORD, an' synder their tongues; <sup>b</sup>for riev an' ragin, I 'seen i' the citie.

10 Day an' night, they gang roun,† on her dykes; canker an' kiaugh *are rife* intil her:

11 Mischieff mony feck 's inside o' her *yetts*; guile an' a lie ne'er quat frae her causey.

12 <sup>c</sup>For it ne'er *was* a fae *that* scorn'd me, or I cou'd hae thol'd it *a'*; nae ill-willer geckit atowre me, or frae him I had slippet awa.

13 Bot yersel, a man like my niebor; <sup>d</sup>a captain, an' ken'd till me:

14 Sae kindly we thought the-gither; an' gaed till God's housse wi' glee. ||

15 Death *like* a vice come abune them; till the sheugh lat them gang as they stan':† for ill 's i' the mids o' their dwellins; *ill 's* i' the mids o' their ban'.

16 Mylane, till God I can skreigh; an' the LORD, he sal haud me saif.

17 <sup>e</sup>Glintin an' gloamin an' height o' the day, I sal pingle an' pray; an' *God*, he sal hearken my scraigh.

18 He sal redd hame my life i' the lown, frae sic stour as I dree *this while*: for in droves they been ay again me. ||

19 God sal hearken an' ding them, <sup>f</sup>wha bides frae langsyne himlane: Selah. Nae flittins *hae* they amang them; syne o' God they think little or nane.

20 He rax't out his han' on his ain lown frien's; §he suddled the tryst he made:

21 §His lips pairtit sweeter nor butter, bot his heart it ettled a raid;

|| or, *I wad leuk for an outgate, or a frien' till free me.*

b Jer. 6, 7.

† Heb. *roun*  
*hersel, abune*  
*her dykes.*

c Ps. 41, 9.

d 2 Sam. 16,  
23. Ps. 41, 9|| or, *wi' a*  
*loud sang*  
*amang the*  
*lave.*† Heb. *livin.*e Dan. 6, 10.  
Acts 3, 1; 10,  
3, 9, 30.|| or, *a wheen*  
*hae been on*  
*my ain side.*

f Deut. 33, 27.

§ The ill-  
heartit frien'  
it was, wha  
did a' siclike.§ Ps. 28, 3;  
57, 4; 62, 4;  
64, 3; Prov.  
5, 3, 4.

finer nor oyle *gaed* his claivers, an'  
yet they *war* nakit blades!

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 37, 5.  
Mat. 6, 25.  
Luke 12, 22.  
1 Pet. 5, 7.  
|| or *hansel*.  
<sup>i</sup> Ps. 37, 24.

22 <sup>h</sup> Fling a' yer || care on the LORD,  
an' himlane sal haud ye straught;  
<sup>i</sup> he sal ne'er thole flittin for ay, till  
*fasb* the man that does right.

23 Bot yersel sal thring them  
down, O God, till the wame o' the  
sheugh! <sup>k</sup> Carls o' bluid an' a lie,  
1' sal ne'er live half their days: bot  
mysel I sal lippen till thee, O God,  
an' be lown eneugh.

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 5, 6.

<sup>l</sup> Prov. 10, 27.  
Eccles. 7, 17.

## PSALM LVI.

*David, i' the Carl's han', wi' a stiever  
heart an' a bauld tongue, tholes the  
warst o't.*

Till the sang-maister on \*Jonath-  
elem-rechokim: \*Michtam o'  
David's; whan the Philistins had  
haud o' him in Gath.

**B**E gude till me, <sup>a</sup> God, or the  
carl 'll glaum me up; ilka day  
lang, fechtan thrang, he hauds me  
in feidom fell:

2 Ilka day lang, my ill-willers  
glaum a grip; for mony *are they*,  
an' || heigh forby, that warsle on me  
mysel.

3 The day that I dree, I maun  
lippen till thee.

4 <sup>b</sup> In God, I sal laud his word:  
till God I maun lippen me <sup>a</sup>: 'nane  
sal I dread, what flesh *an' bluid* can  
wark me *o' ill* ava'.||

5 Ilka day lang, my words they  
wrang; a' their thoughts *are* for ill  
to me.

6 <sup>d</sup> They taigle an' jouk, my rod-  
dins they leuk, as my life they wad  
lang till *hae*:<sup>e</sup>

7 They lippen till ill, to win by  
wi' 't still: *bot*, in angir, O God,  
ding *sic* folk to the grun *for ay*.

8 My weary turns ye hae tell'd:

|| or, *frae a  
heigh place,  
frae abune;  
or, O Thou  
sae Heigh.*

<sup>b</sup> Ver. 10, 11.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 118, 6.  
Isal. 31, 3.  
Hebr. 13, 6.

|| or, *what  
can flesh an'  
bluid wark  
till me?*

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 59, 3;  
140, 2.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 71, 10.

my tears, i' yer caup† kep ye; <sup>f</sup> i'  
yer buik sal they no gang ben?

9 My ill-willers yet sal slak their  
fit, i' the day *wban* I skreigh *till*  
*thee*: siclike for a truth I ken;† for  
God himsel's wi me.

10 <sup>g</sup> In God I sal praise *his* word;  
*his* word I sal praise, in the LORD.

11 I lippen mylane till God: nane  
sal I dread, what son o' the yird can  
wark o' *mischieff* till me.

12 Yer ain trysts *are* atowre me,  
O God; an' praise I suld swap wi'  
thee.

13 <sup>h</sup> Sen my life ye redd out frae  
the dead, will ye no keep my feet  
frae slidin? till airt me right, in  
God's ain sight; <sup>i</sup> i' the light o' the  
*lave* that are livin?

† Heb. *leather*  
caup, or  
crusie.

<sup>f</sup> Mal. 3, 16.

† Heb. *I ken*  
*wael*.

<sup>g</sup> Ver. 4.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 116, 8.

<sup>i</sup> Job 33, 30.

## PSALM LVII.

*David, wi' a spang, wins atowre frae  
Saul hidlins, an' syne gies till God  
himsel a' the gloiry an' the gree o'  
his out-gang.*

Till the sang-maister: \*Al-Tas-  
chith: \*Michtam o' David's,  
whan he slippet frae forenenst  
Saul i' the cove.

A. C. 1062.

\*Headins, &c  
1 Sam. 22, 1;  
24, 3.  
Ps. 142, head-  
in.

**B**E gude till me, God, <sup>a</sup> be gude  
till me; for my life lippens a'  
till yerlane: <sup>b</sup> i' the sponce o' yer  
wings I sal bide a-wee, till a' *thir*  
mischieffs are gane.

2 Till the God that's fu' heigh,  
I sal skreigh; 'till God that rights  
*a'* for mysel:

3 <sup>d</sup> He sal rax frae the lift, an' sal  
redd me free, frae the haughty carl  
that wad glaum at me: || Selah.  
His rewth an' his trewth God can  
sen' far eneugh, *himsel*.<sup>e</sup>

4 My life's amang lyouns *its lane*;  
I lye amang bleezan bran's: sons o'  
the yird, <sup>f</sup> their teeth pikes an' flanes;  
an' their tongue, a swurd sae snell.<sup>g</sup>

5 O God, be thou liftit abune the  
lift; <sup>h</sup> thy gloiry, owre † yirth itsel!

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 56, 1.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 17, 8;  
65, 7.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 138, 8.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 144, 5, 7.

|| or, *he sal  
shame him  
that wad  
glaum at me.*

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 40, 11;  
43, 3; 61, 7.

<sup>f</sup> Prov. 30, 14.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 55, 21;

64, 3.

<sup>b</sup> Ver. 11.

Ps. 108, 5.

† Heb. *hall*

*yirth*.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 7, 15, 16;  
9, 15

6 <sup>i</sup> A net they set for my feet, *whan* my life sae laigh was laid; a sheugh they howkit afore my face; i' the heart o't, *themsels* they slade: Selah.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 108, 1,  
&c.

7 <sup>k</sup> My heart, it 's set, O God; my heart, it 's set fu' stieve; *till thee* I maun lilt an' sing:

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 16, 9; 30,  
12; 108, 1, 2

8 <sup>i</sup> Wauken, my gloiry, wauken heigh; langspiel an' harp, *fy haste ye, baith*: mysel I maun wauken or morning.

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 108, 3.

<sup>or, nationis,</sup>  
on the  
mither's  
side.

9 <sup>m</sup> I sal lilt till ye, Lord, amang a' the folk; I sal lilt till yersel, amang a' their kin: ||

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 36, 5;  
71, 19; 103,  
11; 108, 4.

10 <sup>n</sup> For heigh till the hevins *is* that rewth o' thine; an' abune the cluds your trewth *can win*.

<sup>o</sup> Ver. 5.

11 <sup>o</sup> O God, be thou liftit abune the lift; owre a' the yirth, thy gloiry *seen*.

### PSALM LVIII.

*David pleas wi' the ill-hearted, ill-deedie folk; an' wytes them at will, i' the name o' God, baith righters an' righted.*

<sup>\*Headins.&c.</sup>  
<sup>Ps. 57.</sup>

Till the sang-maister: \* Al-Taschith: \* Michtam o' David's.

**S**AY ye ay the right, *whan* ye thrang thegither? Haud ye by the straught, ye sons o' the lan'?

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 94, 20.  
Isai. 10, 1.

2 At heart, ye can ettle mischief without swither; <sup>a</sup> on yirth, ye hae weigh'd the weight o' yer han's.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 51, 5.

3 <sup>b</sup> Wrang frae the outcome, are a' the wicket; tellin lies, frae the wame they gang gley'd wi' a shog:

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 140, 3;  
Eccles. 10, 11.

4 <sup>c</sup> Their poisoun 's <sup>as</sup> fell as the feim o' an ethir; like the || worm that hears nane, *an'* that steeks its lug;<sup>d</sup>

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *as like 's can leuk.*

5 That 'll hearken nane till the sugh o' the spaefolk, timin their trokins nevir sae trig.†

<sup>||</sup> or, *asp, blackworm,* or *ama' ethir.*

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 140, 3.  
Jer. 8, 17.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *keepin their trokin hout,* till waur the worm. *fu' waurly.*

6 <sup>e</sup> Dirl their teeth, O God, i' the gab o' them; grush the lang teeth o' the lyouns, O LORD:

<sup>e</sup> Job 4, 10.

7 <sup>f</sup> *E'en sae* lat them thowe, lat them gang like the watirs; || his bolt come abune them, an' sae they be clour'd.

<sup>f</sup> Josh. 7, 5.  
|| or, *his bolts he sal send:* twa Hebrew readings here.

8 Ilk ane o' *them* gang, like the slug that 's ay thowan; <sup>g</sup> like woman's lost fraucht, lat them ne'er see the sun.

<sup>g</sup> Job 3, 16;  
Eccles. 6, 3.

9 Or yer pats *on the fire* hae got word o' the <sup>h</sup> lowan; sae, a' livin-like, sae bleezan in wuth, <sup>h</sup> he sal whirl them dune.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *thorns,* for lightin the fire; <sup>§</sup> *i.e.* he sal tak awa the folk, faster nor pats frae bleezan thorns.

10 The gude sal be blythe, whan he <sup>i</sup> sees sic right-rackin; <sup>i</sup> his feet i' the bluid o' the wicket he'll sine:

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 52, 6;  
64, 10.

11 An' the carl sal say—Aye, *thar 's* a <sup>†</sup> hairst for the righteous: Aye, *thar 's* a God, out o' doubt, that right-rechts i' the lan'!

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 68, 23.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *frute*

### PSALM LIX.

*David, sair fash'd wi' a wheen ill-heartit sornin loons that ettle his skaith, lays a' afore God.*

A. C. 1063.

Till the sang-maister: \* Al-Taschith: Michtam o' David's; whan Saul gied word, an' they wairdit the hous to fell him.

<sup>\*Headins.&c.</sup>  
I Sam. 19, 11.

**R**AX me, O God, frae my faes; <sup>a</sup> abune my gainstan'ers heize me:

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 18, 48.

2 Redd me frae them that wad wark *me* ill; an' frae bluidy carls wise me.

3 For leuk, they tak thought for my life; <sup>b</sup> they gather again me, the mighty; *for* nae ill o' my ain, O LORD; nae faut o' mine, *they can wyte me*.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 56, 6.

4 Saikless, for ill, they rin an' they redd; <sup>c</sup> wauken <sup>†</sup> till meet me, an' see *me saif*:

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 44, 23.  
<sup>†</sup> Heb. *till cry to me,* as ane does whan he rins till meet anither.

5 Aye, yersel, O LORD, God o' hosts; God o' Israel, wauken an' wait; till wair *their ain wyte* on the hethen a': pitie nane that <sup>†</sup> hae pleasur in skaith: Selah.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *zoha ettle skaith* *we' kelly,* *zvi' a wivill.*

6 <sup>†</sup> They come wi' the gloamin;

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *they come bak.*



<sup>d</sup>Verse 14.

they gowl like the dog; an' syne they gang roun the brugh:<sup>d</sup>

<sup>e</sup>P. 57, 4.  
Prov. 12, 18.

7 Tak tent, what a gurl's i' their gab; <sup>e</sup>swords *are* atween their lips: bot wha can hearken the sugh?

<sup>f</sup>1 Sam. 19, 16; Ps. 2, 4.

8 Bot <sup>f</sup>yerlane sal mak light o' them, LORD; ye sal laugh at the hethen a':

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *his help*<sup>g</sup>Verse 17.

9 For <sup>†</sup>sic help, on yerlane I sal bide; <sup>g</sup>for it's God, that's my ain heigh-ha'.

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 54, 7; 92, 11.

10 God, his gude-will wins afore me; <sup>h</sup>God, he sal gar me leuk *down*, on them that wad warsle an' waur me.

<sup>i</sup>Gen. 4, 12, 15.

11 <sup>i</sup>Ding them na dead outright, or the folk 'll forget it sune; *bot* spersle them sair i' yer might: O LORD, our schild, ding them down!

<sup>k</sup>Prov. 12, 13; 18, 7.

12 <sup>k</sup>The faut o' their mouthe, the gab o' their lips; they sal <sup>a</sup>be taen i' their pride: for threepin a lie, an' trokin a lie, they count on *naething beside*.

<sup>l</sup>Ps. 7, 9.

13 <sup>l</sup>Waste ye in wuth; waste ye, an' ding them awa till nought:

<sup>m</sup>Ps. 83, 18.

<sup>m</sup>syne sal they ken thar's a God can fen', till yirth's outmaist en', <sup>†</sup>in Jakob: Selah.

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *ends o' the lan'*, or *yirth*.

14 Lat them come wi' the gloamin syne; lat them gowl like a dog, an' gang roun the citie:<sup>n</sup>

<sup>n</sup>Verse 6.<sup>o</sup>Job 15, 23.  
Ps. 109, 10.

15 <sup>o</sup>Lat them harl about for meat till eat; an' <sup>||</sup>thole the hail night, an' they're needie.

<sup>||</sup>or *glunch*.

16 Bot I sal lilt loud o' yer strenth; an' sal tell yer gude-will i' the mornin: for ye 'been a stoop till me; an' a bield to mysel, i' the day o' *sic* dulefu' sornin.

<sup>p</sup>Verse 9, 10.

17 O my strenth, I shall lilt till thee: <sup>p</sup>for God is my ain heigh-ha'din; God is my ain gude-gree!

## PSALM LX.

A. C. 1040.

*An the Lord help-na, man may quat fechtin: an the Lord help weel,*

*brughs maun jouk, an' heigh-to-wirs trimmle.*

Till the sang-maister on Shushan-Eduth: <sup>\*</sup>Michtam o' David's, till wit; whan he tulzied wi' the <sup>†</sup>Syrians *atween* the watirs, an' wi' the Syrians *forneist* Zobah: an' Joab, i' the hame-comin, dang Edom in the howe o' Saut, *aww* by twal thousan.

<sup>\*</sup>Headins. &c. Ps. 80.<sup>†</sup>Heb. *Aram-Naharaim*, an' *Aram-Zobah*.  
2 Sam. 8, 3, 13.  
1 Chron. 18, 3, 12.

**O** GOD, <sup>a</sup>ye *ance* schot us atowre, ye dang us a' syndry in bits; ye gied uncolie way tiil wuth; come hame till us now, *it's blawn owre*.

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 44, 9.

2 The yirth ye gar'd reel fu' sair; ye hae riv'n her amaisit in twa: heal ye <sup>a</sup>her skelvy scaurs; for scho jouks an' dinnles *an' a'*. §

§ Tho' we hear nae mair word o't, thar's been some unco sweian an' rivan o' the lan' afore this, that frightit the folk—some yirth-quauk.

3 <sup>b</sup>Yer folk ye gar'd see rough wark; <sup>c</sup>ye sloken'd oursels wi' the wine o' wonner:

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 71, 20.

4 <sup>d</sup>Yet ye 'gien till wha fear thee, a flag; afore the truth, till haud heigh *like* a banner.

<sup>c</sup>Isai. 51, 17, 22.

Jer. 25, 15.

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 20, 5.

5 <sup>e</sup>That the folk ye loe weel may win hame out o' thril, help *wi'* yer right han', an' hear me!

<sup>e</sup>Ps. 108, 6, an' on till the end. David has haen twice word frae God, anent haudin his ain wi' the Syrians.<sup>||</sup>or, *ben i' his haliness*.

6 Quo' God, <sup>||</sup>whar he bides by himlane, I maun up: Shechem I 'll synder in twa, an' redd out the howe o' Succoth.

7 Gilode, it's mine ain, mine eke sal Manasseh be: <sup>f</sup>Ephraim as weel, my head sal hain; <sup>g</sup>an' Judah gie laws for me.

<sup>f</sup>Deut. 33, 17.<sup>g</sup>Gen. 49, 10

8 Moab's but my sinin-cog; <sup>h</sup>owre Edom I'll fling my shoe: gin ye daur me, <sup>||</sup>Philistia, *now*!

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 108, 9.<sup>||</sup>or, *geck ye fur*, or *owre me*; as our Inglis taks't, bot wi' nae pith.

9 Wha sal airt me the heigh-bigget brugh? wha sal weise me in owre till Edom?

10 Winna ye, yerlane, O God, wha ance schot us a' atowre? <sup>i</sup>winna <sup>||</sup>ye gang furth, O God, along wi' our hosts *till the stour*?

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 44, 9; 108, 11.<sup>||</sup>of, *an' ye didna*.

|| or, in Man; a canny jouk o' David's on the twa words, that are grundit baith on Ad'm or Ed'm.

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 146, 3. Num. 24, 18. 1 Chron. 19, 13.

† Heb. a' our faes.

\* Headins, &c.

11 An ye gie us help frae stretts, what signifies strenth in Edom? ||

12 <sup>k</sup> Wi' God himsel, we 'se do unco weel; for himlane sal down-tread our hail fae-dom ! †

### PSALM LXI.

*The braav herskip o' them wba lippen till the Lord.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth: \*  
ane o' David's.

**H**EARKEN, O God, till my skreigh; tak tent till my bidden.

2 Frae the yonder-maist neuk o' the lan', I sal cry till yersel, whan my heart mislippens: Till the craig owre heigh for mylane, ye maun weise me sikker.

3 For ye 'been a stoop till me; an' a hainin-towir frae the face o' ill-willer.

4 <sup>a</sup> I maun taigle ay i' that howff o' thine: <sup>b</sup> I maun lippen me a' in the sponce o' yer feddirs: † Selah.

5 For yerlane, O God, hae hear-ken'd my trysts; o' wha fear thy name, the gear-gift ye hae gien me.

6 Mony a lang day † hae ye wair'd on the king; <sup>c</sup> towmonds o' his are like hail kith-gettins.

7 He sal bide evir mair afore God himsel: † rewth an' trewth ye maun sen', for till haud him sikker.<sup>d</sup>

8 Syne sae sal I lilt evir mair till yer name; an' pay ye my trysts, ae day wi' anither.

### PSALM LXII.

*A lown sugb wi' God, an' nae mis-lipp'nin o' the langest tryst wi' him.*

Till the sang-maister, till Jeduthun: \*  
ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**S**URELY wi' God <sup>a</sup> suld my saul be lown? frae himlane *has been* a' my heal-ha'din:

2 <sup>b</sup> Surely himlane's *been* my ha'din

an' † health; my heigh ha'din-up, <sup>c</sup> I sal nane mislippen.

3 How lang will ye ettle mischieff for a man? ye sal e'en be dead-schuten, the hail o' ye: <sup>d</sup> like some out-schotten dyke, like some ill-thrawn wa', *ye sal gang*.

4 They tak thought for nought but till ding him laigh: leasin's their life; <sup>e</sup> wi' their mouthe they wiss weel, i' their wame they wiss ill, *till him*: Selah.

5 Surely wi' God || suld my saul be lown? for lang on himlane I hae weary't:

6 Surely himlane's *been* my ha'din an' health: my heigh ha'din-up, I sal nane be steerit.

7 On God's my heal-ha'din, an' gloiry guid: my hainin-towir an' my tryste's in God.

8 Lippen ye till himsel ever mair, ye folk; <sup>f</sup> toom out yer hearts afore him: God, for oursels, *is* a to-flight: Selah.

9 <sup>g</sup> Surely sons o' the cotter *are* naught; an' sons o' the carl *are* but leasin? till weigh them on bawks the twa; *are* they *no* baith lighter nor naething?

10 Till stouthrief lippen ye nane, an' o' herriment ne'er mak a bost: <sup>h</sup> on gear, tho' it growes itslane, ye suld ne'er lat yer heart hae trost.

11 <sup>i</sup> Ance quo' God *himsel*; twice hae I heard the same: That might until God *effeirs*.

12 <sup>k</sup> An' nieborlie-will, O Lord, *effeirs* forby till thee; for till ilka man will ye pay hame, as his ain han's-wark sal be.

### PSALM LXIII.

*God's gree better till his ain folk, nor wa's o' watir i' the wustlan'.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's; \* whan he taigl't i' the wustlan' o' Judea.

† Heb. my health.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 37, 24.

<sup>d</sup> Isai. 30, 13.

<sup>e</sup> P. 28, 3.

|| or, my saul, be loren; a sma' differ frae Verse 1: may be nae differ, for a'.

<sup>f</sup> 1 Sam. 1, 15. Lam. 2, 19.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 39, 5. 11. Isai. 40, 15, 17. Rom. 3, 4.

<sup>h</sup> Job 31, 25. Luke 12, 15. 1 Tim. 6, 17.

<sup>i</sup> Job 33, 14.

<sup>k</sup> Job 34, 11.

Prov. 24, 12.

Jer. 32, 19.

Ezek. 7, 27;

33, 20.

Mat. 16, 27.

Rom. 2, 6.

1 Cor. 3, 8.

2 Cor. 5, 10.

Eph. 6, 8.

Col. 3, 25.

1 Peter 1, 17.

Rev. 22, 12.

A.C. 1062-3.

\* 1 Sam. 22, 5: 23, 14, 15, 16.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 27, 4.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 17, 8; 57, 1; 91, 4.

† Heb. zwings.

† Heb. days abune days.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 21, 4.

† Heb. afore God's ain face.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 40, 11. Prov. 20, 28.

A. C. 1043.

\* Headins, &c. 1 Chron. 25, 1, 3.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 33, 20.

<sup>b</sup> Verse 6.

**O** GOD, ye are God o' my ain;  
wi' the glintin I sought yersel:

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 42, 2; 84,  
2; 143, 6.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *twant-*  
*in watir.*

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *that I*  
*might see ye,*  
&c.

<sup>b</sup> 1 Sam. 4. 21.  
1 Chron. 16,  
11.

Ps. 78, 61.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 30, 5.

<sup>a</sup> my saul, it maun win till thee; my  
bouk, it clings for yerlane; in a dry  
drowthy lan', <sup>†</sup> whar nae watirs be:

2 <sup>†</sup> Till see ye again i' yer halie  
howff; till leuk on yer might an'  
yer gloiry *syne*.<sup>b</sup>

3 <sup>c</sup> For yer gudeness *is* mair nor  
life, my lips sal gie laud till thee:

4 Sae blythe maun I bid thee, ay  
while I live; my loov's I maun lift  
till that name o' thine.

5 As *wi'* creesh an' *wi'* talch, sal  
my saul be sta't; an' wi' liltin lips  
sal my mouthe gang free:

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 42, 8;  
119, 55;  
149, 5.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *in my*  
*reawkenins.*

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 61, 4.

<sup>§</sup> Light shed  
o' simmer  
cluds, like  
feddirs o' a  
the lift.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *it*  
*hauds me up,*  
like a staff.

6 <sup>d</sup> Whan I think o' yersel on my  
bed o' *dule*; <sup>†</sup> whan I wauken at  
night, I sal mind on thee.

7 For ye'veen a stoop till mysel;  
<sup>e</sup> i' the *§* scaum o' yer wings I sal lilt  
an' laud.

8 My saul, it hauds eftir ye close;  
yer right han', till me it's a gad.<sup>†</sup>

9 Bot, my life wha wad herry  
till dead, lat them gang till yirth's  
laighest line:

<sup>or, gang till</sup>  
<sup>hits: first</sup>  
till be sned  
wi' the  
sward, syne  
till be gien  
to foxes.

<sup>f</sup> Deut. 6, 13.  
Isai. 45, 23;  
65, 16.  
Zeph. 1, 5.

10 Lat them *§* stoit on the nieve  
o' the sward; an' be glaum for the  
foxes *syne*.

11 Bot the king sal be blythe in  
God; <sup>f</sup> a' that swear by him, fu'  
blythe sal they be: sae the gab sal  
be steekit *for ay*, o' them wha can  
yammir a lie.

#### PSALM LXIV.

*The hame-come o' lies an' ill-willin, on  
the lean ill-willer himsel.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-  
lilt o' David's.

**H**EARKEN, O God, till the  
sugh o' my sighan; frae dread  
o' the fae, haud atowre my life.

2 Hap me fu' lown frae the whush  
o' ill-doers; frae the dinsome thrang  
o' wha wark mischieff:

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 11, 2;  
57, 4.

3 <sup>a</sup> Wha whatt their tongues like

a sward; *wha* *§* straik out their bolts  
o' canker'd crack:

<sup>or, stent,</sup>  
<sup>for schutin.</sup>

4 Till hit the aefauld, in some  
canny neuk; they hit him fu' snell,  
an' they dread nae wrack.

5 <sup>b</sup> They stoop themsels weel *wi'*  
the word o' ill; they claiver o' set-  
tin girns: *§* Wha sal leuk for them  
*syne*? they threep.

<sup>b</sup> Prov. 1, 11.

<sup>or, wha sal</sup>  
<sup>see them?</sup>

6 They ripe out mischieff wi' a  
will; <sup>†</sup> they ripe an' they ripe, till  
they're dune. O gin the benmaist  
neuk, an' heart o' ilk ane, be-na  
deep!

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *they*  
*mak an end*  
*to ripe out,*  
*wi' ripan.*

7 <sup>c</sup> Bot God sal sen' them a shaft;  
fu' snell sal their blaudin be:

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 7, 12, 13.

8 Their ain tongue, they sal bring  
on themsels; <sup>d</sup> wha sees them, ilk  
ane, they sal flee.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 31, 11;  
52, 6.

9 An' <sup>†</sup> ilk mither's-son sal dread,  
an' God's ain wark they sal tell:  
na, 'the wark o' his *han'* they sal  
heed. *§*

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *a' man*

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 40, 3.

<sup>§</sup> That is,  
they sal ken  
brawly it's  
his ain wark,  
an' no ani-  
ther's.

10 Lat the righteous be blythe i'  
the LORD, an' lippen fu' lang till  
himself; an' lat a' that are single in  
heart gie laud wi' a liltin-spell.<sup>f</sup>

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 32, 11;  
55, 10.

#### PSALM LXV.

*Nae liltin o' laud at Zioun an God be  
na thar: naest till him, maun be  
blythest; but his gude-will's at-  
owre us a': the yirth hersel's fu'  
fain at his comin.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-  
lilt an' sang o' David's.

**T**HAR'S a whush for yersel,  
O God, i' the liltin o' laud  
at Zioun; till yersel sal the tryst  
be made-guid:

<sup>a</sup> Isai. 66, 23.

<sup>+</sup> Heb. *words*  
*o' zerang; or,*  
*ill-set words.*

2 Till yersel, wha can hearken  
prayer, <sup>a</sup> a' flesh be till airt its road.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 33, 12;  
84, 4. Ane,  
like the

3 <sup>†</sup> Words wi' a faut, are owre  
mony for me; our deeds wi' a  
faut, ye sal dicht them by.

Heigh Priest,  
maun gang  
ben; bot the  
lave sal be  
weel ser't.

4 <sup>b</sup> Blythe *abune a'* maun he be, ye  
wale an' tak hame wi' yersel; he  
sal bide i' yer fauld's sae fine: <sup>c</sup> bot

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 36, 8



we sal be stegh't wi' the gude o' yer houss, that halie biggen o' thine.

5 Sair wonners, O God, our heal-ha'din, in right ye hae gar'd us ken; tryste till a' ends o' the yirth, an' till them owre the sea that fen:

6 Rightin the hills in his strenth, <sup>d</sup>graith't wi' nae end o' might:

7 <sup>e</sup>Whushin the sugh o' the fludes, the sugh o' their waves, an' the peop'l's sigh.<sup>f</sup>

8 An' the dwellers on yonder-maist-yird, are fleyed at the trysts ye sen': the outgang o' mornin, *the hame-come* o' night, ye mak them baith liltin fain.<sup>g</sup>

9 Ye win till the yirth, <sup>h</sup>an' ye drook it; ye seep it fu' saft wi' the †spring-tide o' God: ye lucken their corn i' the growin, whan sae ye hae ready'd the road.

10 Her furs ye swak wi' a spate-fu'; ye sloken her rigs wi' showers; her braird ye bring blythely awa.

11 Sae the year ye hae crown'd wi' yer gudeness; an' yer roun-gaens dreep rowth as they gang:<sup>h</sup>

12 They dreep *on* the bawks i' the wustlan'; an' the knowes, they are graithit wi' sang:

13 The lea's, they are happit wi' †fleshes; <sup>h</sup>an' the howes, they are theekit wi' corn: they skreigh wi' content o' pleasance; na, wi' joye they're a' liltin thrang.†

### PSALM LXVI.

*A lilt i' the name o' Jakob's folk, an they kent weel how till lilt it.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt an' kirk-sang.

**L**ILT wi' a sugh till God, O a' the yirth:

2 Lilt loud till his name the weight o' its fame; gie himsel a' the weight o' his gloiry.

3 Quo' ye until God, How aw-some in warks o' yer ain! <sup>a</sup>I' the

feck o' yer might, sal ill-willers o' thine lout like liears afore ye.

4 <sup>b</sup>Lout till yersel, sal a' the yirth: loud till yersel sal they lilt; they sal lilt *till* yer name fu' cheerie: Selah.

5 <sup>c</sup>Here-awa syne, see the warks o' God; sae dread a' he does till the bairns o' yird:

6 <sup>d</sup>He swapit the sea for a bawk o' san'; <sup>e</sup>on fit, they gaed owre the tide: fu' blythe in himsel war we than.†

7 He hauds ay a heigh han' o' his ain; <sup>f</sup>his een skance atowre on the hethen: lat-na thrawart-loons, that wad fain rebel, mak owre heigh o' themsel: Selah.

8 Blythe-bid our ain God, O a' ye folk, an' the sugh o' his praise lat them hearken:

9 Wha hauds ay our life in †livan rife; an' tholes-na our fit till stacher.

10 <sup>g</sup>For ye kent us fu' brawlie, O God; <sup>h</sup>ye tried us as siller is tried:

11 Ye fankit us roun wi' the net; ye pat graith on our lisk like a snude:†

12 <sup>i</sup>Carls on our croun ye gar'd ride; <sup>k</sup>we gaed c'en through the fire an' the flude: bot ye brought us till rowthe o' gude.†

13 <sup>l</sup>I sal ben till yer houss wi' bleezan gifts; <sup>m</sup>my trysts I maun redd wi' thee:

14 What my lips they cam out wi', my ain mouthe spak, whan dule it was sair on me.

15 Hansels o' guid I sal heise, wi' the talch o' tups, till thee: o' †knowte an' o' gaits *till yersel*, sal I mak ane offran free: Selah.

16 <sup>n</sup>Here-awa syne, an' hearken ye; I sal tell yo, ilk ane wha has dread o' God, what he for my saul has dune:

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 67, 3.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 46, 8.

<sup>d</sup> Exod. 14, 21.

<sup>e</sup> Jo-h. 3, 14.

† Heb. *thar*

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 11, 4.

† Heb. *in liver*.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 17, 3.

Isai. 48, 10.

<sup>h</sup> Zech. 13, 9.

† Heb. *hard handin graith*.

<sup>i</sup> Isai. 51, 23.

<sup>k</sup> Isai. 43, 2.

† Heb. *till weel wea-tir'd, or fludid lan'*.

<sup>l</sup> Ps. 100, 4.

<sup>m</sup> Eccles. 5, 4.

† Heb. *knowte zvi' gaits*.

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 34, 11.

|| or, in place  
o' my tongue.

<sup>a</sup> Prov. 28, 9.  
Isai. 1, 15.  
John 9, 31.  
James 4, 3.

17 I cry't till himlane wi' my  
mouthe; an' his gree was || aneth  
my tongue.

18 <sup>a</sup> Gin I leuk like mischieff i' my  
heart, the LORD wad ne'er hearken  
ava':

19 *Bot* God surely hearken'd *my-*  
*sel*; he tentit the sugh o' my ca'.

20 Blythe, blythe may God be;  
wha †thol'd ay my bidden wi' him,  
an' ne'er took his gude frae me!

### PSALM LXVII.

*A lilt o' laud for nieborly folk, till the  
God that hauds a' fu' nieborlie.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth:\*  
ane heigh-lilt an' kirk-sang.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 4, 6.

**G**OD be gude till us; *aye*, an'  
be kind till us; <sup>a</sup> glint his face  
on us: Selah.

2 That yer gate may be kent on  
the yirth; an' yer health amang a'  
the hethen.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 66, 4.

3 <sup>b</sup> Lat the folk gie ye laud, O  
God; lat the folk gie ye laud, the  
hail o' them.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 96, 13.

4 Lat nieborly kins be blythe an'  
lilt: 'for the folk ye sal right i' the  
gate *that's* straight; an' the kins i'  
the lan', ye sal niebor them: Selah.

5 Lat the folk gie ye laud, O God;  
lat the folk gie ye laud, the hail o'  
them.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 85, 12.

6 <sup>d</sup> Her outcome the yirth sal mak  
guid; an' God, our ain God, sal  
blythe-bid us:

7 God, he sal blythe-bid oursels;  
an' a' ends o' the yirth sal be fley'd  
o' him!

### PSALM LXVIII.

*The story o' Jakob's folk whan God  
brought them out frae thral, wi'  
mony a lilt o' laud for his wonner-  
warks than: ettled, aiblins, for the  
flittin o' the ark by David.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-  
lilt o' David's, an' a sang.

**G**OD <sup>a</sup> sal win up; his faes sal  
be skail'd; an' his haters  
† afore him sal flee.

2 <sup>b</sup> As the reek blaws owre, ye sal  
ding *them* by: 'as wax i' the lowe  
gaes awa'; *sae* fast, afore the face o'  
God, the warkers o' wrang sal fa'.

3 <sup>d</sup> Bot the righteous sal *ay* be  
blythe; they sal lowp afore him fu'  
fain: na, wi' vera blytheheid they  
sal sten'.

4 <sup>e</sup> Sing ye till God, sing a sang  
till his name: <sup>f</sup> uphaud wha rides  
on the croun o' the lift, *by* that  
name o' his ain, by JAH; be blythe  
afore him an' a'.

5 <sup>g</sup> Faither o' faitherless folk, an'  
righter o' widows *forby*, is God in  
his ain halie howff.

6 <sup>h</sup> God gars the nieborless dwell  
at hame; <sup>i</sup> he lows the thirl out o'  
ban'; <sup>k</sup> bot thrawart loons get leave  
till bide, *whar they are*, in a drowthy  
lan'.

7 O God, <sup>l</sup> whan ye fuhred afore  
yer folk; whan ye fuhred in the  
wustlan': Selah.

8 <sup>m</sup> Yirth trimml't hersel; na, the  
lifts afore God, they war skailin:  
yon Sinai *sheuk* afore God, the God  
o' Israel's *walin*.

9 <sup>n</sup> Ye toom't out a gush o' gude-  
will, O God; yer heritage syne, *sae*  
uncolie gane, ye stoopit it *ay* frae  
failin.

10 That thrang o' yer ain couth  
fen i' the same; <sup>o</sup> frae yer gudeness,  
O God, rowth ye made-guid till  
the puirest.

11 The Laird || o' the warl' gied the  
word; ane unco gath'ran † soundit.

12 <sup>p</sup> Kings o' companies fled out-  
right; † an' the hame-keeper pairtit  
the rievian.

13 Tho' ye had lien i' yer ain pat-

<sup>a</sup> Num. 10, 35

† Heb. *frae*  
*his face*.

<sup>b</sup> Isai. 9, 18.  
Hos. 13, 3.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 97, 5.  
Mic. 1, 4.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 32, 11.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 66, 4.

<sup>f</sup> Deut. 33, 26.  
Verse 33.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 10, 14,  
18; 146, 9.

<sup>b</sup> I Sam. 2, 5.  
Ps. 113, 9.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 107, 10;  
146, 7.

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 107, 34,  
40.

<sup>l</sup> Judges 4, 14.

<sup>m</sup> Exod. 19,  
16, 18.  
Judg. 5, 4.  
Isai. 64, 1, 3.

<sup>n</sup> Deut. 11,  
11, 12.

<sup>o</sup> Ps. 74, 19.

|| or, o' the  
lan': see Ps.  
2, 4.

† Heb. o' them  
that soundit.

<sup>p</sup> Num. 31, 8,  
9, 54.

† Heb. *they*  
*fled*, *they fled*.

§ The gowden doo wi' siller wings, a battle flag. Tho' God's folk had frae'er steer'd frae the neuk, God an' the doo cou'd ding a' afore them; or, God dang kings that 'ippen'd till the doo, whan his ain folk war hidin. Our Inglis wrangs the hail o' this.

¶ Num. 21, 3.

¶ Ps. 114, 4, 6.

¶ Ps. 87, 1;

132, 13, 14.

¶ Deut. 33, 2.

2 Kings 6, 16,

17. Dan. 7,

10. Rev. 9, 16.

¶ or, in the haliness; or,

halie place.

¶ Eph. 4, 8.

¶ Judg. 5, 12.

¶ or, thirl'd

the hame-

comers.

¶ Ps. 78, 60.

¶ Deut. 32, 39.

Rev. I, 18;

20, 1.

¶ Ps. 110, 6.

Hab. 3, 13.

¶ Num. 21, 33.

¶ Exod. 14, 22.

¶ Ps. 58, 10.

¶ 1 Kings 21,

19.

¶ 1 Chron. 13,

8; 15, 16.

¶ Ps. 47, 5.

¶ or, tangers.

¶ Heb. tim-

brellin; or,

lambourin.

neuk; § the wings o' the doo wi' siller dight, an' her feddirs wi' gowden sheen, *was enough*:

14 ¶ Whan Almighty dang kings wi' her *wings*, scho was brighter nor snaw on Salmon.

15 The height o' God, it *was* Bashan height; a heigh amang heights *was* Bashan.

16 ¶ Whatfor lowp ye, ye haughty hills? ¶ This *is* the hill it likes God still, till dwell in: na, the LORD himsel evir mair ettles it, for his hallan.

17 ¶ God's sleds o' war twenty thousan are; thousans on thousans; the LORD, *as on* Sinai, ¶ a' by him-lane, amang them.

18 ¶ Ye hae skail'd the height; ¶ ye hae bun' the ban'; ¶ ye taen hansels on man—aye, the rebel clan; ¶ till haud God the LORD *amang* them.

19 Blythe, blythe be the LORD, the day lang; wha wearies us ay *wi' his blessin*: a God like himsel is our ain heal-ha'din: Selah.

20 A God fu' mighty 's this God o' our ain; Salvatioun's God: ¶ an' wi' him *that 's* baith LORD an' Laird, are the outgates frae death *till his peopil*.

21 ¶ Bot God sal ding his ill-willers' croun, an' the hairy scaup o' the man that gangs on, i' *the gate* o' his ain ill-doens.

22 Quo' the LORD, ¶ I maun fesh frae Bashan; ¶ frae the howes o' the sea, I 'se fesh hame:

23 ¶ That yer feet ye might weet, i' the blude o' yer faes; ¶ the tongue o' yer dogs, i' the same.

24 Yer gates, O God, they hae seen; the gates o' my God, o' my King, i' that howff o' his ain sae halie:

25 ¶ Ferst gaed the lilters, syne the ¶ sang-tilters; the lasses ¶ wi' timbrels atween.

26 O bless ye God, i' the thrang o' the kirks; the LORD, a' ye *wha* ¶ frae Israel spring. ¶

27 Thar *gaed* ¶ young Benjamin, laird o' their ain; princes o' Judah, their council ¶ fine: princes o' Zabu-lon, princes o' Naphtali *syne*.

28 That God o' yer ain yer strenth sal hain; strenthen, O God, the wark ye hae wrought for ourlane.

29 For that howff o' yer ain, owre Jerus'lem *till be*; ¶ kings o' the folk sal sen' gifts till thee.

30 Wyte the wild brute o' ¶ the bogs; ¶ the thrang o' the knowte, wi' the stirks o' the clans; *till* they lout themsels a' wi' siller-trokes: ding ye the folk that are fechtan-fain.

31 Gran' enough a' frae Ægypt sal come; ¶ Cush, until God, sal ¶ sune rax her han's.

32 Lilt until God, ye kingryks o' yirth; lilt ye fu' loud till the Laird o' the lan': Selah.

33 ¶ Till wha rides, frae langsyne, on the lift o' lifts: Hearken! ¶ he ettles a skreigh, wi' that ¶ ca' o' his ain, sae gran'.

34 Gie the might till himsel, *that 's* God's. His ha'din 's owre Israel heigh; an' his might, *it 's* amang the cluds.

35 ¶ Dreadfu' enough, O God, are ye frae yer howffs sae halie. Israel's God himlane, is *the God* that gies strenth, an' might mony feck, till his folk: Blessed be God, *ay!*

## PSALM LXIX.

*David, i' the sairest dwaum about the biggen o' God's hous, wytit wi' rievian an' a' the rest o't, pleans uncolie to God: God sal rax him abune a' siclike, an' his ill-willers a' sal ding owre.*

Till the sang-maister on ¶ Shoshan-nim: *ane* o' David's.

¶ Deut. 33, 25.

Isai. 48, 1.

¶ or, *wa'i'-*

head o' Israel.

¶ 1 Sam. 9, 21.

¶ Heb. *in*

*purple*, or

*cramosie*.

¶ 1 Kings 10,

10, 24, 25,

2 Chron. 32,

23.

¶ Ps. 72, 10;

76, 11.

Isai. 60, 16, 17.

¶ Heb. *reeds*:

ettles the

wild, outly-

ing folk o'

the wust-

lan', about

Babylon.

Jer. 51, 32,

33.

¶ Ps. 22, 12.

¶ Ps. 72, 9.

Isai. 45, 14.

Zeph. 3, 10.

¶ Heb. *rax*

*rinnin*.

¶ Ps. 18, 10;

104, 3.

Verse 4.

¶ Ps. 29, 3, &c.

¶ Heb. *voice*:

nae word but

ca' in Scots,

till niebor't.

¶ *Voce*, frae the

Italian, 's but

seckless.

¶ Ps. 45, 4.

¶ *Headins* &c.

Ps. 45.



<sup>a</sup> Verses 2, 14,  
15.  
Joiah 2, 5.  
<sup>b</sup> Ps. 40, 2.

**S** AIF me, O God; <sup>a</sup> for the watirs  
win hame till the saul.

2 <sup>b</sup> 'Am lair't i' the clay sae deep,  
nae stanane hae I: I hae won till the  
neth-maist flude, an' the spate has  
gane owre me braid.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 119, 82,  
123.

3 'Am forfairn wi' my skreighan;  
my hals, it 's as dry: 'my een wear  
awa, as I wait on my God.

<sup>d</sup> John 15, 25.

4 Thranger nor hairs on my head,  
<sup>d</sup> are the folk that ill-will me for  
nought; wha gird at me ay, are  
mighty; folk that ill-will me for  
nought: syne sent I hame, what I  
took-na awa. §

§ David wad  
like ill, his  
ain wrang-  
doen suld  
thraw the  
biggen o'  
God's houss,  
he had sae  
air at heart;  
an' has been  
wytit wi'  
stouthrief  
for the same.

5 My folly, O God, ye ken weel  
yerlane; an' fauts o' my ain are no  
happit frae thee.

6 Bot lat nane, for my *faut*, hing  
their heads, wha think lang for yer-  
sel, O Lord, LORD o' hosts: Lat  
nane, O Israel's God, wha seek for  
yersel, gang gyte for the sake o'  
me.

7 For, for thee I hae tholed the  
scorn; schame, it has happit my  
face:

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 31, 11.  
Isai. 53, 3.  
John 7, 5.

8 'Frem hae I been till my bre-  
ther; no-kent till my ain mither's  
sons.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 119, 139.  
John 2, 17.

9 <sup>f</sup> For the kiaugh o' yer houss, it  
has glaum'd me up; <sup>g</sup> an' the jeers  
o' wha gibet yersel, they *e'en* cam  
a' down on me.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 89, 50,  
51.  
Rom. 15, 3.

10 <sup>h</sup> Gin I grat, † an' wastit my  
life, siclike was a scorn o' my ain:

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 35, 13,  
14.

11 An I cled mysel owre wi' harn,  
syne I was a *by*-word till them:

† Heb. *zav*  
*castin*.

12 They claver'd againe me, wha  
sat i' the yett; <sup>k</sup> wha sweel'd at the  
bicker, I *was* their sang. †

<sup>i</sup> Kings 9, 7.

<sup>k</sup> Job 30, 9.  
Ps. 35, 15, 16.  
† Heb. *Neginoth*.

13 Bot me, O LORD, my bidden 's  
yer ain <sup>i</sup> the likely time: O God,  
i' the feck o' yer gudeness, hearken  
me hame; i' the trewth o' heal-  
ha'din *that* 's thine.

<sup>i</sup> Isai. 49, 8;  
55, 6.  
2 Cor. 6, 2.

14 Rax me atowre frae the clay,  
an' let me nane sink i' the troch;

<sup>m</sup> frae my ill-willers *a'* lat me gang,  
an' eke frae the howe o' the loch. <sup>n</sup>

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 144, 7.  
<sup>n</sup> Verses 1, 2,  
15.

15 Lat-na the spate win atowre  
me; an' lat-na the watir-weight  
smoor me; nor the heugh steek  
her mouthe on me.

16 Hearken me, LORD, for yer  
gudeness *is* gude; i' the rowth o'  
yer pitie, leuk owre till me.

17 <sup>o</sup> An' hap-na yer face frae yer  
loon *that* 's in ban'; whan thar 's  
stretts at my † yett, fy haste ye, till  
hear me.

<sup>o</sup> Ps. 27, 9;  
102, 2.

† Heb. *mysel*

18 Come in-owre till my saul, rax  
her out frae *sic thral*; for my ill-  
willers' sake, O wear me!

19 <sup>p</sup> My scorn ye ken weel, an'  
the schame that I *thole*, an' the wytin  
I *dree*; ilk fae that I hae, *they* 're  
afore ye.

<sup>p</sup> Ps. 22, 6, 7.  
Isai. 53, 3.

20 *Sic* scorn, it 's riv'n my heart:  
an' <sup>q</sup> I weary'd an' pined for a frien'  
till 'plean, bot no ane: an' for folk  
till speak lown, but fand nane.

<sup>q</sup> Ps. 142, 4.  
Isai. 63, 5.

21 Poisoun pat they i' my meat;  
'an' i' my drowth, they gied me till  
drink draegs o' the canker'd wine.

<sup>r</sup> Mat. 27, 34,  
48. Mark 15,  
23. John 19,  
29.

22 <sup>s</sup> Lat their buird be a girn afore  
them; an' their trysts but a net i'  
their gate:

<sup>s</sup> Rem. 11, 9.  
10.

23 <sup>t</sup> Lat their een be smoor'd i' the  
mirk; an' their lisks, haud them ay  
quaukin:

<sup>t</sup> Isai. 6, 9, 10.  
John 12, 39,  
40.  
Rom. 11, 10.

24 <sup>u</sup> Toom out abune them yer  
wuth; an' the torne o' yer angr  
fang them:

<sup>u</sup> 1 Thess. 2,  
16.

25 <sup>x</sup> Wust lat their biggens lye;  
an' nae livin bide i' their shielins:

<sup>x</sup> Acts 1, 20.  
<sup>y</sup> Isai. 53, 4.

26 For they dang, <sup>y</sup> o' free will,  
wham yerlane was dingin; an' till  
the stoun o' yer ain woundit folk,  
they eke't the fash o' their talkin. †

† Heb. *they*  
*claver on to*  
*the sair fash*  
*o' yer ain*  
*woundit*  
*anes*; or, *wha*  
*ye hae*  
*woundit*.

27 Eke ye ill, till a' ill o' their  
ain; <sup>z</sup> an' ne'er lat them ben till yer  
rightin: †

<sup>z</sup> Isai. 26, 10.  
Rom. 9, 31.

28 Lat them e'en be dicht out  
frae the Buik o' Life, <sup>a</sup> an' nane wi'  
the righteous be written.

† Heb. *right-  
ousness*, or  
*right*.

<sup>a</sup> Exod. 32,  
32.  
Rev. 13, 8.  
<sup>b</sup> Ezek. 13, 9,  
Luke 10, 20.

29 Bot mylane, sae forfocht'n an' wae, yer heal-ha'din, O God, be my stoop.

30 I sal lilt till God's name wi' a sang; I sal heise him fu' heigh, wi' liltin o' laud:

31 'An' mair till the LORD sal it be, nor a stot, nor a stirk wi' baith horn an' cloot. §

32 <sup>d</sup>A' lown-livin folk, they sal see; wha spier ay for God, sal be blithe; 'an' the hearts o' ye a' sal thrive.

33 For the LORD he sal hearken the puir; an' his folk in sic thrall, he sal ne'er mislippen.

34 <sup>f</sup>Lilt till him syne sal the lilt an' the lan'; <sup>g</sup>the fludes, an' ilk haet that gangs wurblin thro' them.

35 For God sal haud Zioun fu' sikker, an' the towns o' Judah sal big: an' thar sal the folk mak their dwellin, an' sal haud their ain right i' the rig.

36 <sup>h</sup>An' his thirlfolk's ain out-come sal fa' the same; an' a' frien's o' his name, thar sal bide.

### PSALM LXX.

*A canny plea wi' God, again ill-ders.*  
Till the sang-maister: *ane* o' David's;  
\*till keep *God* in mind.

**O** GOD, till be skowth to me;  
LORD, till be stoop to me,  
haste ye *an' gang*: <sup>a</sup>

2 <sup>b</sup>Blate an' be-fule'd be they, wha seek the life o' me; hame'ard an' gyte gae they, wha wiss me wrang.

3 <sup>c</sup>Wha cry Ha, ha! *till me*, fee for their scorn *o' me*, turn'd bak lat them be:

4 Bot fyke an' be fain in thee, a' wha spier eftir thee: an' wha lo'e that health o' thine, ay lat them cry fu' fain, God be on hie!

5 <sup>d</sup>Bot puir an' forfairn am I; O

God, mak haste to me: strenth o' mine, yett o' mine, ye *are* yerlane;  
†LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, taigle ye nane!

### PSALM LXXI.

*David tells a' how the Lord has guided him; has lauded him loud lang-syne, an' sal laud him ay till he die.*

[Wants the headin, altho' it be David's.]

**T**ILL yerlane, O LORD, <sup>a</sup>I hae lippen'd; lat me nane hing my head for ay:

2 <sup>b</sup>In yer righteousness redd me, an' rax me atowre; lout me yer lug fu' laigh, an' wair yer heal-ha'din on me.

3 <sup>c</sup>Be ye till mysel for a hainin-towir, till win ben to fu' sikkerly ay: ye hae ettled till haud me saif; for my craig an' my castel *are* ye.

4 <sup>d</sup>My God, lat me gang frae the han' o' the wrang; frae the grip o' the godlowse an' †bluidy carl:

5 For yerlane *are* my tryste, O LORD, my lord; my tryste sen I cam to the warl.†

6 <sup>e</sup>On yerlane, frae the wame was I slang; frae my mither's bouk ye wise'd me awa: § o' yersel, ay sen syne, 's *been* my sang.

7 <sup>f</sup>Like some ferlie was I, till the feck o' the folk; § bot yerlane war my stoop o' strenth:

8 Lat my mouthe be ay filled *wi'* yer laud; *wi'* yer loffliheid a' the day lang.

9 <sup>g</sup>Fling me na by i' the time o' eld; whan my pith wins awa, dinna lea' me till pine.

10 For my ill-willers claiver anent me; wha leuk for my life, they tak thought like ane.

11 God, quo' they, has forlied him: thrang him an' fang him *now*; for till redd him atowre thar's nane.

12 <sup>h</sup>Be-na far frae mysel, O God; my God, fy hae ye till help me.

† Heb. *O thou Jehorah.*

A.C. 1023.

Count how often David names himsel an' God thegither, an' ken gin he be-na in earnest.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 25, 2, 3; 31, 1.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 31, 1.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 31, 2, 3.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 140, 1, 4.

† Heb. *twi'fu' twicket.*

† Heb. *sen my young days, or youth.*

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 22, 9, 10. I-al. 46, 3.

§ Think ye David was owre sune born? It leuks like; mair nor ance he speaks o't. God's a braw nurse till his ain.

<sup>f</sup> Zech. 3, 8.

§ Verse 18.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 22, 11; 70, 1.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 50, 13, 14, 23.  
§ Ettles a oraw young beast, owre bonie to fell.  
<sup>d</sup> Ps. 34, 2.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 22, 26.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 96, 11. Isai. 44, 23, 49, 13.  
§ I-al. 55, 12.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 102, 28.

\* Ps. 38, headin. David has pleas o' the kind mair nor ance.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 40, 13; 71, 12.  
<sup>b</sup> Ps. 35, 4, 26; 71, 13.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 40, 15.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 40, 17.

<sup>1</sup> Verse 24.  
Ps. 35, 4, 26;  
40, 14; 70, 2.

13 <sup>1</sup>Schame'd an' a' glaum'd, be the faes o' my life; theekit wi' scorn an' wi' lowe o' the face, be they a' that wad ettle me ill.

† Heb. *sa*,  
gang on ay  
singin.

14 Bot mysel, ay the mair I sal bide on thee; an' till praise thee, can ne'er sing my fill.†

\* Ps. 40, 5;  
139, 17, 18.

15 Yer righteousness, a' the day lang, my mouthe it sal try till tell; that health o' yer ain, for the count o' the same, <sup>k</sup>it's mair than I ken mysel.

† or, *Laird*,  
as ye read  
whiles

16 I sal fuhre i' the strenth o' the LORD, my || Lord; an' yer righteousness, nane but yer ain, I sal ay haud in guid record.

17 Ye hae taught me, O God, frae my youth; an' yer warks o' wonner sen-syne, I hae made them weel-kent enough.

\* Verse 9.  
This sang, as  
ye see, 's  
been made  
among the  
hinmaist  
days o'  
David.

18 'An' now that 'am auld an' grey, O God, mislippen me nane; till yer might I hae tell'd, till the folk that are now; †an' yer pith, till a' sal come eftir-hen.

† Heb. *yer*  
arm.

19 <sup>m</sup>An' yer righteousness, God sae hie, wha wonners hae wrought: O God, <sup>n</sup>what-na god sal e'er kythe like thee!

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 57, 10.

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 89, 6, 8.

\* Ps. 60, 3.

20 <sup>o</sup>Yersel, wha hae gar'd me see stretts mony feck an' sair; ye sal weise me till life †tho' I die; frae the dreadest howes o' yird, ye sal e'en †mak me risin-free: §

† Heb. *ye sal*  
bring me  
hame, *ye sal*  
mak me live.

† Heb. *sal*  
bring me  
hame, *sal*  
mak me rise.

§ N.B. O' this  
verse are twa  
Hebrew  
readings: the  
ane gies me,  
the ither us.

21 Ye sal double my might an' mair; ye sal graith me a' roun wi' gude-gree.

† Heb. *zei'*  
sang-gear o'  
the harp.

22 Syne sal I sing till yersel, †wi' a' that belangs till the quair; yer trewth, O my God, I sal tell: wi' the harp I sal lilt till thee, sae halie in Israel!

† Verse 13.  
He 's haen  
an' unco sair  
dree a' his  
days, wi' ill-  
willers; bot  
Solomon sal  
come alin'  
him, an' his  
heart 's fu'  
fain.

23 My lips sal be fain, whan I sing till thee; an' my life that ye feed frae the dead:

24 An' my tongue the hail day thy right-rechtin sal tell: <sup>p</sup>for daiver't, for taiver't are they, wha ettle mischieff till mysel.

## PSALM LXXII.

Nae en' o' wyssheid, an' lofflikeid, an' gudelikeid, an' laud for Solomon: a fain-hearted faither's bidden for a brav son's ill to bound.

Ane heigh-lilt: for Solomon.\*

**W**AIR yer rightins, O God, on the King; an' yer right on the King's ain son:

2 <sup>a</sup>He sal right-recht yer folk wi' right; an' yer puir anes wi' right-rechtin, *syne*.

3 <sup>b</sup>The heights sal bring peace till the folk; an' the knowes intil righteousness, *than*:

4 <sup>c</sup>He sal right a' the puir o' the folk, an' the sons o' the feckless sal fen'; bot the loon wi' the heavy han', he sal a' intil flinders sen'.

5 They sal fear thee ay, while the sun *sal shine*, <sup>d</sup> or the mune † *scharu* her face; the folk that sal come an' gang.†

6 <sup>e</sup>He sal fa' like the rain on the swaith; like the saft dreepin showirs on the lan'.

7 The righteous, fu' green in his days sal growe; <sup>f</sup>an' peace be enew, till the mune <sup>i</sup> the lift sal pine.† §

8 <sup>g</sup>Frae sea till sea sal he ring; an' eke frae the flude that rowes, till the yonder-maist neuks o' the lan'.

9 <sup>h</sup>Folk that bide i' the drowth, afore his face sal cour; <sup>i</sup>an' a' that wiss ill till him, they sal lick the vera stoure.

10 <sup>k</sup>Kings frae Tarshish, an' the isles, till him sal a hansom bring; kings out o' Sheba an' Seba, sal e'en hae a gift till han'.

11 <sup>l</sup>No a king, but sal lout till him; a' the hethen sal thirl till him-lane:

12 For the feckless that skreighs, he sal saif; <sup>m</sup> an' the puir, and wha ne'er had a stoop o' his ain:

13 On the weak an' forfain he

A. C. 1015.

\* The Man o'  
Peace an'  
Quietness.  
Leuk Ps. 127  
forby. The  
biggen o'  
God's hous  
has been a  
lang thought  
till David.

<sup>a</sup> Isai. 11, 2,  
3, 4.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 85, 10.  
Isai. 52, 7.

<sup>c</sup> Isai. 11, 4.

<sup>d</sup> Verses 7, 17.  
Ps. 89, 36, 37.

† Heb. *afore*  
the face o' the  
mune.

† Heb. *kith-*  
gettin, till  
kithgettin.

<sup>e</sup> 2 Sam. 23, 4.  
Hos. 6, 3.

<sup>f</sup> Isai. 2, 4.  
Dan. 2, 44.  
Luke 1, 33.

† Heb. *mune*  
sal be nane.

§ Growthy  
days an'  
lown nights  
sal he hae.

<sup>g</sup> Exod. 23, 31.  
1 Kings 4, 21.

24.  
Ps. 2, 8.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 74, 14.

<sup>i</sup> Isai. 49, 23.  
Mic. 7, 17.

<sup>k</sup> 2 Chron. 9,  
21.

Ps. 45, 12;  
68, 29.  
Isai. 43, 7;  
60, 9.

<sup>l</sup> Isai. 49, 22,  
23.

<sup>m</sup> Job. 29, 12.



<sup>n</sup> Ps. 116, 15.

§ The puir man i' the wustlan' sal live an' sal gie till Solomon, &c.; or, Solomon al live, an' the puir man al gie till him, &c.: guid political economy.

<sup>o</sup> 1 Kings, 4, 20.

‡ Corn sal growe syne i' the wustlan', an' folk sal thrive i' the towns: wyss political economy.

sal lay fu' light; an' the lives o' the frienless sal hain.

14 Frae guile an' mischieff he sal redd their life; <sup>n</sup> an' their bluid sal be dear in his sight.

15 Live lang sal he syne, § an' sal gie till him o' the best o' Sheba's gowd; evir an' ay for him sal he pray, an' till him ilka day gie laud.

16 A nieffu' o' corn i' the lan' sal be, on the head o' the hills *sae toom*: like Lebanon's sel, its growthe sal swee; <sup>a</sup> an' roun the town, like fothir on yird, they sal blume. ‡

17 <sup>p</sup> His name, it sal † stay for evir an' ay; his name, it sal † win ayont the sun: <sup>q</sup> in him sal the folk be blythe, an' blythe sal they a' bid himsel.

18 <sup>r</sup> O blythe be the LORD *that's* God, the God o' Israel; 'wha warks o' wonner himlane can do.

19 An' blythe be his name sae gran', a' time that 's to come, unto: his gloiry fill the hail yirth still; Amen, an' sae lat it be!

20 The biddens o' David, Jesse's son, *wi' this lilt* they maun endit be. §

<sup>p</sup> Ps. 89, 36.

† Heb. *sal be*.

\* Heb. *sal breed itsel*.

<sup>q</sup> Gen. 12, 3; 22, 18.

Jer. 4, 2.

<sup>r</sup> 1 Chron. 2, 10.

<sup>s</sup> Ps. 136, 4.

§ This lilt maun hae been amang the lin-maist, o' its ain prayerfu' kin', o' David's makin.

### [PAIRT THREE.]

#### PSALM LXXIII.

*Ill-doers thrive, an' gang down: God's folk wi' Himsel are fu' laun.*

Ane heigh-lilt || o' Asaph's.\*

SURELY God till Israel's gude, till folk wi' a heart *that's* clean:

2 Bot mysel, my feet maist gaed awa frae me; my gates, they war a' but gane.

3 <sup>a</sup> For I grein'd wi' spite at the senseless, *whan* I saw the ill-doers thrive:

4 For nae ban's at their death *hae* they; an' their fusion 's ay gude be-lyve.

5 I' the care o' the carl they hae nae fash; nor they're ne'er i' the cotter's plight: §

6 Syne pride like a girth, it sweets them about; an' stouthrief, it cleeds them tight.

7 <sup>b</sup> Their een, they stan' out wi' creesh; they hae mair nor the thoughts o' the heart:

8 They're lowse, <sup>c</sup> an' they claiver o' schamous wrang; they claiver wi' heads fu' heigh:

9 They rax their mouthe till the lift; an' their tongue, it gangs yont the yird:

10 Syne his folk, they come hame as they gaed; an' watirs, the fu' o' a *caup*, are toom'd out till them *wi' a sigh*. §

11 An' quo' they, <sup>d</sup> Can God ken ought? Is thar sense i' the Heighest ava?

12 Are-na thae the ill-doers that thrive; an' double their gear an' a'?

13 <sup>e</sup> Than, for nought I hae clean'd my heart, <sup>f</sup> an' in saiklessness sined my han's:

14 An' ilka day lang I 'been fash'd like a fule; an' thol'd ilka mornin' in ban's!

15 Gin I said I wad say siclike, I suld wrang the hail kith o' yer kin:

16 <sup>g</sup> Bot siclike whan I thought till ken, <sup>h</sup> *twas* the sairest fash o' my een:

17 Till ance I wan ben till God's halie howff; I could think on their hinmaist, *syne*.

18 <sup>i</sup> Surely ye set them on slidd'ry

§ They greet mair nor a *caup-fu'*, wi' angir.

<sup>d</sup> Job 22, 13. Ps. 10, 11; 94, 7.

<sup>e</sup> Job 21, 15;

34, 9; 35, 3.

Mal. 3, 14.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 26, 6.

<sup>g</sup> Eccles. 8, 17

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 35, 6.

or, for *Asaph*.

\* Ps. 50

<sup>a</sup> Job 21, 7.

Ps. 37, 1.

Jer. 12, 1

§ Ettles care o' the heigh, an' plight o' the *laigh*: Ps. 49, 2.

<sup>b</sup> Job 15, 27.

Ps. 17, 10;

119, 70.

<sup>c</sup> Hos. 7, 16.

gates; ye dang them aneth intil ruins:

19 Syne how are they *brought*, like a blink, till nought; an' fin' their ain end wi' sic grawins!

20 <sup>i</sup>Like a dream i' the wauk'nin, O LORD; when ye wauken, their wraith ye sal slight!

21 Sae, my heart it wrought unco sair; an' I thol'd a snell stoun' i' my lisk:

22 <sup>k</sup>For mysel, I was senseless an' wantit wit; I was *ane* o' the beiss, i' yer sight.†

23 Bot ay, 'am mylane wi' thee; by my ain right han' ye hae held me:

24 Wi' counsel o' thine, ye sal wear me kin'; an' syne *intil* gloiry help me.

25 O wha sal be mine i' the lift? an' ane by yerlane, upon yirth, I seek nevir:

26 <sup>l</sup>My bouk an' my heart may gae wa'; *bot* the <sup>†</sup>strenth o' my heart an' my ha', *is* ay God himlane for evir!<sup>m</sup>

27 For ye ken, they maun die wha bide far frae thee; wi' a clour ye can fell them a', wha gang till <sup>n</sup>play lowse frae yersel:

28 Bot mylane, till win hame to God *is* the feck o' a' gude till me: my tryste I hae set on the Lord *that's* LORD, that yer wonner-warks a' I might tell.

# PSALM LXXIV.

*A lilt o' dule for the waste o' the lan'; an' a plea wi' God, on a' he has tholed an' on a' he has dune, till win hame an' upbaid his ain.*

\* Maschil o' Asaph's. ||

**W**HATFOR, O God, hae ye dang *us* atowre? Maun yer wuth ay reek, <sup>a</sup>on the sheep o' yer lan' for evir?

2 Hae min' o' yer kirk, <sup>b</sup>ye coft lang-syne: 'the stok o' yer ha'din,

ye fee'd; Mount-Zioun hersel, whar ye bade.

3 O lift up yer feet on <sup>†</sup>the weary wust; a' the ill the ill-willer's dune, i' the halidom.

4 <sup>d</sup>Yer faes haud a sugh i' the mids o' yer kirks; <sup>e</sup>trysts o' their ain, they mak trysts *for* God.

5 *A man* was kent, as he rax't fu' heigh <sup>†</sup>an aix on the tanglet tree:

6 <sup>f</sup>Bot now a' her <sup>†</sup>bawks they ding till bits, at ance wi' mattocks an' mells.

7 They hae flang i' the lowe that howff o' yer ain; <sup>h</sup>they hae filed wi' stoure on the yird, the neuk whar yer name suld bide.

8 Quo' they to themsel, Lat's ding them a': they hae brunt a' God's kirks i' the lan'.

9 Trysts o' our ain, we see nae mair; <sup>i</sup>no a seer's till the fore; nor ane o' ourselfs that kens, *or can tell*, how lang!

10 How lang, O God, sal the enemie sneer? that name o' yer ain, sal the ill-willer slight for evir?

11 <sup>k</sup>Whatfor haud ye bak yer han'? yer ain right han'? Rax but frae aneth yer bosom!

12 <sup>l</sup>For God *was* my King lang-syne; warkin heal-ha'din in mids o' the yirth.

13 <sup>m</sup>Ye synder'd the sea wi' yer might; <sup>n</sup>ye flinder'd the heads o' the ||beiss i' the watirs:

14 Yerlane dang leviathan's heads in bits; <sup>§</sup>ye gied him for meat, till the folk i' the wustlan'.<sup>o</sup>

15 Yerlane <sup>p</sup>open'd fountain an' flude; <sup>q</sup>ye slakket awa the strick-rowin watirs.

16 Yer ain *is* the day, an' yer ain *is* the night; <sup>r</sup>the light an' <sup>†</sup>light-bringer, ye ettled them baith.

17 The bounds o' the yirth, ye hae settled them a'; <sup>s</sup>simmer an' winter, ye made them.

† Heb. *twast-ins twi' nae end.*

<sup>d</sup> Lam. 2, 7.

<sup>e</sup> Mat. 24, 24.  
<sup>2</sup> Thess. 2, 9.

† Heb. *aixes*  
<sup>f</sup> 1 Kings 6, 18, 29, 32, 35.

† Heb. *open twarks*; bot no till Solomon's day.

<sup>g</sup> 2 Kings 25, 9.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 89, 39.

<sup>i</sup> 1 Sam. 3, 1.  
Amos 8, 11.

<sup>k</sup> Lam. 2, 3.

<sup>l</sup> Ps. 44, 4.

<sup>m</sup> Exod. 14, 21.

<sup>n</sup> *Isai* 51.9.10.  
Ezek. 29, 3; 32, 2.

<sup>o</sup> *or, whales*: crocodiles an' a' the lave, without doubt.

<sup>§</sup> God dang the Egyptians, an' flang their bodies up on the shore.

<sup>p</sup> Ps. 72, 9.

<sup>q</sup> Exod. 17, 5.  
Num. 20, 11.  
Ps. 105, 41.  
*Isai* 48, 21.

<sup>r</sup> Jos. 3, 13, &c.

<sup>s</sup> Gen. 1, 14. &c.

† Heb. *the sun.*

<sup>t</sup> Gen. 8, 22.

<sup>1</sup> Job 20, 8.  
Ps. 90, 5.

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 92, 6.  
Prov. 30, 2.

† Heb. *twi' thee.*

<sup>1</sup> Ps. 84, 2;  
119, 81.

† Heb. *stieve craig.*

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 16, 5.

<sup>n</sup> Exod. 34, 15.  
Num. 15, 39.  
James 4, 4.

<sup>o</sup> *Headins*, &c.  
|| *or, for Asaph.* Ps. 78.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 95, 7;  
100, 3.

<sup>b</sup> Deut. 9, 29.  
<sup>c</sup> Deut. 32, 9.  
Jer. 10, 16.

<sup>1</sup> Verse 22.  
Rev. 16, 19.

<sup>11</sup> Sang 2, 14.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *the thrang.*

<sup>12</sup> Ps. 68, 10.

<sup>\*</sup> Gen. 17, 7.  
Jer. 33, 21.

<sup>†</sup> Verse 18.  
Ps. 89, 51.

<sup>\*</sup> *Headins, &c.*  
Ps. 57.

<sup>†</sup> or, *for Asaph.*

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *kirk,*  
or *fa'r,* or  
*stated gath'-*  
*ran.*

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *dinna*  
*play the fule.*

<sup>11</sup> Zech. 1, 21.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *frae*  
*the wastlan'.*

<sup>12</sup> Ps. 50, 6;  
58, 11.

<sup>†</sup> or, *lays ane*  
*laigh, an' sets*  
*ane heigh.*

18 'Hae min' how the ill-willer jeers, O LORD; an' folk that are fules, how they scorn yer name.

19 Gie nane to the *ill-deedie* thrang, the life o' yer turtle-doo; † the feck o' yer ain, sae forfairn, forget-na for evir an' ay.<sup>11</sup>

20 \*Hae min' o' the tryst *ye made*; for the neuks o' the yirth sae mirk, wi' the biggens o' stouthrief are fu'.

21 O send-na the feckless hame wi' scorn; lat the puir an' the faitherless laud yer name.

22 Fy up, O God, an' plea yer ain plea; <sup>12</sup> hae min' how the witless loon jeers at yersel, day an' daily.

23 Forget-na the sugh o' yer faes; for the steer o' them that wad steer again thee, it 'll rax owre *the lave o' us* haillie.

## PSALM LXXV.

*A plea wi' fule-folk wastin God's warl', till be wyss, an they wad-na thole wytin at his ain han'.*

Till the sang-maister: \*Al-Taschith: ane heigh-lilt, or sang, || o' Asaph's.

THANKS, O God, gie we till thee, thanks gie we *till yersel*; for the warks o' wonner ye *wair on us*, that yer name's comin hame they tell.

2 An I tak the † thrang in han', right-rechtins mylane I sal gie.

3 The lan' an' her folk are thowan awa; I maun steady her stoops mysel: Selah.

4 Quo' I till the fules, † Will ye no be wyss? an' till warkers o' wrang, <sup>11</sup> Rax-na the horn on hie:

5 O rax-na yer horn sae heigh owre a'; an' speak-na wi' neuk sae stieve:

6 For neither frae east, nor frae wast, nor † frae southe, *comes* right till haud the gree:

7 <sup>12</sup> Bot God sal be richter; || him-

lane lays laigh, an' himlane 's *wha* can set on hie.<sup>1</sup>

8 For a caup 's <sup>11</sup> d' the han' o' the LORD; an' the wine it 's fu' red, an' † it 's a' owre-hede: <sup>12</sup> he sal toom frae the same; bot its shairins *syne*, a' ill-doers on yirth, they sal pingle *them* out, an' sal drink.

9 Bot mysel, I sal ay say on; I sal lilt till Jakob's God.

10 <sup>1</sup> A' horns o' ill-doers I'll sneid forby: <sup>8</sup> bot the horns o' the right sal stan' heigh.

## PSALM LXXVI.

*God, when he gangs till the stour, can do mair nor ane host o' weir.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth: \* ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

WHEEL-KENT intil Judah is God; his name 's intil Israel gran':<sup>a</sup>

2 Intil Salem 's his howff forby; an' on Zioun, his shielin *stan's*.

3 <sup>b</sup> Yonder dang he † the lowan flight-flanes: the schild, an' the sword, an' the tuiizie: Selah.

4 O brighter *are ye* yerlane; <sup>c</sup> sterker nor heights o' spulzvi.

5 <sup>d</sup> The stieve in heart are herry'd an' dune; <sup>e</sup> they sleepit their sleep outright: no ane o' them a' their han's cou'd fin', *that war* sic carls o' might.

6 <sup>f</sup> At thy snell wytin, O Jakob's God, baith heigh-sled an' horse war smoor'd.

7 Yersel, yersel, *alane* maun be fear'd; an' wha can thole afore yer face, ane ance yer angir lowes?

8 <sup>g</sup> Frae the lift ye gar'd right be heard; <sup>h</sup> the yirth, scho quaukit an' whush'd:

9 † Whan *ye* raise till the rightin, O God; till hain a' the lown on the lan': Selah.

10 <sup>i</sup> Surely the angir o' man, *itsel* sal gie laud till thee; the owrecome

<sup>c</sup> 1 Sam. 2, 7.  
Dan. 2, 21.

<sup>d</sup> Job 21, 20.  
Ps. 60, 3.  
Jer. 25, 15.  
Rev. 14, 10;  
16, 19.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *fu' o' a*  
*mixin*; ettles  
*drumlie*, or  
*drugs*.

<sup>e</sup> Prov. 23, 30.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 101, 8.  
Jer. 48, 25.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 89, 17;  
148, 14.

<sup>\*</sup> *Headins, &c.*

<sup>†</sup> or, *for Asaph.*

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 48, 1, &c.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 46, 9.  
Ezek. 39, 9

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *the bleazan shafts*  
*o' the bowe.*

<sup>c</sup> Ezek. 38, 12,  
13; 39, 4.

<sup>d</sup> Isai. 46, 12.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 13, 3.  
Jer. 51, 39.

<sup>f</sup> Exod. 15, 1,  
21.

Ezek. 39, 20.  
Nah. 2, 13.  
Zech. 12, 4.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 53, 2, 5.

<sup>h</sup> 2 Chron. 20,  
29.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *in the*  
*risin till*  
*right, God.*

<sup>i</sup> Exod. 9, 16;  
18, 11.  
Ps. 65, 7.



o' wuth *like his ain*, ye sal e'en haud it tight in ban'.

11 <sup>k</sup>Tryst ye an' pay, till the LORD your God; hansels till wha suld be fear'd, <sup>l</sup>fesh a' that about him be.

12 He steeks aff the breath o' the foremaist: <sup>m</sup>dreid-eneugh, till kings o' the yirth, *is be*.

## PSALM LXXVII

*Ane unco sair warsle wi' dule an' sorrow: God's kindness canna be gane: for his winner-warks o' gude are ayont the flude.*

Till the sang-maister; till Jeduthun: <sup>\*</sup>ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

**I** SKREIGH'T until God, till I roopit; I skreigh't until God, an' he hearken'd till me.

2 I' the day o' my fash, I sought till the LORD; my han' rax't atowre i' the night, an' it quat-na: my saul wad thole nae remede.

3 I minded on God, an' I warsle'd; I sighet fu' sair, an' my spreit was dang throwither: Selah.

4 My een, ye haud them ay waukin; 'am sae daiver'd, I speak-na ae word.

5 <sup>a</sup>Then I thought on the days o' lang-syne; the years o' sae mony byganes:

6 I thought owre my sangs i' the night; <sup>b</sup>I croon'd wi' my heart by its lane; an' my spreit spierit uncolie hame:

7 Will the LORD cast awa for evir? an' ne'er rax his pitie mair?

8 Quat has his kindness for evir? will *his* word wear awa, †whiles folk are?

9 Has God nae mair thought o' rewin? Has he steekit his pitie in pine? Selah.

10 Syne quo' I, This is a' my ain weakness; *no* the years o' the Heighest's right han'! §

11 I suld think on the warks o' the LORD; for I min' o' yer wonners lang-syne:

12 Na, I sigh owre ilk wark o' yer ain; an' I croon on yer deeds wi' a sang.

13 <sup>c</sup>Yer gate, O God, 's by its-lane; <sup>d</sup>what-na God 's like *our ain* God ava'?

14 Yerlane are the God a wonner can do; yer strenth ye made kent amang peopil a'.

15 <sup>e</sup>Wi' an arm, ye brought hame yer ain folk; the bairns o' Jakob an' Joseph: Selah.

16 <sup>f</sup>The watirs, they saw thee, O God; the watirs, they saw thee an' grue'd; they war steer'd, aye, *their* laigest neuks.

17 The cluds, they toom'd owre *wi'* a spate; the lift gied a scraigh athort; an' thae flanes o' yer ain, how they gaed!

18 The reel o' yer thunner *was* †roun; <sup>g</sup>yer lightnins, they daizl'd the warl'; the yirth, scho trimml't an' sheuk.

19 <sup>h</sup>Yer gate, it *was* ben i' the sea; yer roddins in mony a flude; bot yer fisteds, they ne'er war knawn.

20 <sup>i</sup>Ye weisit yer folk like a flock, by Moyses an' Aaron's han'.

## PSALM LXXVIII.

*The story o' God's folk an' their hame-comin; how they thraw'd, an' war dang wi' God; their wastin an' their walin: ane o' the grandest sugs o' lang-syne.*

\*Maschil o' Asaph's. ||

**H**EARKEN, my folk, *till* my bidden; lout yer lugs till the words o' my mouthe:

2 <sup>a</sup>My mouthe I sal rax wi' wyss redin; frae lang-syne, I sal tell yo †the sugh:

3 <sup>b</sup>What we hae a' hearken'd, an'

<sup>c</sup>Ps. 73, 17.

<sup>d</sup>Exod. 15, 11.

<sup>e</sup>Exod. 6, 6

<sup>f</sup>Exod. 14, 21. Ps. 114, 3. Hab. 3, 8, &c.

† Heb. *in the roun*, or *circle o' the lift*, as thunner oft' nest gangs.

<sup>g</sup>Ps. 97, 4.

<sup>h</sup>Hab. 3, 1. Exod. 14, 28

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 78, 52. Hos. 12, 13.

\*Headins, &c.

† or, for Asaph. Ps. 74

§ Tak tent how wyssly the sugh o' the story gangs on.

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 49, 4. Mat. 13, 35.

† Heb. *happit-stories*.

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 44, 1.

\* Eccles. 5, 4, 5, 6.

<sup>l</sup> 2 Chron. 32, 22, 23. Ps. 68, 29; 89, 7.

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 68, 35.

\* Headins, &c. Ps. 62.

† or, for Asaph.

§ Agran', lown, eerie sugh has this sang o' Asaph's—an' it be his ain. Mony a far-raxin thought comes ben i' the makar's head, when he lyes waukin.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 143, 5. Eai. 51, 9.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 4, 4.

† Heb. *till kith-gettin an' kith-gettin*.

§ Lay by the like o' this in yer mind: nae truer thought 's in write.

|  |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|--|
|  | ken'd o'; an' our faithers hae tell'd<br>till oursel.  | 18 <sup>2</sup> An' they temptit God sair i'<br>their hearts; for their life-sake, till<br>cry for victual to han'.  | <sup>9</sup> Exod. 16, 2.  |
| <sup>c</sup> Deut. 4, 6.<br>Joel 1, 3.                                     | 4 <sup>c</sup> An' we maun-na hide frae their<br>bairns; tellin a' till the folk that's<br>to come, †the praise o' the LORD<br>an' his strenth; an' the wonners he<br>wrought himlane. | 19 Na, †they yammir'd on God;<br>an' quo' they, Will God man a<br>buird i' the wust?   | <sup>10</sup> Num. 11, 14.   |
| <sup>†</sup> Heb. <i>the<br/>praises.</i>                                  | 5 <sup>d</sup> For he ettled a bidden in Jakob,<br>an' settled a tryst in Israel; whilk<br>he gied our faithers in keepin, 'sic-<br>like till their weans to tell:                     | 20 'He dang the craig, as we ken,<br>an' watirs cam rowin awa, an' spates<br>they cam but wi' a bock: will he<br>man till gie bread forbye? or ettles<br>he flesch for his folk? | <sup>11</sup> Exod. 17, 6.<br>Num. 20, 11.   |
| <sup>d</sup> Ps. 147, 19.  | 6 <sup>f</sup> That the folk for till come they<br>might ken <i>them</i> ; an' bairns to be<br>born suld win up, an' tell <i>them</i> to<br>bairns o' their ain:                       | 21 Syne hearken'd the LORD, an'<br>'was fash't; syne wuth it was ken-<br>nle'd on Jakob, an' lowe it wan up<br>on Isra'l:  | <sup>12</sup> Exod. 17, 6.<br>Num. 20, 11.   |
| <sup>e</sup> Deut. 4, 9;<br>6 7; 11, 19.                                   | 7 That their tryste <i>ay</i> on God<br>they might lippen; an' forget-na the<br>doens o' God, but waird weel his<br>biddens <i>ilk ane</i> :   | 22 For they lippen'd them nane<br>ontil God; nor trysted his ha'din<br>sae heal:   | <sup>13</sup> Num. 11, 1,<br>10.   |
| <sup>f</sup> Ps. 102, 18.  | 8 An' be nane like their faithers,<br><sup>a</sup> a reistin an' thrawart kin; a kin<br>never †right i' their heart, <sup>b</sup> nor<br>aefauld wi' God i' their mind.                | 23 Tho' the cluds he had tell'd<br>frae abune; "an' the yetts o' the<br>lift he unsteekit:   | <sup>14</sup> Gen. 7, 11.<br>Mal. 3, 10.   |
| <sup>g</sup> Exod. 32, 9;<br>33, 3; 34, 9.<br>Deut. 9, 6,<br>13; 31, 27.   | 9 <i>Sic-like</i> war the lads o' Ephraim:<br>weel dight an' a' †wi' <i>their</i> bows,<br>they turn'd i' the day o' weir:   | 24 <sup>x</sup> An' toom'd down atowre them<br>manna till eat; an' corn o' the lift<br>till them streekit.   | <sup>15</sup> Exod. 16, 4,<br>14.<br>Ps. 105, 40.<br>John 6, 31.<br>1 Cor. 10, 3.  |
| <sup>†</sup> Heb. <i>ready.</i><br><sup>b</sup> Verse 37.                  | 10 They bade-na the tryst o' God,<br>nor thol'd in his bidden till steer. §  | 25    Bread o' the brightest ilk carl<br>cou'd pree; he airtit their gate the<br>fou o' <i>sic</i> victual.  | <sup>16</sup> § <i>or, ilka ane<br/>cou'd eat<br/>bread o' the<br/>mighty anes.</i><br>Ps. 103, 20.                                      |
| <sup>†</sup> Heb. <i>lan' o'<br/>Mizraim:</i><br>'iclike a'<br>through.    | 11 His doens an' a' they forgat,<br>an' his wonners he loot them see:  | 26 <i>Syne</i> <sup>y</sup> he wauken'd the east win'<br>aneth the lift; an' steer'd on the<br>southe wi' his mighty ettle:  | <sup>17</sup> Num. 11, 31.   |
| <sup>†</sup> Num. 13, 22.<br>Isa. 19, 11,<br>13.<br>Ezek. 30, 14.          | 12 Siccan a wark, i' their faithers'<br>sight, he wrought intil †Ægyp-lan',<br><i>an' eke</i> <sup>i</sup> until Zoan lea'.  | 27 An' toom'd out abune them<br>flesche like stoure; an' like san' o'<br>the sea, the feather'd-flier:   | <sup>18</sup> Num. 11, 31.   |
| <sup>†</sup> Heb. <i>lan' o'<br/>Mizraim:</i><br>'iclike a'<br>through.    | 13 <sup>k</sup> He synder'd the sea, an' he<br>fuhre'd them owre; 'he dykit the<br>fludes like a knowe:  | 28 An' drappit <i>it</i> laigh in mids o'<br>their thrang; a' roun about, by the<br>side o' their shielins.  | <sup>19</sup> Num. 11, 31.   |
| <sup>†</sup> Num. 13, 22.<br>Isa. 19, 11,<br>13.<br>Ezek. 30, 14.          | 14 <sup>m</sup> He airtit them ay wi' a clud<br>by day; an' weise'd them at night<br>wi' the light o' lowe.  | 29 <sup>n</sup> An' they ate an' they stegh't<br>till rivan fu'; for he airtit their gate<br>their ain heart's bidden.   | <sup>20</sup> Num. 11, 31.   |
| <sup>†</sup> Exod. 15, 8.<br>Ps. 33, 7.                                    | 15 <sup>n</sup> Rocks he rave i' the wust; an'<br>sloken'd them weel, as frae dams<br>owre-flowin:   | 30 Yet they quat-na †frae mair,<br><sup>a</sup> wi' their bite i' their mouthe.  | <sup>21</sup> Heb. <i>frae<br/>reckin mair,<br/>whiles their<br/>bite, &amp;c.</i>   |
| <sup>†</sup> Exod. 13, 21;<br>14, 24.<br>Ps. 105, 39.                      | 16 An' he airtit <sup>o</sup> spates frae the<br>craig; an' gar'd watirs fa', like fludes<br>that are rowin.   | 31 Syne cam abune them the lowe<br>o' God's wuth; an' he dang clean<br>dead the burst'n amang them; the<br>brawest o' Israel syne, he †brought<br>down wi' a sugh. §             | <sup>22</sup> Num. 11, 33.<br>† Heb. <i>doubled<br/>down.</i>  |
| <sup>†</sup> Exod. 17, 6.<br>Num. 20, 11.<br>Ps. 105, 41.<br>1 Cor. 10, 4. | 17 Bot ay they gaed on, till mis-<br>carric wi' him; <sup>b</sup> till wear out the<br>Heighest, in that drowthy lan'.   | 32 Wi' a', <sup>b</sup> they miscarry'd ay<br>waur; an' they lippened nane till<br>his wonners.  | <sup>23</sup> § <i>Like<br/>enough: they<br/>killed them-<br/>sel wi' sic<br/>scumous<br/>each.</i><br><sup>24</sup> Num. 14:<br>16; 17. |
| <sup>†</sup> Deut. 9, 21.<br>Ps. 105, 41.                                  |  |  |  |

<sup>c</sup> Num. 14, 29.

33 <sup>c</sup> Sae their days he wure by intil want o' pith; an' their years wi' nae end o' tholin.

<sup>d</sup> Hos. 5, 15.

34 <sup>d</sup> Yet ay as he dang them, they spier'd for himsel; an' wad turn, an' win eftir God:

<sup>e</sup> Deut. 32, 4.

35 An' mindit syne <sup>e</sup> that God *was* their Rock; an' God owre a', their hame-bringer.

<sup>f</sup> Ezek. 33, 31.

36 <sup>f</sup> Bot fair war they ay till himsel wi' their mouthe; an' fause wi' their tongues until him.

<sup>g</sup> Verse 8

37 For their heart, <sup>g</sup> it was ne'er that sikker wi' him; an' they ne'er keepit true till his tryst.

<sup>b</sup> Num. 14, 18.

38 <sup>b</sup> Bot sae kin' as he *was*, he wan by *their* faut; an' dang *them* na clean: <sup>i</sup> na, fu' o' en he airtit awa his wuth; <sup>k</sup> an' wauken'd-na a' his angir.

<sup>i</sup> Isai. 48, 9.<sup>k</sup> 1 Kings 21, 29.

39 For <sup>i</sup> he mindit that they *war* <sup>but</sup> flesch; <sup>m</sup> a breath that gangs by, an' again comes nevir!

<sup>j</sup> Gen. 6, 3.  
Ps. 103, 14, 16.<sup>m</sup> Job. 7, 7, 16.

40 Sae aften 's <sup>n</sup> they thraw'd wi' him thro' the wust; an' fash'd him sair in that gateless grun'.

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 99, 9, 10.  
Isai. 7, 13.  
Eph. 4, 30.

41 <sup>o</sup> An' ay they gaed bak, an' they temptit God; an' they boundit the Halie Ane o' Israel.

<sup>o</sup> Num. 14, 22.

42 They thought nane on his han', <sup>nor</sup> the day he rax't them out-owre frae strett:

<sup>p</sup> Ps. 105, 27, &c.

43 <sup>p</sup> When he lowse'd a' his woners on *Ægypt-lan'*; an' his ferlies, on Zoan strath:

<sup>q</sup> Exod. 7, 20.  
Ps. 105, 29.<sup>r</sup> Exod. 8, 24.  
Ps. 105, 31.

44 <sup>q</sup> An' chaingit their watirs till bluid; an' their burns, that they daur-na drink.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *a* *drifin* *thrang*.<sup>r</sup> Exod. 8, 6.

45 <sup>r</sup> He sent them <sup>†</sup> a flight, an' it glaum'd them up; <sup>s</sup> an' the puddock, <sup>†</sup> that wrought them sair:

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *an' scho*, i.e. the puddock, wrought, &c.<sup>t</sup> Exod. 10, 13.  
Ps. 105, 34.

46 <sup>t</sup> An' their braird wair'd he on the kail worm; an' on the locust, the feck o' their care.

<sup>u</sup> Exod. 9, 23.  
Ps. 105, 33.

47 <sup>u</sup> He dang down their vine-stoks wi' hail-*stones*; an' their plane-trees wi' shoggles o' ice. <sup>§</sup>

<sup>§</sup> The vine-stok hang on the plane-tree, syne a' wad come down thegither.

48 <sup>v</sup> An' he steekit their beiss to the hail; an' their <sup>†</sup> stockin till fiery slaughts:

<sup>v</sup> Exod. 9, 23.  
Ps. 105, 32.<sup>†</sup> Heb. *livin* *gear*.

49 He airtit amang them the lowe o' his wuth, slaught, an' feime, an' smoorin-drift, thae ill erran'-ridders o' his.

50 He thought on a gate for his angir; he hain'd-na their saul frae dead; bot he steekit <sup>||</sup> their life to the plague:

51 <sup>\*</sup> An' he dang ilka first-born in *Ægypt*; <sup>†</sup> the tapmaist pickle o' strenth in the howffs o' Ham! <sup>z</sup>

52 <sup>a</sup> Bot he fuhr'd his ain folk like sheep; an' weise'd them awa, like a flock in the desert:

53 An' he resit them thar i' the lown; an' they fash'd themsel nane wi' dread: <sup>b</sup> bot the sea, their ill-willers it smoor'd:

54 Bot them he gar'd fuhre till his halirude-side; that height o' *his ain*, 'he coft wi' his ain right han':

55 An' drave out afore them the folk o' *the lan'*; <sup>d</sup> an' rightit their haddin by line, an' gar'd dwell i' the howffs o' the *betthen* the clans o' Israel's *weans*.

56 Bot they temptit an' wearied the God was abune; an' thae trysts o' his ain, they ne'er keepit:

57 An' they thraw'd an' they lied, like their faithers *lang-syne*; <sup>c</sup> like a <sup>†</sup> thowless bow, they slippit:

58 <sup>f</sup> An' they angir'd him sair wi' their heights; an' wrought him till lowe wi' their scoopit idols.

59 God heard o' siclike, an' fu' angrie was he; an' he turn'd him atowre frae Isra'l:

60 <sup>g</sup> An' quat syne his dwellin in Shiloh; the howff he had ettled wi' man:

61 <sup>h</sup> An' his might he pat by intil thirldom; an' his gree, in the ill-willer's han'.

62 An' steekit his folk till the sword; an' was stoor till his heritage syne:

63 His ain youngsters, the lowe

<sup>||</sup> or, *a' that was livin o' theirs*; beast an' body. Exod. 9, 3, 6.

<sup>\*</sup> Exod. 12, 29.

Ps. 105, 36.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *the vera head*.

<sup>z</sup> Ps. 106, 22.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 77, 20.

<sup>b</sup> Exod. 14, 27, 28; 15, 10.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 44, 3.

<sup>d</sup> Josh. 13, 7. Ps. 136, 21, 22.

<sup>e</sup> Hos. 7, 16.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *fause*, or *wrang-set*.

<sup>f</sup> Deut. 32, 16, 21.

<sup>g</sup> 1 Sam. 4, 11. Jer. 7, 12, 14; 26, 6, 9.

<sup>h</sup> Judges 18, 30.



<sup>1</sup> Jer. 7, 34;  
16, 9; 25, 10.

<sup>\*</sup> 1 Sam. 4, 11.

<sup>1</sup> Job 27, 15.  
Ezek. 24, 23.

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 44, 23.

<sup>n</sup> Isai. 42, 13.

<sup>o</sup> 1 Sam. 5, 6,  
12; 6, 4.

<sup>p</sup> P. S7, 2.

§ Etles the  
highest an'  
the laigest;  
the lift an'  
the lan'.

<sup>q</sup> 1 Sam. 16,  
11.  
2 Sam. 7, 8.

† Heb. *vorves*  
in lam' or in  
milk: leuk  
Gen. 33, 13.  
Isai. 40, 11.

<sup>r</sup> 2 Sam. 5, 2  
1 Chron. 11, 2.

† Heb. *intil*  
*the lowen*.

|| or, *for*  
*Asaph*.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 74, 7.

<sup>b</sup> Mic. 3, 12.

<sup>c</sup> Jer. 7, 33.

† Heb. *yid*,  
or *lan'*.

snacket up; <sup>i</sup>an' his dochtirs war  
thought o' nae mair:

64 <sup>k</sup>His priests, they gaed down  
wi' the swurd; <sup>l</sup>an' his widows, they  
grat-na a tear.

65 <sup>m</sup>Syne wauken'd the LORD, like  
a sleeper; <sup>n</sup>like a wight, whan he  
rowts wi' wine:

66 <sup>o</sup>An' dang his ill-willers abune  
the houghs; an' wair'd them nae  
end o' shame.

67 An' awa wi' the shielin o'  
Joseph; an' wad nane o' the bluid  
o' Ephraim:

68 Bot he wale'd out the kin o'  
Jehudah; Mount-Zioun, <sup>p</sup>he liked  
the same.

69 An' he bigget his halie howff,  
§ like the heighest *abune the lan'*;  
§ like the yirth *hersel* he laid it, fu'  
deep, evir mair *till stan'*.

70 <sup>q</sup>An' he lightit on David his  
thirlman, an' took him frae the faulds  
o' sheep:

71 Frae gaen eftir † the milkers  
he sent him, <sup>r</sup>in Jakob till gang wi'  
his folk; an' in Israel, his hirsell *till*  
*keep*:

72 An' he fed them as right 's his  
ain heart; an' wi' the canny turn  
o' his han's, he wise'd them the  
lownest airt.†

### PSALM LXXIX.

*An unco sair 'plaint on a' the ill that 's  
been wrought by ill-willers on Jeru-  
salem: How lang can God thole the  
like? Will he no come hame, an'  
redd his folk frae sic berrymen?*

Ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

THE hethen, O God, hae won  
ben till yer ha'din; <sup>a</sup>the howff  
o' yer halidom filed hae they; <sup>b</sup>Jeru-  
s'lem, in bourocks they sweel'd.

2 <sup>c</sup>They hae gien the dead-bouk  
o' yer thirlfolk, *for* meat till the bird  
i' the lift; the flesch o' yer sants, till  
the brute o' the field.†

3 Jerus'lem round, their bluid they  
hae toom'd, like watir; <sup>d</sup>an' nane  
till yird *it* by.

4 <sup>e</sup>A geck are we till our niebors;  
a snirt an' a sneer, till wha round  
us fen.

5 <sup>f</sup>How lang, O LORD? Will ye  
kennle for ay? an' that angir o'  
thine, maun it lowe like fire?

6 <sup>g</sup>Toom out yer tene on the he-  
then, *folk* that ne'er kent yersel; an'  
ontil the kingryks *new*, that ne'er  
gied a scraigh till yer name:

7 For Jakob, they 'eten him up;  
an' herried that hame o' his ain.

8 <sup>h</sup>Wyte nae mair on oursels, || our  
ain wrang-doens lang-syne: lat yer  
rewth win afore us, or lang; for  
we're sairly down-cruppen *this while*.

9 Help us, O God, our heal-  
ha'din, for the sake o' yer ain gude  
name; an' rax us atowre, an' put  
right on our wrang, an' a' for the  
gude o' yer name.

10 <sup>i</sup>Whatfor suld the hethen say,  
Whar *is* this God o' theirs? Lat  
him be kent till the hethen, an'  
that in sight o' our een; whan the  
bluid o' yer thirlfolk that skailit  
was, *by them* sal hae answer'd been.

11 <sup>k</sup>Lat the sigh o' the weary thirl  
win ben afore yer sight; like that  
mighty arm o' yer ain, redd the  
bairns o' dead frae *sic plight*.

12 An' gie hame till our niebors  
forby, <sup>l</sup>seven-fauld i' their bosom  
ben, <sup>m</sup>thae jeers o' their ain, O  
LORD, wi' the whilk they been jeer-  
in yerlane.

13 <sup>n</sup>Bot oursels yer ain folk, an'  
the flock o' yer lan', sal gie laud  
evir mair till thee: frae ae kith-end  
till anither, thy praises owre-tell  
sal we.

### PSALM LXXX.

*How God plantit a vine-stok, ca'd  
Israel; how the beiss o' the woods*

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 141, 7.  
Jer. 14, 16;  
16, 4.  
Rev. 11, 9.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 44, 13;  
80, 6.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 74, 1, 9,  
10; 89, 46.

<sup>g</sup> Jer. 10, 25.

<sup>h</sup> Isai. 64, 9

|| or, *the*  
*wrang doens*  
*o' our fore-*  
*fulks*.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 42, 10;  
115, 2.

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 102, 20

<sup>l</sup> Gen. 4, 15.  
Isai. 65, 6, 7.  
Jer. 32, 18.  
Luke 6, 38.

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 74, 22.

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 95, 7;  
100, 3.





## GUIDE TILL THE MAP.

### TREE-RUTE: Estracl.

I. JUDAH.  
1. CALEB: 2. BOAZ: 3. DAVID.  
i. Hebron: ii. Debir.

II. REUBEN.  
1. HANOECH: 2. CARM: 3. PALLU.  
i. Shibmah.  
\* *Nebo*.

III. BENJAMIN.  
1. BELA: 2. ACHIA: 3. EHUD:  
4. SAUL: 5. AMOS.  
i. Jericho: ii. Jerusalem.

IV. SIMEOUN.  
1. JACHIN: 2. JAMIN.  
i. Ziklag: ii. Barshebah:  
\* Gath—[out-lyin town.]

V. GAD.  
1. JOEL.  
i. Ramoth  
— *Jabbok-Watir*.

VI. EPHRAIM.  
1. JOSHUA: 2. JEROBOAM.  
i. Samaria.  
\* *Ebal*: \*\* *Gerizim*.

VII. DAN.  
1. SAMSON.  
i. Ajalon, or Elon: ii. Jafra, or Joppa.

VIII. MANASSEH—HALF.  
1. ELISHA.  
i. Tephna, or Tapuah: ii. Megiddo

VIII. MANASSEH—HALF.  
1. MACHIR: 2. JAIR.  
i. Ashtoreth.  
\* *Hermion*.

IX. ISSACHAR.  
1. PHUA: 2. TOLA.  
i. Jesreel.  
\* *Carmel*.

X. ZEBULON.  
1. ALLON: 2. JONAH.  
i. Dothain.  
*Height no named—abblins Tabur, wrang  
set down.*

XI. NAPHTALI.  
1. BARAK.  
i. Dan—[a town.]

XII. ASHER.  
1. JIMNA.  
i. Accho: ii. Tyre.  
\* *Lebanon*.

### S E A S

\* THE GRAN' SEA, or Mediterranean.  
1. Watir o' Merom, or o' the Height.  
2. Sea o' Cinnereth, or Genesareth.  
3. Sea o' Sant, ca'd the Dead Sea.  
— Jordan-Watir.  
— Jabbok-Watir.

[Till the Auld Map are neither figures nor a guide: whar but ae Leaf's named till a  
tribe, we put nae figure on't.]

*Map, fræ German Hebræw draught.  
Halle-Magdeburg: 1741.*



\*Headins, &amp;c.

Ps. 45; 69.

|| or, for  
Asaph.

P. 45; 69.

\*Ps. 77, 20.

b Exod. 25,  
20.

1 Sam. 4. 4.

2 Sam. 6, 2.

Ps. 99, 1.

c Dent. 33, 2.

Ps. 50, 2; 94, 1.

d Num. 2,

18-23,

e Ver. 7, 19.

Lam. 5, 21.

† Heb. an'

gar.

f Ps. 4. 6

g Ps. 42, 3;

102, 9.

† Heb. three

measurs.

b Ps. 44, 13;

79, 4.

i Verse 3, 19.

† Heb. an'

gar.

k Isai. 5, 1, 7.

Jer. 2, 21.

Ezek. 15, 6;

17, 6; 19, 10.

l Ps. 44, 2.

therout wastit it; how God maun  
come hame, an' sort it.

Till the sang-maister on Shoshan-  
nim-Eduth; \* ane heigh-lilt o'  
Asaph's. ||

**S**HEEP-HERD o' Israel, heark-  
en: weisin Joseph on <sup>a</sup>like a  
flock; <sup>b</sup>sittin atween the cherubs,  
<sup>c</sup>O will ye no glint furth!

2 <sup>d</sup>In face o' Ephraim an' o' Ben-  
jamin, an' <sup>e</sup>eke o' Manasseh <sup>f</sup>himself;  
wauken that might o' yer ain, an'  
steer for heal-ha'din till us.

3 <sup>g</sup>O weise us hame again, God;  
†gar yer face <sup>f</sup>gie a glint, an' we're  
saif'd.

4 How lang, LORD God o' hosts,  
will ye reek at the pray'r o' yer  
folk?

5 <sup>g</sup>Bread o' tears ye hae gien them  
till eat; an' wi' tears ye hae sloken'd  
their drouth, †abune measur.

6 <sup>h</sup>Till our niebors, ye made us a  
facht; an' our ill-willers laugh till  
themsels.

7 <sup>i</sup>Weise us hame again, O God  
o' hosts; †gar yer face gie a glint,  
an' we're saif'd.

8 <sup>k</sup>A vine-stok ye brought out o'  
Ægypt; <sup>l</sup>ye dang the hethen at-  
owre, an' ye plantit her.

9 Rowth ye made a' fornenst her,  
†an' rutit her weel i' the grun'; an'  
<sup>m</sup>syne scho couth fill the lan'.

10 The heights, they war scaum'd  
wi' her schadowe; her beughs, <sup>n</sup>they  
war cedars o' God:

11 Till the sea, scho rax't yont  
her suckers; <sup>m</sup>till the watirs, her  
fast-growin rods.

12 Whatfor hae ye <sup>n</sup>dang down  
her dykins; that ilka gate-ganger  
can rive her awa?

13 The boar frae the frith, he can  
stamp her; an' the beast o' the fell,  
he can glaum her at will.

14 Hame again, O God o' hosts;

<sup>o</sup>tak a leuk frae the lift, an' see; an'  
visit this vine:

15 An' the haddin yer right han'  
has plantit; an' †the growthe ye  
made stieve for yersel.

16 Wi' fire it <sup>s</sup>been kennled, an'  
haggit; <sup>p</sup>at the glow'r o' yer face,  
they dwine.

17 <sup>q</sup>O gin yer han' war atowre,  
on the Man o' yer ain right han';  
atowre on the <sup>r</sup>ae son o' Adam, for  
yer ain ye ettled till stan'.

18 Syne, frae thee, we suld ne'er  
fa' awa; lat us live, an' we'll cry  
on yer name.

19 <sup>r</sup>Weise us hame again, LORD  
God o' hosts; gar yer face gie a  
glint, an' we're hain'd.

## PSALM LXXXI.

*What Israel suld ay hae dune, an' what  
Israel might ay hae been, gin Israel  
had but thoed wi' the guidin o' the  
LORD their God.*

Till the sang-maister on Gittith; \*  
ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

**L**ILT loud until God, our strenth;  
till the God o' Jakob sing:

2 Tak a lilt, an' rax owre the drum;  
the cheerie harp, wi' the string.†

3 Tout loud on the horn at new  
mune; at the tryst; on the day o'  
our blythe ado.

4 <sup>a</sup>For siclike <sup>s</sup>been a statute in  
Israel; a right wi' Jakob's God:

5 A bidden he made it till Joseph,  
whan he fuhr'd atowre Ægypt-<sup>b</sup>lan';  
<sup>b</sup>an' speech I kent nought o', I heard.

6 <sup>c</sup>His shouter I lowse'd frae the  
lade; <sup>d</sup>his loofs, frae the caudron  
they slakket.

7 <sup>e</sup>Ye cry't i' the grip, an' I lowse'd  
ye awa; <sup>f</sup>I spak hame till ye syne,  
i' the thunn'ry neuk: <sup>g</sup>at the watirs  
†o' Warsle, I try'd ye: Selah.

8 <sup>h</sup>Hearken, my folk, for I 'se

\* Isai. 63, 15.

† Heb. on the  
son: siclike  
as in ver. 7

p Ps. 76, 7.

q Ps. 89, 21

r Verses 3, 7.

\*Headins, &amp;c.

Ps. 8.

|| or, for

Asaph.

† Heb. tangin  
gear.a Lev. 23, 24.  
Num. 10, 10.

b Ps. 114, 1.

c Isai. 9, 4;  
10, 27.

d Exod. 1, 14.

e Exod. 2, 23;  
14, 10.

f Ps. 50, 15.

g Exod. 19,

19.

h Exod. 17,

6, 7.

Num. 20, 13.

† Heb. Meri-  
bah.

b Ps. 50, 7.

threep wi' yersel; Isra'l, gin ye wad but hearken till me:

9 Nane sal thar be, a frem god wi' thee; nor till nae unco god sal ye lout an' bid.

10 <sup>i</sup> Mylane *am* the LORD, yer ain God, wha brought ye frae Ægyptlan': rax open yer mouthe wi' a will, an' syne I sal pang 't for *thee*.<sup>§</sup>

11 Bot my folk wad hear nane till my cry; an' Israel wad nane o' mysel:

12 <sup>k</sup> Sae I e'en gied them owre till † their thrawnness o' heart; an' they gaed, as they liket themsel.

13 <sup>l</sup> O gin my folk had but hearken'd till me; gin Israel had fuhred my ain gates:

14 In a blink, their ill-willers I'd brought till the grun'; and rax'd roun my han' on their faes.

15 <sup>m</sup> Wha misliket the LORD, suld † hae loutit till him; bot for evir an' ay, their ain time suld hae been.

16 <sup>n</sup> He had † plenish'd them syne wi' the best o' the wheat; <sup>o</sup> an' e'en ‖ frae the hinney-craig, I had steghit thee!

### PSALM LXXXII.

*Right-rechtin in Israel has gaen sair wrang; God himsel maun be her right-rechter.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ‖

**G**OD <sup>a</sup> stan's i' the thrang o' the mighty; he rights amang *a'* the gods.

2 How lang will ye right wi' a wrang; <sup>b</sup> an' the face o' ill-doers up-haud? Selah.

3 The feckless an' faitherless, right; till the down-dang an' puir, do nae wrang:

4 <sup>c</sup> The feckless an' frail, sen' them canny hame; frae the ill-doers' han's lat *them* gang.

5 They ken-na, and care-na awa';

i' the mirk, they gang stevlin on: <sup>d</sup> a' the founds o' the yirth are at thraw.†

6 <sup>e</sup> I said Ye *war* gods, mysel; an' sons o' the Heighest, † ilk ane:

7 Bot yet ye maun die, like the † laighest loon; an' like ane o' the foremaist, fa'.

8 Win up, O God; right-recht the lan'; <sup>f</sup> for yerlane, maun tak feof o' the hethen a'.

### PSALM LXXXIII.

*Some gatb'ran o' the niebor folk till mak awa wi' Israel; the Makar wytes them i' the name o' God, till be a dang by like stoure.*

A sang an' ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ‖

**O** GOD, <sup>a</sup> be-na whush; be-na quaiet; be-na lown, O God.

2 For leuk, yer ill-willers wauken a din; an' yer haters rax up the head:

3 Again yer ain folk, they 'taen canny thought; <sup>b</sup> an' ettle mischieff on wha lye i' that neuk o' thine.†

4 Quo' they, Come awa; 'lat 's sned them by, frae amang the folk; that the name o' Isra'l be nae langer in mind!

5 For their heart they hae packit thegither; again thee, they hae snedden a tryst:

6 <sup>d</sup> Edom's howffs an' the Ishma'lites; Moab an' the Hagarenes:

7 Gebal, an' Ammon, an' Amalek; Philistins, wi' dwellers in Tyre:

8 Assy as weel, was in pack wi' them; an' they † stoopit the bairns o' Lot. Selah.

9 Bot do ye until them, as *till* <sup>e</sup> Midian; <sup>f</sup> as *till* Sisera, as *till* Jab-in, awa by the Kison flude:

10 They war clean done awa at En-dor; <sup>g</sup> they war *dang like* dung on the yird.

11 Mak the best amang them,

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 11, 3.

† Heb. *shoggit*.

<sup>e</sup> Exod. 22, 9.

Jolin 10, 34.

† Heb. *a' ye*.

† Heb. *man o' the yird*.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 49, 12.

Ezek. 31, 14.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 2, 8.

‖ or, *for Asaph*.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 28, 1;

35; 22; 109, 1.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 27, 5;

31, 20.

† Heb. *happit anes*.

<sup>c</sup> Jer. 11, 19;

31, 36.

<sup>d</sup> 2 Chron. 20,

1; 10, 11.

<sup>e</sup> Judges 7,

22.

<sup>f</sup> Judges 4 15,

24; 5, 21.

<sup>g</sup> 2 Kings 9,

37.

Zeph. 1, 17.

<sup>i</sup> Exod. 20, 2.

§ It was whiles owre weel fill'd: Ps. 78, 30, 31.

<sup>k</sup> Acts 7, 42;

14, 16.

Rom. 1, 24.

† Heb.

*thrawnness*

*o' their heart*.

<sup>l</sup> Deut. 5, 29;

10, 12, 13.

Isai. 48, 18.

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 18, 44;

66, 3.

† Heb. *loutit*

*o' their ears*.

<sup>n</sup> Deut. 32,

13, 14.

Ps. 147, 14.

† Heb. *gar'd*

*them eat o'*

*the fat o'*

*wheat*.

<sup>o</sup> Job 29, 6.

‖ or, *hinney*

*frae the craig,*

*gien enough*

*till thee*.

‖ or, *for Asaph*.

<sup>a</sup> 2 Chron.

19, 6.

Eccles. 5, 8.

<sup>b</sup> Deut. 1, 17;

10, 17.

2 Chron. 19, 7.

<sup>c</sup> Prov. 24, 11.

<sup>b</sup> Judges 7, 25.<sup>c</sup> Judges 8, 12, 21.<sup>†</sup> Heb. Ettles shielin an' sheep-lan' thegither.<sup>\*</sup> Isai. 17, 13, 14.<sup>†</sup> Heb. frightit ay an on' on.<sup>c</sup> Ps. 59, 13.

A. C. 1023.

<sup>\*</sup> Headins, &c. Ps. 8.

|| or, of.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 42, 1, 2; 65, 1; 73, 26; 119, 20.<sup>b</sup> Ps. 65, 4.<sup>§</sup> The blythe birds sing till God, without dread, on the vera slachtir-stane. They maunna be steer'd.

<sup>h</sup> like Oreb, an' like Zeeb; <sup>i</sup> an' like Zebah, an' e'en like Zalmunnah, their foremaist ilk ane.

12 Wha said, Lat us glaum for oursels, the †hirsels an' a' o' God.

13 <sup>k</sup> My God, mak them a' like a trinnee; like fothir afore the win'.

14 As lowe licks up the wood; an' a bleeze, as it kennles the hills:

15 Sae drive ye them wi' yer onding; an' wi' yer swirlin blast, gar them cling.

16 Fill-fu' their faces wi' scorn, or they seek for yer name, O LORD.

17 Scham'd lat them be, an' †lang frightit; an' daiver'd, an' whamm'l'd dune.

18 'Syne sal they ken that yersel, wi' that name o' yer ain, JEHOVAH, are heighest the hail yirth abune!

## PSALM LXXXIV.

*How loesome are the dwallins o' God: blythe the bit birds i' the biggen; bot blythe abune a' is man; an' blythe owre the lave, wha see God in Zioun.*

Till the sang-maister on Gittith:<sup>\*</sup> ane heigh-lilt || for the sons o' Korah.

**H**OW loesome thae howffs o' thine, LORD o' hosts!

2 <sup>a</sup> My life langs sair, an' wearies awa, || for the LORD's ain fauldins sae fine; my heart an' my bouk, they skreigh out fu' fain, for God, for the livin God!

3 The vera flight-flier, scho wales a bit houss; an' the swallow a nest for hersel, whar her birds scho may lippin fu' snod; yer ain slachtir-cairns, O LORD, my King an' my God.

4 <sup>b</sup> Blythe dwellers are thae i' that houss o' yer ain; they maun ay be liltin till thee: Selah. §

5 Bot blythe abune a' been man;

his strenth's i' yersel alane: i' their heart, are thae gates o' thine. ‡

6 Gaen thro' ||<sup>c</sup> the dulesome dale, they e'en mak the same a wa'l; || an' the dreepin rain itsel, cleeds them wi' blessins abune.

7 Frae strenth till strenth, they win on; they leuk till see God in Zioun.

8 Hearken my bidden, LORD God o' hosts; hearken, thou God o' Jakob: Selah.

9 <sup>d</sup> Schild o' our ain, leuk hereawa, God; leuk atowre on the face o' yer Chrystit.

10 For better's ae day i' thae faulds o' thine, nor a thousan: fainer I'd jouk at the yett o' God's houss, nor be howff'd in ha's o' wrangdoen.

11 <sup>e</sup> For a sun an' a schild, 's the LORD God himlane; gree an' gloiry the LORD can len': <sup>f</sup> an' ought that's gude he winna hain, frae them that gang aefauld on.

12 <sup>g</sup> Blythe be the man, O LORD o' hosts, till yerlane that lippens himsel!

(1) Ane kens-na, amang sae mony readins, how till redd the gate. Our Inglis reads nae wysser nor the lave, an' they differ uncolie, ane frae anither. Baith here an' in verse 5, we hae ettled David, that was sae gran' a makar an' kent weel what he said, suld speak for himsel. Leuk again, an' see gin it be-na baith wyss an' wyss-like.

## PSALM LXXXV.

*A cheerie lilt for the hame-come o' God wi' gude-will: his folk maun be wyss eftirhen.*

Till the sang-maister: <sup>\*</sup> ane heigh-lilt || for the sons o' Korah.

**Y**E hae rew'd on yer lan', O LORD; ye hae †lowse'd the thirldom o' Jakob!

2 <sup>a</sup> Ye hae redd by the wrang o' yer folk; ye hae happit up a' their misdoens: Selah.

3 Ye hae swakket frae a' yer

† Cramp eneugh Hebrew. Leuks till ettle, that man's better an' blyther nor the birds wi' a'—as said Chryst, Mat. 6, 26.

|| or, the dale o' Baca, or o' greetin, or, o' mulberry trees.

<sup>c</sup> 2 Sam. 5, 22, 23.

|| or, the maister, or the learner, theeks, or is theekit wi' blessins; or, the rain theeks the dubs, (1)

<sup>d</sup> Gen. 15, 1.

<sup>e</sup> Gen. 15, 1. Ps. 119, 114. Prov. 2, 7.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 34, 9, 10

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 2, 12.

<sup>\*</sup> Ps. 12, headin || or, of.

† Heb. brought hame: leuk Ps. 68, 18.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 32, 1.



<sup>a</sup> Ps. 80, 7

wuth; ye hae quat frae the lowe o' yer angir.

4 <sup>b</sup> Weise us hame again, God our heal-ha'din; an' hae dune wi' yer angir on us.

5 Will ye lowe on us ay, evir mair? Will ye rax yer ill-will, frae ae kith-gettin till anither?

6 Will ye ne'er come hame, till gie life till us? that yer folk may be blythe in thee!

7 O LORD, lat us see yer ain gude-ness; an' yer heal-ha'din, wair't on oursel!

<sup>c</sup> Zech. 9, 10.

8 I maun hearken what God the LORD will speak *syne*: 'for peace he sal speak till his folk, till his sants an' a'; bot till folly, they maunna win hame.

<sup>d</sup> Zech. 2, 5.

9 Surely nar's his heal-ha'din till wha fear himsel; <sup>d</sup> that gloiry may bide in our lan'.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 72, 3.  
<sup>f</sup> Isai. 32, 17.

10 Rewth an' trewth hae forga-ther'd wi' ither; 'the right an' the lown, they hae kiss'd, the twa.

<sup>f</sup> Isai. 45, 8

11 <sup>f</sup> Trewth schutes like the blade frae the grun'; an' the right, it leuks owre frae the lift.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 84, 11.

12 <sup>g</sup> Syne the LORD, he sal gie us *what's* gude; <sup>h</sup> an' our lan' sal be guid wi' her gift.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 67, 6.<sup>i</sup> Ps. 89, 14.

13 <sup>i</sup> The right, it sal fuhre afore him; an' sal airt us the gate o' his feet

## PSALM LXXXVI.

*Ane unco sair plea o' David's wi' the Lord, wha's far abune a' ither gods, till win hame till him an' help him*

Ane heart's-bode o' David's.

<sup>g</sup> Intil this Psalm, it's whiles *Lord*, an whiles *Laird*; in verses 1, 6, 11, 17, it stans *Lord*, intil the lave *Laird*; but ettles a' ane

**L**OUT laigh yer lug, O LORD; hearken ye till me, for puir an' forfain am mysel.

2 Tak tent o' my life, for 'am a' yer ain: heal ye yer ain thirlman,

O my God, wha lippens himsel till yerlane.

3 Rew kindly on me, O LORD, for a' the day lang I hae skreigh't till yersel.

4 The saul o' yer servan' fu' blyth lat it be; <sup>a</sup> for till yerlane, O LORD, rax I up my saul:

5 <sup>b</sup> For gude, O LORD, *are* ye a' yerlane, an' o' pitie fou; in rewth abune a', till wha cry on thee.

6 Hearken, O LORD, till my bid-den; an' thole at the sraigh o' my pray'rs.

7 'In the day o' my fash, I maun cry till yersel; for yersel can speak hame till me fair.

8 <sup>d</sup> Nane like yersel amang a' the gods; <sup>†</sup> nor nae warks like yer ain, O LORD: <sup>e</sup>

9 <sup>f</sup> A' kins ye hae made, they maun come, an' lout laigh afore thee, O LORD; an' maun e'en gie laud till yer name.

10 For gran' a' yerlane, *are* thou; <sup>g</sup> an' warks o' wonner, ye wrought yersel: <sup>h</sup> O God, ye are God alane!

11 <sup>i</sup> Weise me, O LORD, yer ain gate; *syne* sal I fuhre i' yer trewth: an' my heart, till fear yer name, haud it weel thegither.

12 For wi' a' my heart I maun praise yersel, O LORD my God; an' gie laud till yer name for evir.

13 For yer rewth ontill me, it's *been* wonner grit; an' ye redd out my saul frae the graiff aneth.

14 <sup>||</sup> A wheen haughty gods again me raise; <sup>k</sup> an' a thrang o' ill-doers sought eftir my life; an' ne'er set yersel afore them.

15 <sup>l</sup> Bot yerlane, O LORD, *are* a God fou o' pitie, an' kind; frae angir far, an' in rewth an' in trewth, abune mind. <sup>†</sup>

16 Leuk atowre till mysel, an' hae pitie on me; gie strenth o' yer ain till yer loon *that's* in ban': <sup>m</sup> an' saif ye the son o' yer maiden.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 25, 1;  
143, 8.<sup>b</sup> Verse 15.  
Ps. 145, 9.  
Joel 2, 13.<sup>c</sup> Ps. 50, 15.<sup>d</sup> Exod. 15,  
11.  
Ps. 89, 6.<sup>†</sup> Heb. *nane*  
*like yer ain*  
*warks*.<sup>e</sup> Deut. 3, 24.<sup>f</sup> Ps. 22, 31;  
102, 18.  
Isai. 43, 7.<sup>g</sup> Ps. 72, 18;  
77, 14.<sup>h</sup> Deut. 6, 4;  
32, 39.  
Isai. 37, 16;  
44, 6.Mark 12, 29.  
<sup>i</sup> Cor. 8, 4.  
Eph. 4, 6.<sup>j</sup> Ps. 25, 4;  
27, 11; 119,  
33; 143, 8.<sup>||</sup> or, O God,  
the haughty  
anes hae  
risen.<sup>k</sup> Ps. 54, 3.<sup>l</sup> Exod. 34, 6.  
Num. 14, 18.  
Neh. 9, 17.Verse 5.  
Ps. 103, 8;  
111, 4; 130,  
4, 7; 145, 8.  
Joel 2, 13.<sup>†</sup> Heb. *mony-  
fauld*.<sup>m</sup> Ps. 116, 16.

17 Tryst me some ferlie for gude,  
that my haters may see 't, an' be  
scham'd: for yerlane, O LORD, hae  
baith stoopit an' bield't me finely.

PSALM LXXXVII.

*God cares mair for Zioun, nor the lave  
o' the world forby; a' that sal count  
wi' him, maun count till be born  
tharby.*

Ane heigh-lilt or sang ||for the sons  
o' Korah.

**S**AE sikker 's his found <sup>a</sup>on the  
halie heights!

2 <sup>b</sup>The LORD loes the yetts o'  
Zioun, mair nor Jakob's shielins a'.

3 Siccan ferlies are tell't o' thee,  
brugh o' God's *walins*: Selah:

4 'Rahab an' Babel, I 'se name,  
till wha ken ought o' me: thar 's  
Philistie frem, an' thar 's Tyre; alang  
wi' *the lan' o' Cush*: †some loon, he  
was born i' the same.

5 Bot till Zioun sal *ay* be said,  
†Man eftir man was born in her:  
an' Himsel, wha 's Heighest o' a',  
he sal stablish her.

6 <sup>d</sup>The LORD he sal count, whan  
he jots the folk, that siclike was  
born tharin: Selah.

7 An' the lilters *themsels* like fifers  
*sal be*; § ilk wa'll-spring o' mine 's  
intil thee!

PSALM LXXXVIII.

*Heman lits in dule, an' the sairest  
heart-threepin wi' God: neither  
light nor likan ava'.*

Ane heigh-lilt or sang ||for the sons  
o' Korah; till the sang-maister  
on \*Mahalath Leannoth: \*Mas-  
chil o' Heman the Ezrahite.

**L**ORD God o' my ain heal-  
sa'r; an' a' night, afore thee, forby.  
2 Lat my bidden win ben till yer  
presence; lout yer lug till my weary  
cry.

3 For my saul it 's been steghit  
wi' sorrows; an' my life wins awa  
till the graiff.

4 'Am countit wi' them that gang  
down till the heugh; <sup>a</sup>'am e'en like  
some carl wi' nae mair o' pith: §

5 Lowse'd frae my ban's wi' the  
dead; like the slachtir'd, wha lye  
for the yirdin; that yersel winna  
mind ony mair, an' they're e'en sned  
awa frae yer hirdin.

6 Ye hae flang me †aneth, i' the  
sheugh; i' the mirkest gloams, i' the  
laighest heughs.

7 Yer wuth, it dings owre me  
abune; an' <sup>b</sup>yer angir-spates a', ye  
hae brusten on *me*: Selah.

8 'My friens, ye hae schuten them  
far frae mysel; ye hae made me  
their scunner: 'am steekit close ben,  
an' sal ne'er win but.

9 <sup>d</sup>My ee wears awa wi' dule; I  
hae skreigh't till yerlane, O LORD,  
a' day; 'I hae braidet my looves,  
fornest ye.

10 <sup>f</sup>Will ye wair wonner-warks  
on the dead? sal ghaists win atowre  
an' praise thee? Selah.

11 Sal yer rewth be tell't owre  
i' the graiff? yer trewth, amang  
*mouls* an' wastry?

12 <sup>g</sup>Sal yer ferlies be kent i' the  
mirk? <sup>h</sup>or yer right, i' the land o'  
nae mind?

13 Bot mysel, I maun sraigh till  
ye, LORD: 'an' i' the mornin ere,  
sal my bidden win hame afore ye. §

14 Whatfor, O LORD, schute ye  
by my saul? an' hap ye yer face  
frae me?

15 Forfochten am I, an' 'am e'en  
i' the dead-thraw; sen a callant *I*  
*was*, I hae thol'd yer on-dings, <sup>k</sup>an'  
kenna *nae langer* how till dree.

16 Yer angrie tornes hae travell'd  
owre me; yer awsome dreids, they  
hae sned me down:

17 They fankit me roun ||ilk day,

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 31, 12.

§ Able  
enough  
ance, bot  
clean by  
now.

†Heb. *sheugh*  
o' the *horses*

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 42, 7.

<sup>c</sup>Job 19, 13.  
Ps. 31, 11;  
142, 4.

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 38, 10.

<sup>e</sup>Job 11, 13.  
Ps. 143, 6.

<sup>f</sup>Ps. 6, 5;  
30, 9; 115,  
17; 118, 17  
Isai. 38, 18

<sup>g</sup>Job 10, 21.  
Ps. 143, 3.

<sup>h</sup>Ps. 31, 12.

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 5, 3.

§ Or God  
waukens,  
Heman's  
bidden sal  
be afore him.

<sup>k</sup>Job 6, 4.

|| or, a' the  
day lang.

|| or, of.

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 48, 1.

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 78, 67,  
68.

<sup>c</sup>Ps. 89, 10.

†Heb. *ony-  
body*.

†Heb. *mighty  
man an'  
mighty man*,  
far abune a'  
loons frae  
Cush.

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 22, 30.

§ Unco loud  
an' clear, till  
tell sic news.

|| or, of.

\*Headins, &c.  
1 Kings 4, 31.  
1 Chron. 2, 6.

<sup>1</sup>Ps. 31, 11;  
38, 11.

like watir; they wan up about me,  
a' at ae tide.

18 <sup>1</sup>Jo an' frien' hae ye schuten  
clean frae me; an' wha kent me  
narest, in mirk *till bide*.

### PSALM LXXXIX.

*What God has trystit till David, an'  
till a' that are David's ain; an'  
tho' David be uncoly tried, how God  
maun ay bide by his word. Blythe  
may they a' be wha fen like David.*

\*Maschil || o' Ethan the Ezrahite.

**T**HE rewths o' the LORD evir  
mair I maun sing; frae ae  
†life's end till anither, thy trewth  
I se mak kent wi' my mouthe.

2 For rewth, quo' I, sal be bigger  
for ay; <sup>a</sup>thy trewth, i' the lifts ye  
sal set.

3 <sup>b</sup>I hae snedden a tryst wi' my  
walit; <sup>c</sup>I hae sworn until David,  
my thirl:

4 <sup>d</sup>I sal stablish yer out-come for  
evir; <sup>e</sup>an' frae ae kith end till an-  
ther, that thron o' yer ain I sal big:  
Selah.

5 <sup>f</sup>An' the hevins sal gie laud till  
yer wonner-warks, LORD; an' yer  
trewth, i' the thrang o' the sants.

6 <sup>g</sup>For wha i' the lift sal stan' wi'  
the LORD? <sup>or</sup> kythe wi' the LORD,  
amang sons o' †the mighty?

7 <sup>h</sup>A God fu' dread, i' the thrang  
o' the gude; an' eke till be fear'd,  
o' a' that forgather round him.

8 LORD God o' mony-might, wha  
's like yersel, sic a mighty Lord? an'  
yer truth, that wins a' about ye?

9 <sup>i</sup>Yerlane, ye can swee owre the  
height o' the sea; i' the heize o' its  
waves, ye can lay them.

10 || Rahab ye <sup>k</sup>dang, like a slach-  
tir'd loon; wi' the arm o' yer might  
ye drave yer ill-willers.

11 Yer ain are <sup>l</sup>the hevins, an' the  
yirth <sup>is</sup> yer ain; the warld an' its  
walth, ye hae made them sikker.

12 The north an' the southe, ye  
hae schuppen them baith: Tabor  
an' Hermon sal lilt at yer name.

13 Yer ain <sup>is</sup> an arm wi' might  
an' a'; sterck is yer han', an' fu'  
heigh yer right han'.

14 <sup>m</sup>Right an' right-redden <sup>are</sup>  
skowth for yer thron; <sup>n</sup>rewth an'  
trewth haud the gate afore ye.

15 Fu' blythe may the folk be,  
wha ken the cheerie sang; <sup>o</sup>i' the  
light o' thy ain face, O LORD, their  
gate they ay sal gang. §

16 I' that name o' thine, the lee-  
lang day, sal they be liltin free;  
an' in that righteousness o' thine, sal  
they be hadden hie.

17 For the gudeliheid o' a' their  
might, <sup>are</sup> ye yersel <sup>alane</sup>; <sup>p</sup>an' intil  
that gude-will o' thine, ye sal heize  
our horn abune.

18 For till the LORD, our schild  
<sup>effeirs</sup>; an' till Israel's Halie Ane,  
our King.

19 Syne spak ye, †wi' the seer's  
sight, till him was dear to thee; an'  
help ontill a mighty ane I hae lip-  
pened, quo' ye: a weel-waled <sup>right</sup>  
frae 'mang the folk, I hae setten  
him on hie.

20 <sup>q</sup>E'en David's sel, I fand him  
out, my ain lealman <sup>till be</sup>; an' wi'  
the oyle o' halieness, chrystit him-  
sel hae I.

21 <sup>r</sup>An' sae my han', wi' him sal  
stan'; an' my arm his stoop sal be.

22 <sup>s</sup>On him the fae nae fash sal  
lay; nor mischieff's son him wrang:

23 <sup>t</sup>Afore his face, I'll ding his  
faes; an' cloure wha wiss him ill:

24 <sup>u</sup>Bot my trewth an' my rewth,  
they <sup>sal bide</sup> wi' himsel; an' his horn,  
<sup>x</sup>in my name, sal be strang. †

25 <sup>y</sup>His han' I'll e'en set i' the  
sea; an' his right han' in braid-  
rowin fludes. ‡

26 Till mysel he sal cry, my

<sup>m</sup>Ps. 97, 2.

<sup>n</sup>Ps. 85, 13.

<sup>o</sup>Num. 10, 10;  
23, 21.

§ The gift o'  
sang 's a  
God's gift,  
an' wyssly  
hanl'd, heals  
the folk.

<sup>p</sup>Ver. 24.  
Ps. 75, 10;  
132, 17.

† Sight comes  
whiles wi'  
sang, as till  
David him-  
sel it did.

<sup>q</sup>1 Sam. 16,  
1, 12.

<sup>r</sup>Ps. 80, 17.

<sup>s</sup>2 Sam. 7, 10.

<sup>t</sup>2 Sam. 7. 9.

<sup>u</sup>Ps. 61, 7.

<sup>x</sup>Ver. 17.

† Heb. *heigh-  
tit*.

<sup>y</sup>Ps. 72, 8;  
80, 11.

‡ His face  
syne suld be  
till the  
north: Tak  
a leuk o' the  
map.

\*Headins, &c.

|| or, for; an'  
leuks unco  
like David's  
ain, tho' it  
be sae gien  
till Ethan;  
some tak it  
for ane o'  
Jeremiah's,  
an' the LXX.  
read Ethan  
the Israelite.  
1 Kings 4, 31.  
1 Chron. 2, 6.

† Heb. *kith-  
gettin an'  
kithgettin*.

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 119, 89.

<sup>b</sup>1 Kings 8,  
16.

<sup>c</sup>2 Sam. 7,  
11, &c.

<sup>d</sup>Verses 29,  
36.

<sup>e</sup>Siclike as  
in verse 1.

<sup>f</sup>Ps. 19, 1.

<sup>g</sup>Ps. 71, 19;  
86, 8; 113, 5.

† Heb. *the  
gods*.

<sup>h</sup>Ps. 76, 11.

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 65, 7.

|| or, ye may  
ca't *Aegypt*.

<sup>k</sup>Exod. 14,  
26.

Ps. 87, 4.  
Isai. 30, 7.

<sup>l</sup>Gen. 1, 1.  
Ps. 24, 1; 50,  
12.



† Heb. *rock o' my heal-ha'din.*

≈ Ps. 2, 7.

• Isai. 55, 3.

• Ver. 4, 36.

• Isai. 9, 7.  
Jer. 33, 17.

• Deut. 11, 21.

• 2 Sam. 7, 14.

• 2 Sam. 7, 14.

• 2 Sam. 7, 15.

† Heb. *lips.*

• Amos 4, 2.

• 2 Sam. 7, 16.

• Luke 1, 33.

• John 12, 34.

• Ver. 4, 29.

† Heb. *suld be.*

• Ps. 72, 5, 17.

† Heb. *an' the true teller.*

• Ps. 74, 7.

Faither *are* ye; my God, an' †my hainin rock.

27 Syne sae the auld son I sal mak him; <sup>z</sup> abune a' kings o' the lan':

28 <sup>a</sup> Evir mair my gude-will, for him I sal hain; an' my tryst, wi' himsel it sal stan':

29 <sup>b</sup> His outcome for ay I sal e'en gar stay; <sup>c</sup> an' his thron, like the days o' the lift.<sup>d</sup>

30 <sup>e</sup> Gin his weans hae nae mind o' my law; an' gin they winna gang i' my right:

31 Gin they saddle the trysts I made; an' nane by my biddens will haud:

32 <sup>f</sup> Their ain wrang-doens syne I sal snod wi' the rod; an' their folly, wi' mony a blaud.

33 <sup>g</sup> Bot my kindness frae him I sal ne'er tak awa; nor mislippen my tryst o' truth:

34 Lightly my tryst sal I nevir; nor steer what gaed but frae my mouthe.†

35 <sup>h</sup> Ance hae I sworn by my haliness; till David whatfor suld I lie?

36 <sup>i</sup> That his outcome †suld bide for evir; <sup>k</sup> an' his thron like the sun, afore me:

37 Like the mune, evir mair suld be sikker; †an' what 's true, i' the lift sae hie: Selah.

38 Bot yersel, ye hae airtit awa, an' misguidit *us* sair hae ye; wi' yer chrystit, ye 'taen the ill thraw.

39 Yer ain lealman's tryst, ye disown'd it; 'his crown ye hae filed i' the stoure:

40 A' his dykes ye hae wrakit till ruins; <sup>m</sup> his strenths ye hae wastit awa:†

41 A' that gang by the gate, they can rive him; he 's a geck till his niebors a':

42 His ill-willers' right han' ye hae heizet; an' fu' blythe ye hae made a' his faes:

43 Na, the face o' his swurd, ye hae cuisten; an' in tuilzie, ye stoop him nae mair:

44 The skance o' his gloiry ye keppit; an' his thron ye brought down till the lair:†

45 The days o' his youth ye hae snedden; ye hae happit him owre wi' care: Selah.

46 <sup>n</sup> How lang, O LORD? will ye hide for evir? <sup>o</sup> yer wuth, maun it lowe like a fire?

47 <sup>p</sup> Hae min' o' mylane; †but a blink *I can hain.* Ilk bairn o' the yird, whatfor hae ye made him for nought?

48 <sup>q</sup> Wha sae stieve can live, <sup>r</sup> an' dead shanna †prieve? wha can redd but his life, frae the grip o' the graiff? Selah.

49 O whar *are* yer thoughts, ance sae kind, O LORD? <sup>s</sup> till David ye swure i' yer truth?†

50 O LORD, hae min' o' yer thirl-folk's pine; <sup>t</sup> "I bear 't i' my breast, frae the feck o' the hethen a':

51 <sup>u</sup> How yer ill-willers jeer, O LORD; how yer chrystit's ain gates they misca'!

52 *Bot* blythe be the LORD, evir mair: Amen, an' sae lat it fa'!

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 80, 12.

† Heb. *setten them a' wust*

† Heb. *yird on grun.*

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 79, 5.

<sup>o</sup> Ps. 78, 63.

<sup>p</sup> Ps. 39, 5;  
119, 84.

† Heb. *what-na blink*: the lave 's awantin.

<sup>q</sup> Ps. 49, 9.

<sup>r</sup> Hebr. 11, 5.

† Heb. *see,*

<sup>s</sup> 2 Sam. 7, 15.

Isai. 55, 3.

† Ps. 54, 5.

<sup>u</sup> Ps. 69, 9.

<sup>x</sup> Ps. 74, 22.

## [PAIRT FOUR.]

[*Until this an' the hinmaist Pairt, as ye sal see, are mony Psalms wi' nae headins o' their ain, an' by what makar 's no kent. The LXX., or Septuagint, as they're ca'd, hae gien headins till a' whien o' them; an' we tak sic help frae them [in braggets] as they can gie.*]

## PSALM XC.

*Man's like the gerss, an' his days like a tide: he comes an' he gangs, but he canna bide.*

\* Deut. 33, 1.

\* Ane heart's bode o' Moses, the ae Man o' God.

<sup>a</sup> Deut. 33, 27.  
Ezek. 11, 16.

† Heb. *frae kithgettin an' kithgettin.*

<sup>b</sup> Prov. 8, 25.

OUR <sup>a</sup>hame Ye 'been ay, yer-lane, O LORD; †<sup>a</sup>frae ae life's end till anither.

2 <sup>b</sup>Or the heights war shot but, or the yirth an' the warld ye had schuppen; na, frae ae langsyne till anither, *hae Ye been* God.

<sup>c</sup> Gen. 3, 19.  
Eccles. 12, 7.

3 Man ye fesh roun till naething; aye, ye say 'Hame again, Sons o' the yird!

<sup>d</sup> 2 Pet. 3, 8.

4 <sup>d</sup>For a thousan year i' yer sight, are the gliff o' a bygane day; or e'en as a steer i' the night.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 73, 20.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 103, 15.  
Isai. 40, 6.

5 'Ye hae drookit them a' in a dwaum; <sup>f</sup>i' the mornin are they, as the winnle-strae dwaffles:

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 92, 7.

6 <sup>g</sup>I' the mornin, it braids an' it dwaffles; or night, it lies mawn an' winn.

7 For in yer angir, we're a' for-fochten; an' in yer wuth, are we dang clean dune.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 50, 21.

§ A' that 's weak in our bodies.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 19, 12.

8 <sup>h</sup>Our fauts ye hae setten for-nenst ye; § our 'weel-happit *sins*, i' the glint o' yer glow'r.

9 For ilk day o' our ain drees by in yer angir; an' our years wear awa, like † the sugh o' a sang.

† Heb. *thought fu' croon.*

10 The days o' our years, seeventy year o' them a'; or wi' meikle pith, aughty year they may gang: bot a weary warsle 's their feck wi' a'; for a gliff it gaes by, an' we slichter hame.

11 Wha daur mean the weight o' yer angir? e'en sae as ye're trystit, yer angir maun *be*.†

† Heb. *till count.*

\* Ps. 39, 4.

12 <sup>k</sup>Till count our days, gar us ken the better; an' airt *our* heart the gate o' *sic* lear.

13 Hame again, LORD, how lang

*sal ye swither?* an' ay on yer thirl-folk rew the mair:

14 Stegh us fu' ere wi' rowth o' yer pitie; syne sal we lilt, an' be blythe a' our days.

15 Mak us blythe, † for sae lang's ye hae dang us; an' the years we hae seen but ill:†

† Heb. *for the days*—till wit, in Ægypt.

† 400 year: an' mae nor twice as mony they might hae been blythe, an they wad hae tholed guidin.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 27, 4.

§ An' till nae Ægyptian riever.

16 Lat yer wark be but seen on yer thirlfolk; on their bairns, yer gudeliheid *still*:

17 'An' the will o' the LORD our God be amang us; an' the wark o' our han's, till ousels mak it guid: O the wark o' our han's, mak it guid till *oursel*.§

## PSALM XCI.

*Nane sae sikker as wha bide wi' the Lord: The ill-man himsel kens that fu' weel.*

[By wha, 's no said: maist like by David.]

WHA <sup>a</sup>lyes i' the lown o' the Heighest, he sal bide i' the bield o' the Stievest:

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 27, 5.

2 <sup>b</sup>He may say, || Wi' the LORD, is my to-fa' an' craig; my God, I maun lippen him liefest.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 142, 5.  
|| or, I'll say.

3 'For, frae the hunter's girn he sal quat ye; an' e'en frae the sugh o' a' ill:§

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 124, 7.  
§ The hunter aiblins shue'd the birds in owre till his girn.

4 <sup>d</sup>He sal hap ye atowre wi' his feathers; an' ye'se lippen aneth his wings: his truth sal be shaltir an' schild.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 17, 8;  
57, 1; 61, 4.

5 'Nane sal ye dread, frae the fright o' the night; nor the flane, as it flies the day thro':

<sup>e</sup> Job 5, 19, &c.  
Ps. 121, 6.  
Prov. 3, 23.  
Isai. 43, 2.

6 Frae the ill that gangs i' the gloamin; frae the † wastin, *whan* noontide 's fou.

† Heb. *wastin* it *wastes*.

7 A thousan sal stacher aside ye; an' ten thousan at thy right han'; bot it shanna win nar till thee.

8 <sup>f</sup>But a glisk wi' yer een ye sal wair † *on't*; an' the fairin o' ill folk sal see.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 37, 34.  
† Heb. *sal jump*; or, *but only leuk wi' yer een*.

\* Ps. 90, 1.

9 For ye made the LORD, my ain to-fa', an' the Heighest owre a', yer bield;

10 Ill, it sal ne'er befa' ye, nor mischieff win nar till yer shiel.

11 <sup>h</sup>For his ain erran-rinners he'll wise ye; till tent ye, † whare'er ye gang:

12 On their loov's, fu' heigh they sal heize ye, <sup>i</sup>in case be ‖ yer fit tak a stane.

13 Ye sal gang owre the lyoun an' ethir; the lyoun's whalp an' grit ethir, ye sal thring them *baith* down yerlane.

14 For ay in mysel he had pleasur, syne sae I sal redd him hame; heigh by himlane I sal set him, for weel has he kent my name.

15 <sup>k</sup>He sal cry till mysel, an' I'll tent him; mylane *sal be wi' him* in dree: I sal rax him atowre frae *cumber*, an' eke sal gie him the gree.

16 Wi' nae en' o' days I sal stegh him; <sup>l</sup>an' *a' that's* in my heal-ha'din, I sal *e'en* gar him leuk an' see.

## PSALM XCII.

*How ill-doers a' are sned by like the gerss, bot the righteous braid brow like the trees.*

Ane heigh-lilt or sang, for the Quattin-Day. [By wha, 's no said.]

**I**T'S <sup>a</sup>gude till gie laud to the LORD; an' till lilt to thy name, Thou Heighest:

2 Till tell yer gude-gree i' the mornin gray; an' yer truth, † whan the nights are *dreigbest*:

3 On the lume wi' the tensome thairms, an' eke on the langspiel's sel; † wi' the lown-gaen sugh o' a sang, *alang wi' the harp sae snell*.

4 For sae blythe 's ye made me wi' yer wonner-wark, LORD; i' the warks o' yer hans, I sal roose mysel.

5 <sup>b</sup>How mighty, O LORD, are yer

doens; <sup>c</sup>unco deep, are thae thoughts o' thine!

6 <sup>d</sup>The carl, *that's* a brute, canna ken *them*; the gowk, o' sic-like has nae min'.

7 <sup>e</sup>Whan ill-doers braid like the gerss; an' a' that do wrang growe green: *it's* ay till be wastit are they.

8 <sup>f</sup>Bot yerlane, O LORD, *are* fu' heigh for ay!

9 Syne sae, O LORD, yer ill-willers; syne sae, yer ill-willers sal gang: sperflit sal they be *thegither*, a' that are warkers o' wrang.

10 <sup>g</sup>Bot my horn, like the reem's, ye sal straughten; my auld age, wi' oyle sal be green: ‖

11 <sup>h</sup>My ee sal leuk owre my ill-willers; o' ill folk that steer up again me, my lugs they sal hearken the *mean*.

12 <sup>i</sup>The righteous sal blume like the palm-tree; like the cedar o' Lebanon, braid:

13 Wha are set i' the LORD's ain biggen; they sal blume i' the faulds o' our God:

14 Ay on till grey hairs, they sal carry; sappy an' green sal they be:

15 Till tell that JEHOVAH is ae-fauld: <sup>k</sup>my rock, an' <sup>l</sup>*wi'* nae wrang intil him, *is he*.

## PSALM XCIII.

*The thron o' the Lord's abune fechtan folk, an' warslin watirs; Jehovah's gran', owre sea an' lan'.*

[For the day afore the Quattin-Day, whan the yirth was founded: ane o' David's, quo' the LXX.]

**J**EHOVAH'S *sel*, <sup>a</sup>he 's king: <sup>b</sup>wi' might he 's cled, he 's cled;

<sup>c</sup>JEHOVAH 's graith'd wi' might: <sup>d</sup>the warld forby, 's fu' sikker sted; atowre it winna swing.

2 <sup>e</sup>Yer thron, sen-syne, 's fu' stieve; frae ayont lang-syne, yerlane.

3 The fludes hae rax't, O LORD;

<sup>c</sup>Isai. 28, 29.  
Rom. 11, 34.

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 94, 8.

<sup>e</sup>Job 12, 6;  
21, 7.  
Jer. 12, 1, 2  
Mal. 3, 15.

<sup>f</sup>Ps. 56, 2.

<sup>g</sup>Ps. 89, 17, 24.

‖ or, *I sal be drookit wi' green oyle.*

<sup>h</sup>Ps. 54, 7;  
59, 10;  
112, 8.

<sup>i</sup>Isai. 65, 22.  
Hos. 14, 5.

<sup>k</sup>Deut. 32, 4.  
<sup>l</sup>Rom. 9, 14.

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 96, 10;  
97, 1; 99, 1.  
Isai. 52, 7.

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 104, 1.

<sup>c</sup>Ps. 65, 6.

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 96, 10.

<sup>e</sup>Ps. 45, 6.  
Prov. 8, 22,  
&c.

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 34, 7;  
71, 3.  
Mat. 4, 6.  
Luke 4, 10.  
† Heb. *in a' yer gates.*

<sup>i</sup>Job 5, 23.  
Ps. 37, 24.  
‖ or, *ye ding yer fit on.*

\* Ps. 50, 15.

<sup>l</sup>Ps. 50, 23.

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 147, 1.

† Heb. *until the lang nights.*

† Heb. *until the Higgaioun: leuk Headim.*

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 40, 5;  
139, 17.



|| or, *warves*.

the fludes hae rax't their din; the fludes hae rax't their might: ||

4 Abune the din o' mony a watir-breinge; abune the breinge o' seas, the LORD 's fu' grand in height.

5 Yer trysts, they're unco sure; an' halieness weel sets yer houss, O LORD, nae end o' days till *fubre*.

PSALM XCIV.

*A lang plea wi' ill-doers, on what God maun think an' do wi' them. Nae thron o' mischief, nor lawfu' wrang, the warst o' a' wrangs, can be his.*

[By wha's no said: thought till be by David.\*]

\* Ca'd in the LXX. for the fourth day o' the Sabbath.

<sup>a</sup> Deut. 32, 35. Nah. 1, 2.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 7, 6.

<sup>c</sup> Gen. 18, 25.

GOD o' wrakin, O JEHOVAH; <sup>a</sup> God o' wrakin, glint atowre:

2 <sup>b</sup> Up, yerlane, the 'yirth's right-rechter; till the proud, gie double owre.

3 How lang, O LORD, sal evil warkers; how lang sal ill folk haud the gree?

4 They clash an' claiver heartless mischief; <sup>d</sup> they crack fu' crouse, a' that wark a lie.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 31, 18 Jude 15.

5 Yer folk, LORD, they wear them clean dune; an' yer haddin, they waste it awa:

6 The widow an' wander'd, till death they ding; an' the orphans, † till dead they draw:

† Heb. *ettles to fell like a riever*.

7 'An' the LORD, quo' they, sal ne'er see *the like*; nor Jakob's God ken ava'.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 10, 11, 13.

8 <sup>f</sup> Tak tent, ye brutes amang folk; an' ye cuifs, will ye ne'er be wyss?

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 73, 22; 92, 6.

9 <sup>g</sup> Wha plantit the lug, sal he no hear? wha shapit the ee, sal he tak nae notice?

<sup>h</sup> Exod. 4, 11. Prov. 20, 12.

10 Wha schules the hethen, sal he no fleech; wha insenses mankind wi' thought?

11 <sup>h</sup> Aye, the LORD kens weel the thought o' ilk chiel; that *the best o' them a' are* but nought.

<sup>i</sup> 1 Cor. 3, 20.

12 <sup>i</sup> Weel for the wight ye hae taught, O LORD; an' e'en frae yer law gien him lear:

13 For lown till himsel, in the days o' ill; or the sheugh for ill-doers be bare.†

14 <sup>k</sup> For the LORD winna tine his ain folk; nor his haddin, he winna forlie 't:

15 Bot rightin sal win back till right; syne a' aefauld in heart, sal be wi' t. §

16 Wha sal rise for mysel on the wicked? wha sal help me, wi' warkers o' wrang?

17 An the LORD *had-na been* my up-ha'din; my life, maist a whush it had lain:

18 Bot my fit, whan I said it had slippet; yer gude-will, O LORD, made me strang:

19 In the thrang o' my thoughts within me, yer comforts, they made me fu' fain.

20 'Sal the thron o' mischief, <sup>m</sup> that ettles sic fash || on the law, be wi' thee?

21 They rin on the life o' the rightous; an' the bluid o' the saikless, they winna free.†

22 Bot the LORD till mylane is heigh-ha'din; an' my God 's a stieve craig till me:

23 <sup>n</sup> An' sal coup on themselfs their wrang-doen; an' † whan they sned, sal sned them awa: *Aye*, JEHOVAH that 's God o' our ain, a' *siclike* he sal sned them in twa.

<sup>i</sup> 1 Cor. 11, 32. Hebr. 12, 5, &c.

† Heb. *horok-it*, or *ready*.

<sup>k</sup> 1 Sam. 12, 22. Rom. 11, 1, 2.

§ Whan law an' what's right gang thegither, folk may be weel content.

<sup>l</sup> Amos 6, 3. <sup>m</sup> Ps. 58, 2. Isai. 10, 1.

|| or, *zoi' the law, or abune the law*.

† Heb. *they doom till dead*.

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 7, 16.

† Heb. *ettles i' their ain sneddin, or clourin o' ither folk, God sal sned themselfs clean awa*.

PSALM XCV.

*A lilt o' laud till the Lord, an' a word o' gude guidin till Israel.*

[By wha's no said here.\*]

HEREAWA folk, lat us lilt to the LORD; <sup>a</sup> fu' loud lat us

\* Leuk Hebr. 4, 7.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 100, 1.

lilt to the craig o' our ain heal-ha'din.

2 Lat us †ben afore him wi' a lilt o' laud; wi' sangs fu' heigh, lat us lilt until him.

3 <sup>b</sup>For a God unco grand *is* the LORD; an' a king fu' gran', owre the †lave o' gods.

4 In that han' o' his, *are* the howes o' the yirth; an' his ain are the heights o' the hills:

5 Whase ain *is* the sea, for he made it himsel; an' the dry *lan'*, his han's gied it shape.

6 O hereawa *syne*, lat us lout an' beck; lat us laigh on our knees, till the LORD our Makar.

7 For himlane, he *is* God o' our ain; 'an' oursels the folk o' his hirs-  
sel; an' eke the flock o' his han':  
<sup>d</sup>Gin his cry, but the day, ye wad hear till.

8 O haud-na yer hearts sae dour, 'as *ance* in the weary warsle; as *ance* in the day o' thrav, in that gateless grun', *ye daur'd till*:

9 <sup>f</sup>Whan yer faithers they tempit, they tried me sair; an' my warks o' wonner they saw still.

10 Forty year lang I was fash'd wi' the kin: Syne quo' I, the folk gang aley, i' thae hearts o' their ain; an' gates o' mine, they ken nought o':

11 An' I swure in my wuth till them syne, my rest they suld ne'er win ben to. §

### PSALM XCVI.

*A sang o' laud, at the hame-comin o' the Lord till his ain halidom.*

[Ane o' David's; whan his houss was bigget eftir captivity, quo' the LXX.]

**S**ING <sup>a</sup>ye till the LORD a new sang; sing ye till the LORD, the hail yirth:

2 Sing ye till the LORD, blythe-bid his name; tell ye his heal-ha'din, frae day till day.

3 Tell owre amang the folk the weight o' his gree; amang a' the folk, his warks o' wonner.

4 <sup>b</sup>For grand 's the LORD, 'an' fu' gran'ly lauded: <sup>d</sup>himlane till be fear'd abune a' the gods.

5 'For a' gods o' the hethen *are* gods o' nought; <sup>f</sup>bot the LORD *himlane*, it *was*, wrought the hevins.

6 Gloiry an' gree *are* thegither afore him; might an' what's braw, in his halie howff.

7 Gie ye till the LORD, ye out-come o' the folk; gie ye till the LORD, gudeliheid an' might:

8 <sup>g</sup>Gie ye till the LORD, the gloiry †beha'din his name; tak a hansel, an' ben till his chaumers:

9 Lout laigh till the LORD, <sup>h</sup>in braws o' the best; † quak ye afore him, the hail yirth:

10 Quo' ye amang the folk, <sup>i</sup>The LORD he's king; the warld eke fu' sikker is, that it suld ne'er be steerit: the folk <sup>k</sup>he sal guide *himsel*, wi' his ain righteous guidins.

11 'The lifts, lat them laugh; an' the yirth, lat it blythen: <sup>m</sup>the sea, lat it rant, an' its plenishin a':

12 The field lat it fling, an' ilk haet that's inside o't; aye! ilk stok o' the wood, lat it lilt an' sing:

13 Afore the LORD, for he comin is; for he 's comin till right the lan': <sup>n</sup>he sal right-recht the warld intil righteousness, an' the folk intil truth *that's* his ain.

### PSALM XCVII.

*Anither heigh-lilt at the Lord's hame-comin: Zioun, abune a', suld be glad.*  
[For David; whan the lan' was lip-pened till himsel, quo' the LXX.]

† Heb. *till the east o' his face.*

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 96, 4; 97, 9; 135, 5.

† Heb. *a' the rods*

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 79, 13; 80, 1; 100, 3.

<sup>d</sup> Hebr. 3, 7; 4, 7.

<sup>e</sup> Exod. 17, 2, 7; Num. 14, 22; 20, 13; Deut. 6, 16.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 78, 18, 40, 56.  
<sup>i</sup> Cor. 10, 9.

§ Forty year gang till ae kithgettin. The Lord tholed sae lang, an' syne got weel quat o' them.

☞ An' a braw lilt it is.

<sup>a</sup> 1 Chron. 16, 23.  
Ps. 33, 3.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 145, 3.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 18, 3.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 95, 3.

<sup>e</sup> See Jer. 10, 11, 12.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 115, 15.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 29, 1, 2.

† Heb. *o' his name.*

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 29, 2; 110, 3.

† Heb. *weel setten by, or o' halliness, or o' the halie-horoff.*

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 93, 1; 97, 1.

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 98, 9.

<sup>l</sup> Ps. 69, 34.

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 98, 7, &c.

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 67, 4.  
Rev. 19, 11

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 96, 10.

THE LORD, <sup>a</sup>he's King, lat the yirth be blythe; <sup>an'</sup> the feck o' the isles be fain.

<sup>b</sup> Kings 8, 12.  
<sup>Ps.</sup> 18, 11.

2 <sup>b</sup>Cluds an' mirk, they gather round him; 'right an' right-rechtin stoop his thron.

<sup>c</sup>Ps. 89, 14.

<sup>d</sup>Dan. 7, 10.

3 <sup>d</sup>Lowe afore him gangs, an' kennles his ill-willers roun' about:

<sup>e</sup>Ps. 77, 18;  
104, 32.

4 'His lightnins lighten did the warld; syne the yirth, it saw an' sheuk.

<sup>f</sup>Judg. 5, 5.  
<sup>Mic.</sup> 1, 4.  
<sup>Nah.</sup> 1, 5.

5 Frae afore the LORD the heights, like wax <sup>f</sup>they thow'd awa; frae afore the face o' *him*, *that's* Laird o' the yirth *an'* a'.

<sup>g</sup>Ps. 19, 1;  
50, 6.

6 <sup>g</sup>The lifts, they lat wit o' his right; his gloiry, a' folk can see:

<sup>h</sup>Exod. 20, 4.  
<sup>Lev.</sup> 26, 1.  
<sup>Deut.</sup> 5, 8.

7 <sup>h</sup>Be scham'd a' wha jouk till ane eidol; wha crack sae crouselly o' gods o' nought: 'lout laigh till himsel, a' gods *that be*.

<sup>i</sup>Hebr. 1, 6.

8 Zioun hearken'd, an' syne was fu' fain: fu' blythe war the dochtirs o' Judah, for thae right-rechtins, LORD, o' thine.

<sup>k</sup>Ps. 95, 3;  
96, 4.

9 For heigh abune a' the yirth, are ye, O LORD, yerlane: <sup>k</sup>an' uncolie heigh till be ha'din, a' ither gods abune.

<sup>l</sup>Ps. 34, 14;  
101, 3.  
<sup>Amos</sup> 5, 15.  
<sup>Rom.</sup> 12, 9.

10 Wha loe the LORD, 'ye maun thole nae ill: the sauls o' his sanctit anes wairds he weel; frae the han' o' ill-doers he redds them.

<sup>m</sup>Ps. 112, 4.

11 <sup>m</sup>Thar 're a seed-time o' light for the righteous; an' joie for the aefauld in heart:

<sup>n</sup>Ps. 33, 1.  
<sup>o</sup>Ps. 30, 4.  
<sup>p</sup>or, *haliness*.

12 <sup>n</sup>Be blythe in the LORD, ye righteous; <sup>an'</sup> lilt, till keep mind o' his *||*halie pairt. §

§ The mair liltin at Zioun, the better they wad mind God's houss.

# PSALM XCVIII.

*Anither lilt o' laud to the Lord, fu' heigh an' gran', by a' sea an' lan'.*  
Ane heigh-lilt. [By wha, 's no said.]

<sup>q</sup>Ps. 33, 3;  
96, 1.  
<sup>Isai.</sup> 42, 10  
<sup>Isai.</sup> 59, 16;  
63, 5.

SING <sup>q</sup>ye till the LORD a new sang; for warks o' wonner himlane has dune: <sup>b</sup>his ain right

han', an' his halie arm, it wrought him salvatioun.

<sup>r</sup>Isai. 52, 10.

2 'In sight o' the hethen folk, the LORD lat his health be kent; an' that right o' his ain, he made plene.

3 He had mind o' his rewth an' his trewth, till Israel's houss *forby*; a' neuks o' the lan' the heal-ha'din, o' *him that's* our God, they hae seen.

4 Wauken a din till the LORD, O a' the yirth: skreigh, an' lowp, an' lilt ye *afore him*.

5 Lilt till the LORD wi' the harp; wi' the harp, an' the sugh o' a psalm:

6 Wi' horns, an' the tout o' a swesch; mak a din afore the LORD, the King.

<sup>s</sup>Ps. 96, 11.

7 <sup>d</sup>The sea lat it rant, an' its plenishin a'; the warld, an' a' that won tharin: †

† The Medit-  
terranean  
Sea, an' the  
outside  
warld.

8 Lat the rowin fludes ding *their* looves thegither; § the craigs fu' heigh, lat them lilt an' croon:

§ The Tigris  
an' Euphrates  
ran close  
till aye an-  
ther; wi'  
Hermon an'  
Tabor  
atween them  
an' the sea.

9 Afore the LORD; 'for he's comin till right the lan': he sal right-recht the warld intil righteousness, an' the folk wi' the †straught o' his han'!

<sup>t</sup>Ps. 96, 10, 13.  
† Heb. *twi'*  
*s'traught deal-*  
*ins.*

# PSALM XCIX.

*God's heigh owre a'; baith gude an' ill suld fear him.*

[Ane o' David's, quo' the LXX.]

THE LORD <sup>a</sup>he's King, the folk they maun gee; <sup>b</sup>he sits in the cherubs, the yirth it maun swee:

<sup>u</sup>Ps. 93, 1.

<sup>v</sup>Exod. 25, 22.  
<sup>Ps.</sup> 18, 10;  
80, 1.

2 The LORD intil Zioun, he's grand an' a'; an' atowre a' the hethen, he's hie:

3 Yer name they maun laud, sae mighty it is; an' sae dread, by *||*its-lane setten by.

<sup>w</sup>or, *himlane*  
*setten by*; or,  
*halie*.

4 'An' the King, his ain might's ay fain o' the right; yerlane ye hae ettled the straught *an'* the right; § an' righteousness sel, ye hae wrought it out, in Jakob.

<sup>x</sup>Job 36, 5.

§ God's might  
's ay right.



<sup>d</sup> Verse 9.

<sup>c</sup> 1 Chron. 28, 2.

<sup>c</sup> Jer. 15, 1.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. cry'd out his name.

<sup>c</sup> Exod. 33, 9.

<sup>b</sup> Num. 14, 20.

Jer. 46, 28.

Zeph. 3, 7.

<sup>†</sup> Leuk till Exod. 32, 2, &c.

Num. 20, 12.

Deut. 9, 20.

<sup>a</sup> Verse 5.

5 <sup>d</sup> The LORD our God, ye maun heize him hie; 'an' laigh at his fit-brod, lout maun ye; *for* he 's halie.

6 <sup>f</sup> Moyses an' Aaron, wi' priests o' his; an' Samuel, wi' them †his name wha did reeze: they cry't till the LORD, and he spak till them.

7 <sup>g</sup> In the rack o' the clud, he spak till themlane; his bidden they bade, an' the tryst he gied them.

8 O LORD our God, ye spak till them hame; <sup>h</sup>a God ye war *ay* that tholed wi' themlane; <sup>i</sup>bot their ill-etled thoughts, ye cam down on.

9 The LORD our God, <sup>k</sup>ye maun heize him hie; an' laigh at his halie hill lout ye: for the LORD our God, he 's halie.

### PSALM C.

*We're a' but the sheep o' God's lan', an' the flock o' God's han': a' livin folk, they suld laud him.*

A lilt o' laud.\* [Ane o' David's, quo' the LXX.]

<sup>\*</sup> Ps. 145, Headin.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 95, 1.

**S**KREIGH <sup>a</sup>till the LORD, the hail yirth, maun ye:

2 Beck till the LORD wi' blytheheid an' a'; ben afore him, wi' a sang o' glee.

3 Ken ye fu' weel, the LORD he 's God: <sup>b</sup>himlane, *it was*, made us; oursel *made-na* we: 'his folk are we syne, an' eke o' his hirsle the fe.

4 <sup>d</sup>Ben till his yetts wi' laud; till his faulds, wi' a lilt sae hie: lilt ye laud till himsel; an' that name o' his ain, bless ye.

5 For gude *is* the LORD; 'his gudewill 's for ay: an' frae ae life's en' till anither, that truth o' his ain, *it sal be*.

### PSALM CI.

*How David maun right his hous, or the Lord come till see him: an' it wad thole mendin.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 119, 73; 139, 13; 149, 2.

Eph. 2, 10.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 95, 7.

Ezek. 34, 30, 31.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 66, 13.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 136, 1, &c.

**W**HAT 's gude an' what 's right, I maun sing; O LORD, I maun lilt till thee:

2 I maun guide mysel weel in a aefauld gate, an' ance ye come ben till me; †wi' a heart that 's ane, in my hous at hame, the gate I sal gang *maun be*.

3 I sal ne'er set afore my een, †ae word o' mischieff ava'; <sup>a</sup>liean wark I hate, <sup>b</sup>*it* sal ne'er be wi' me at a':

4 The heart that 's ill, sal gae frae me still; ‖an' what 's wrang, I winna knaw.

5 Wha hidlins lies on his niebor, siclike I maun sned him by; 'the skeigh o' the een, an' the hoven heart, siclike I sal †ne'er envy.

6 My een on the leal o' the lan', *sal leuk*, till ay gar *them* bide wi' me; wha gangs i' the aefauld gate, siclike my ain loon sal be. §

7 Wha warks at slidderly wark, sal ne'er bide in biggen o' mine; wha claivers a lowk o' lies, sal ne'er stan' afore my een.

8 <sup>d</sup>Or mornin light I sal ding, a' ill in the lan' *that be*; 'till sned frae the brugh o' the LORD, a' that wark iniquitie.

### PSALM CII.

*Israel maun-na tine heart: Zioun sal be bigget or lang, an' the Lord her helper sal bide evir mair.*

A bidden for the feckless, whan forfochten he is, an' tooms out his sigh afore the Lord.

**H**EARKEN, LORD, till my bidden; my skreigh, lat it win till thee:

2 <sup>a</sup>Hide-na yer face frae me, i' the day *whan* I thole sic dree: lout me yer lug, i' the day *whan* I skreigh; fy haste ye, speak hame till me.

3 <sup>b</sup>For my days wear awa ‖like the reek; 'an' my banes like the hearth-stane are brunt:

<sup>†</sup> Heb. 'zei' singleness o' heart.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *word o' Belial*.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 97, 10.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 125, 5.

‖ or, *wrang-doer*.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 18, 27.

Prov. 6, 17.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *sal jimp thole*.

§ He maun hae wyss an' honest chalm-er-childs.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 75, 10.

Jer. 21, 12.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 48, 2, 8.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 27, 9; 69, 17.

<sup>b</sup> James 4, 14.

‖ or, *intil reek*: twa Hebrew readins.

<sup>c</sup> Job 30, 30.

4 My heart, like the fothir, 's baith mawn an' winn; that my bread I forget till break:

5 Wi' the weary sigh o' my greetin, d my bane wi' my bouk 's acquant.

6 'Am e'en like the || whaup i' the wustlan'; an' the howlet in gateless grun':

7 'Am waukrife, an' e'en like the sparrow, *that* bides on the riggin its-lane.

8 Ilk day, my ill-willers they jeer me; thae ||rangers, at me they can swear:

9 For stoure, e'en as bread, I hae eaten; f an' my sowp, I hae jaup'd wi' a tear.

10 In face o' yer gluff an' yer angir; for ye heize'd me, an' dang me down:

11 § My day like the schadowe, it dwinnles; h an' e'en like the fothir, 'am winn:

12 i Bot yerlane, LORD, sal bide for evir; k an' guid-mind o' yersel, † till the hinmaist kin.

13 Ye sal up, an' think sair on Zioun; for the time till hae pitie on her, for the time that was trystit has come.

14 For yer leal-folk, 'her stanes they are fain o'; an' her stoure they tak kindly in han':

15 An' the hethen, the LORD's name sal quak at; an' yer gloiry, a' kings o' the lan'.

16 Whan the LORD fa's till biggen o' Zioun; he sal kythe in his gude-liheid a':

17 He sal turn till the prayer o' the feckless; an' their bidden, sal nane put awa:

18 Siclike sal be pen'd for the kin eftirhend; m an' folk till be schupen † sal gie laud till JAH.

19 For the LORD, n he cou'd glint frae his halie height; frae the lift to the lan', leukit owre:

20 °Till hearken the sigh o' the shackle'd wight; an' for Death's bairns, till lowse the door:

21 Till tell, athort Zioun, the LORD's ain name; in Jerus'lem, his praise till accord:

22 In the thrang o' the folk, whan they gather like ane; an' the king-ryks, till ser' the LORD.

23 He wastit my pith on the gate; he sned aff a *wbeen* o' my days:

24 p Quo' I, O my God, † tak me nane clean awa, wi' but half o' my days in *han'*: † frae ae life's end till anither, thae years o' yer ain *they stan'*.

25 q Frae afore † *time's* bound, the yirth ye did found; an' the lifts *are* the wark o' yer han's.

26 r Siclike, they gae dune, bot yersel ye bide on; ilk ane, like a dud, they wear by: like cleedin, ye shift them atowre; an' shiftet *cleedin* they lye.

27 Bot yerlane *are* † the same 's ye *war than*; an' yer years, they sal ne'er wear awa:

28 'Yer thirl-folk's weans, they sal bide on the bit; an' their out-come, afore ye sal stan'.

### PSALM CIII.

*How the gudeness o' God brings us hame frae the graiff: Tho' we gang like the gerss, God bides wi' our bairns, an' has min' o' his tryst ever mair.*

*Ane o' David's.*

**M**Y saul, a ye maun blythe-bid the LORD; and a' in mysel, that name o' his ain sae halie:

2 My saul, ye maun blythe-bid the LORD; an' forget-na his gates, a' sae kindly:

3 b Wha rews upon a' yer wrang; an' yer dowie turns a' wha heals them:

4 Wha redds but yer life frae

° Ps. 79, 11.

° Psal. 33, 10.

† Heb. *lift me na up.*

† Heb. *intil kithgettin an' kithgettins.*

q Hebr. 1, 10.

† Heb. *the faces o' time, or o' man.*

r Isai. 51, 6;

65, 17;

66, 22.

Rom. 8, 20.

2 Pet. 3, 7,

10, 11.

† Heb. *the vera ane, or himsel.*

i Ps. 69, 36.

a Ps. 104, 1;

146, 1

b Ps. 130, 8.

Mat. 9, 2, 6.

Mark 2, 11.

Luke 7, 47.

d Job 19, 20.  
Lam. 4, 8.

e Job. 50, 29.

or, *pelican, bizzart, bit-tern, heron;* some bird that crys lang an' sair in the wust.

or, *mad wai' ill-nature.*

f Ps. 42, 3;  
80, 5.

g Ps. 109, 23;  
144, 4.

Eccles. 6, 12.

h Isai. 40, 6.

James 1, 10.

i Lam. 5, 19.

k Ps. 135, 13.

† Heb. *till kith an' kithgettin.*

l Ps. 79, 1

m Ps. 22, 31.  
Isai. 43, 21.

† Heb. *sal Hallelujah.*

n Ps. 14, 2;  
33, 13.

: Ps. 5, 12.

the moulis; 'wha theeks ye wi' gude gree an' kindness:

d Isai. 40, 31.

5 Yer mouthe wha has plenish'd wi' gude; <sup>d</sup>yer youth, like the earn's, it has double't.

e Ps. 146, 7.

6 'The LORD can do a' that's right; an' what's right, for a' that are pingled:

f Ps. 147, 19.

7 <sup>f</sup>Till Moyses, his gates he made plain; till Israel's weans, his wonners.

g Exod. 34, 6,

7.

Num. 14, 18.

Deut. 5, 10.

Neh. 9, 17.

Ps. 86, 15.

Jer. 32, 18.

† Heb. *mony**fauld.*

b Ps. 30, 5.

Isai. 57, 16.

Jer. 3, 5.

Mic. 7, 18.

i Ezra 9, 13.

k Eph. 3, 18.

8 g Frienly an' kind *is* the LORD; lang or he lowes, and in tholin, †ayont a' measur:

9 <sup>h</sup>He winna gang flytin for ay; nor haud *his ill-will* for evir.

10 'He wrought-na till us as our fauts *had been*; an' pay'd us na hame, like our ain ill-doens:

11 <sup>k</sup>Bot e'en as the lifts are atowre the lan'; sae heigh hauds his pitie owre them that fear him.

12 Sae far as the east lies awa frae the wast; sae far frae oursels has he rax't our wrang-doens:

l Mal. 3, 17.

13 <sup>l</sup>Sae sair as a faither can rew on *his* weans; sae sair rews the LORD on them that fear him.

|| or, *the gate*o' *our mak-**ing.*

m Ps. 78, 39.

n Ps. 90, 5.

o Job 14, 1, 2.

James 1, 10,

11.

14 For himlane, he kens weel ||how he wrought oursel; <sup>m</sup>he has mind we *are* nought but stoure.

15 Man, *as he stan's*, <sup>n</sup>his days *are* like gerss; <sup>o</sup>like a flowir o' the field, he growes:

|| or, *it: man*or *the flowir.*

p Job 7, 10;

20, 9.

16 For the win' it wins owre him, an' gane is he: || <sup>p</sup>the bit neuk *whar he stude*, sal ken nought o' ||him mair.

17 Bot the rewth o' the LORD, on wha fear himsel, *is* frae ae langsyne till anither; an' that right o' his ain, <sup>q</sup>till bairns' bairns;

r Exod. 20, 6

s Deut. 7, 9.

† Heb. *till**wark them**out.*

18 'O' wha bide by his tryst, an' his biddens haec min' o', †till tak them in han' without swither.

19 The LORD, in the lift, <sup>r</sup>he has stoopit his thron; an' his kingryk, it raxes owre a'.

20 'O blythe-bid the LORD, †ye wha rin for himsel; sae wight in might, wi' his will in han', till hearken the sugh o' his word:

† Ps. 148, 2.

† Heb. *his**ain erran-**rinnars.*

21 O blythe-bid the LORD, 'a' ye his hosts; 'loons o' his, an' that do his pleasur:

† Dan. 7, 9.

10.

Hebr. 1, 14.

22 O blythe-bid the LORD, a' warks o' his ain; in ilk neuk o' his realm: My saul, ye maun blythe-bid the LORD.

## PSALM CIV.

*A gude word for God's wark on the world: how wyssly it 's wrought; how gran'ly it 's sortit; how kindly it 's a' airtit an' ordered for baith beast an' body.*

[Ane o' David's, quo' the LXX.]

MY saul, ye maun blythe-bid the LORD: LORD God o' my ain, †sae grand as ye hain; <sup>a</sup>gloiry an' gree ye put on.

Take the two first chapters o' Genesis wi' ye as ye gang, an' ye'll be wysser.

† Heb. *sae**grand as ye**mak yersel.*

a Ps. 93, 1.

2 <sup>b</sup>Light ye dight on like a cleuk; 'the lift, like a hingin, ye streek:

b Dan. 7, 9.

c Isai. 40, 22,

45, 12.

3 <sup>d</sup>Stoopin his bauks on the fludes; 'ettlin his carriage the cluds; <sup>f</sup>on the wings o' the win' makin speed:

d Amos 9, 6.

e Isai. 19, 1.

f Ps. 18, 10.

g Hebr. 1, 7.

4 <sup>g</sup>Errand-rinnars he maks o' the blasts; an' loons o' his ain, the bleeze o' lowe.

5 <sup>h</sup>Wha settled the yirth on her founds; nevir mair sen-syne suld scho steer:

b Job 26, 7;

38, 4.

Ps. 24, 2;

136, 6.

6 <sup>i</sup>The deep ye slang owre't, like a hap; the watirs they stude on the hills: g

i Gen. 7, 19.

g When the

world ferst

was founded.

k Gen. 8, 1.

7 <sup>k</sup>At yer wytin, they shifted an' gaed; at the sugh o' yer thunner, they skail'd:

8 Till the heights they wan up, by the howes they cam down, till the bit ye had scoop't for themlane:

l Ps. 33, 7.

Jer. 5, 22.

† The vera

Hebrew

word, *gehal*.

m Gen. 9, 11,

15.

9 'An' a †gavel ye bigget they ne'er wan atowre; <sup>m</sup>that the yirth they suld-na win bak till cover.

10 Wha *syne* sent the wa'll-springs



intil the howe glens, that airt them  
atween the hills:

11 Sae drink they can gie, till ilk  
beast o' the lea: † wild naigies, they  
sloken their fills:

12 Atowre them, the birds o' the  
lift hae their howff; wha send their  
bit sang frae the beughs.

13 "The heights he can seep frae  
his chaumers: ° wi' the rowth o' yer  
warks, the hail yirth it's fou.

14 <sup>p</sup> Gerse he gars growe for the  
beiss; and yerb || wi' the care o'  
man, till fesh bread *for himsel* frae  
the yird:

15 <sup>q</sup> An' wine *that* can blythen  
man's heart, till brighten *his* leuks  
|| mair nor oyle; an' bread, till man's  
heart that gies pith.

16 The trees o' the LORD are weel  
sappit; the cedars o' Lebanon's *sel*,  
<sup>r</sup> siclike as he plantit himlane:

17 Whar-amang, the flight-fliers  
they big; the stork, intil firs, *big*s  
her houss:

18 The heights, for the heigh-  
climbin gaits; an' the craigs for the  
cunies, a howff.

19 <sup>s</sup> Wha ettled the mune for the  
tides; the sun kens his ain gaen-  
about.

20 Mirk ye bring on, an' it's night;  
whan ilk beast o' the wood, it wins  
out: <sup>t</sup>

21 "The lyouns' whalps, they can  
skreigh till rive; an' they seek their  
ain bite frae God.

22 The sun, he wins up, they  
harl themsels hame; an' ben i' their  
boles they lye lown.

23 But gaes man till the wark o'  
his han'; an' his labor, till comes  
the gloam.

24 \* O how mony-fauld, LORD,  
are yer warks; in sic wyssheid ye  
wrought them a': the yirth, o' yer  
outcome it's fou.

25 Siclike is the mighty sea, an'

sae braid as scho raxes awa: whar  
the wurblers rowe, ayont countin;  
livin creaturs, † the grit wi' the sma'.

26 Thar boats, they can airt their  
gate; leviathan's sel ye hae schup-  
en, till play himsel ben i' the *spate*.

27 <sup>v</sup> Ilk ane, they a' lippen till thee;  
that † in time ye gie *them* their meat:

28 What ye gie them, they harl  
thegither; yer loof ye braid brawly  
out, they're plenish'd fu' weel *wi'*  
guid.

29 Ye but hap yer face, they're  
dang daiver'd; <sup>z</sup> ye steek aff their  
breath, they can blaw nae mair;  
an' hame they gang syne till their  
stoure.

30 <sup>a</sup> Yer ain breath ye send but,  
they're wrought again *syne*; an' the  
face of the yird, ye mak owre. §

31 Gree till the LORD evir mair;  
the LORD be fu' fain in his warks!

32 Wha leuks on the lan', an' it  
dinnles; <sup>b</sup> wha but lights on the  
heights, an' they reek.

33 <sup>c</sup> I sal sing till the LORD, while  
I live; I sal lilt till my God, sae  
lang as I † last ava':

34 My thought on himsel, it sal  
please me weel; wi' the LORD, I'se  
be blythe an' a'.

35 Frae the yirth, lat wrangdoers  
wear by; an' ill-folk, nae mair o'  
them be: *bot* blythe-bid the LORD,  
O my saul; † an' praise till **JEHOVAH**  
gie ye.

## PSALM CV.

*Twa lang liltis o' laud—an' here, an'  
anither in the niest Psalm: Ettled  
for the out-come o' Abraham, till  
mind them o' a' the Lord had dune  
i' their faithers' days.*

[Hallelujah, quo' the LXX.\*]

**G**IE <sup>a</sup> laud till the LORD, cry  
loud till his name: mak his  
warks weel kent till the hethen:

† Heb. *twild*  
*asses*; a' o'  
the horse  
kind.

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 147, 8.

<sup>o</sup> Ps. 65, 9.

<sup>p</sup> Gen. 1, 29,  
30; 3, 18;  
9, 3.

or, *for serin*  
*man*.

<sup>q</sup> Judg. 9, 13.  
Ps. 23, 5.  
Prov. 31, 6, 7.

or, *twi' oyle*.

<sup>r</sup> Num. 24, 6.

<sup>s</sup> Gen. 1, 14.

<sup>t</sup> Isai. 45, 7.

<sup>u</sup> Job 38, 39.  
Joel 1, 20.

<sup>v</sup> Prov. 3, 19

† Heb. *the*  
*sma' twi' the*  
*grit*.

<sup>y</sup> Ps. 136, 25;  
145, 15;  
147, 9.

† Heb. *in their*  
*ain saison*.

<sup>z</sup> Job 34, 14,  
15.  
Ps. 146, 4.  
Eccles. 12, 7.

<sup>a</sup> Isai. 32, 15.  
Ezek. 37, 9.

§ Frae ae  
year till ani-  
ther; orlang-  
syne, efrir  
siclike as the  
flude.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 144, 5.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 63, 4;  
146, 2.

† Heb. *mysel*  
*ay*.

† Heb. *Halle-  
lujah*.

\* This headin  
they tak frae  
the himmait  
verse.

<sup>a</sup> 1 Chron.  
16, 8.  
Isai. 12, 4.

2 Sing ye till him, lilt loud till him; be fu' fain atowre a' his wonners:

3 Gie laud till his halie name; the heart o' ilk ane be blythe, that spiers for JEHOVAH's sel.

4 Spier weel for the LORD an' his strenth; spier ye for his face an' a':

5 Keep min' o' the wonners he wrought; thae ferlies o' his, an' the rightins *gaed* but frae his mouthe:

6 Ye out-come o' Abraham, his loon *sae* leal; an' ye bairns o' Jakob, his walit.

7 Himlane, he's the LORD our ain God; the hail yirth atowre, are his rightins.

8 He had min' o' his tryst, ay sen-syne; the word he bade be for years, a guid thousan:

9 <sup>b</sup>The *tryst*, that he sned wi' Abra'am; an' the aith, until Izaak he swure:

10 An' for law made it sikker wi' Jakob; till Israel, a tryst evir mair:

11 <sup>c</sup>Till say, To yersel I foreset the lan'; Canaan, for yer march an' fa':

12 <sup>d</sup>Whan, till count, they war nane to the fore; an' but <sup>e</sup>gangrel athort it an' a':

13 An' they haingled frae folk to folk; frae a kingryk, an' syne till a clan.

14 <sup>f</sup>Yet tholed he the yird-born till fash them nane; <sup>g</sup>aye, kings, for their sakes, he cou'd ban:

15 Ye maun-na lay han' on my Chrystit; till my seers, ye maun do nae wrang!

16 <sup>h</sup>He cry't syne for dearth on the lan'; an' he brak <sup>i</sup>the hail stok o' bread:

17 <sup>k</sup>He airtit afore them a man <sup>l</sup>wi' a'; <sup>m</sup>Joseph was troket || for guid.

18 <sup>n</sup>They birset his feet wi' the clamp; his life, it gaed ben intil airn:

19 Ay till the boun' <sup>o</sup>or his word

cam roun'; the word o' the LORD †gied him clearin.

20 <sup>p</sup>The king he gar'd sen', an' he lowsed him than; the head o' the folk, an' he free'd him:

21 <sup>q</sup>Laird he made him, owre that houss o' his ain; an' guider o' a' that belanged him:

22 Till thirl his foremaist, whan-e'er he like'd; an' he taught <sup>r</sup>a' their grey-heads mense-dom.

23 <sup>s</sup>Israel syne, he gaed till Mizraam; an' Jakob, he tholed <sup>t</sup>in the land o' Ham.

24 An' <sup>u</sup>the LORD, <sup>v</sup>he lucken'd his folk fu' weel; an' sterker he made them nor <sup>w</sup>a' their faes:

25 <sup>x</sup>Their heart <sup>y</sup>syne || it turn'd, till ill-will his ain folk; till play fause amang them <sup>z</sup>war his servans.

26 <sup>aa</sup>Moyses, his leal-man, he sent; an' Aaron, he wale'd for himsel:

27 <sup>ab</sup>His †will they made plain till the folk; an' ferlies in the land o' Ham.

28 <sup>ac</sup>Mirk he brought on, an' fu' mirk it was; <sup>ad</sup>an' they thraw'd-na at siclike his will:

29 <sup>ae</sup>Their watirs he swappit in bluid; an' their fish, <sup>af</sup>i' <sup>ag</sup>the flude, he cou'd fell.

30 <sup>ah</sup>Puddocks in spates, †their lan' it pat out; in the chaumers belangin their kings:

31 <sup>ai</sup>He spak, an' o' flies cam ane unco drift; <sup>aj</sup>it <sup>ak</sup>was lice athort a' their reenge:

32 <sup>al</sup>He swappit them hail <sup>am</sup>for rain; <sup>an</sup>wi' bleezes o' lowe on their lan':

33 <sup>ao</sup>An' he dang baith their vine-stoks an' †figs; an' he flinder'd the tree on their band: §

34 <sup>ap</sup>He spak, an' the locust scho cam; an' the worm, an' that ayont count, on the swaird:

35 An' they glaum'd a' the green on their grun'; an' they sorn'd on the frute o' their yaird.

† Heb. *clear'd him.*

<sup>n</sup> Gen. 41, 14.

<sup>o</sup> Gen. 41, 40.

<sup>p</sup> Gen. 46, 6.

<sup>q</sup> Ps. 78, 51; 106, 22.

<sup>r</sup> Exod. 1, 7.

<sup>s</sup> Exod. 1, 8.

|| or, *he turn'd their heart.*

<sup>t</sup> Exod. 3, 10; 4, 12, 14.

<sup>u</sup> Exod. 7; 8; 9.

Ps. 78, 43.

† Heb. *the swords o' his signs.*

<sup>x</sup> Exod. 10, 22.

<sup>y</sup> Ps. 99, 7.

<sup>z</sup> Exod. 7, 20.

<sup>aa</sup> Exod. 8, 6.

† Heb. *spew'd them out walterin.*

<sup>ab</sup> Exod. 8, 17, 24.

<sup>ac</sup> Exod. 9, 23.

<sup>ad</sup> Ps. 78, 47.

† Heb. *their fig-trees.*

§ Infield an' outfield, baith war dang.

<sup>ae</sup> Exod. 10, 4.

13.

<sup>a</sup> Gen. 17, 2; 22, 16; 26, 3; 28, 13; 35, 11.

Luke 1, 73.

Hebr. 6, 17.

<sup>b</sup> Gen. 13, 15; 15, 18.

<sup>c</sup> Gen. 34, 30.

Deut. 7, 7; 26, 5.

<sup>d</sup> Hebr. 11, 9.

<sup>e</sup> Gen. 35, 5.

<sup>f</sup> Gen. 12, 17; 20, 3, 7.

<sup>g</sup> Gen. 41, 54.

<sup>h</sup> Lev. 26, 26. Isal. 3, 1.

<sup>i</sup> Ezek. 4, 16.

<sup>j</sup> Gen. 45, 5; 50, 20.

<sup>k</sup> Gen. 37, 28.

|| or, *till ser;* or, *till be thirl.*

<sup>l</sup> Gen. 39, 20; 40, 15.

<sup>f</sup>Exod. 12, 29.  
Ps. 78, 51.  
<sup>g</sup>Gen. 49, 3.  
<sup>b</sup>Exod. 12, 35.

36 <sup>f</sup>Syne he dang ilk first-born i' their lan'; <sup>g</sup>the tapmaist o' a' their might:

37 <sup>b</sup>Bot *his folk* he fush out, wi' siller an' gowd; an' was-na intil their tribes, *sae meikle* 's a weary wight.

<sup>i</sup>Exod. 12, 33.

38 <sup>i</sup>Blythe was Mizraam, as they fuhre'd them awa; for a dread o' sic *folk* had come owre them a'.

<sup>k</sup>Exod. 13, 21.

39 <sup>k</sup>The clud he rax't out, for a hingin; an' the lowe, till gie light at night:

<sup>l</sup>Exod. 16, 12.  
<sup>m</sup>Ps. 78, 24, 25.

40 <sup>l</sup>*They* sought, an' he airtit them quails; <sup>m</sup>an' he stegh't them, wi' bread frae the lift:

<sup>n</sup>Exod. 17, 6.  
Num. 20, 11.  
Ps. 78, 16.  
1 Cor. 10, 4.

41 <sup>n</sup>He racket the craig, an' the watirs cam but; they gaed i' the wust, *like* a drift.

<sup>o</sup>Gen. 15, 14.

42 For he mindet o' his halie word, || till Abr'ham his lealman *sae true*.

<sup>p</sup>or, *Abraham's sel.*

43 An' he fuhre'd furth his folk wi' joie; his wale'd anes, wi' blytheheid enew:

<sup>q</sup>Deut. 6, 10, 11.  
Josh. 13, 7.

44 <sup>q</sup>An' he wair'd on themsel the lan's o' the folk; an' the cost o' the folk, they did fa':

<sup>r</sup>Deut. 4, 1, 40; 6, 21-25.

45 <sup>r</sup>That sae, they might bide by his statuts, an' waird weel his biddens an' a': †O, ye maun gie laud till JAH!

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *Hallelujah*.

## PSALM CVI.

*Mair laud till the Lord; an' mair word o' what God did for his folk, an' how they thraw'd wi' him ay i' the wust.*

Hallelujah.\*

\* Some tak this for aff-gang till verse 1

<sup>a</sup>1 Chron. 16, 34.

GIE <sup>a</sup>laud till the LORD, for || <sup>b</sup>*be* 's gude; <sup>b</sup>for his gude-ness it tholes evir mair.

<sup>c</sup>or, *it's gude.*

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 107, 1; 118, 1; 136, 1.

2 Wha can put words on the warks o' the LORD? *wha* can set furth a' his praise?

<sup>†</sup>Heb. at a' times, or ilka time.

3 Blythe be they a', wha haud weel by the straught; *the wight* that does right † at ilk turnin.

<sup>e</sup>Ps. 119, 132.

4 <sup>e</sup>Hae min' o' me, LORD, whan

ye rew on yer folk; visit me wi' yer ain heal-ha'din:

5 Till see what 's gude, wi' yer walit; till be fain wi' the joie o' yer folk; till lilt wi' yer ain heritage.

6 We gaed wrang wi' our faihthers an' a'; <sup>d</sup>we did ill, we gaed uncolie wrang:

<sup>d</sup>1 Kings 8, 47.  
Dan. 9, 5

7 Our forebears in Mizra'm, they kent-na yer warks; till yer monyfauld gudeness they gie'd nae heed; <sup>f</sup>bot they angir'd *him* on till the sea, till the sea o' the tangle *sae red*.

<sup>g</sup>Exod. 14, 11, 12.

<sup>h</sup>Ca'd *suph* i' the Hebrew, i.e. tangle, or tangly; aiblins o' a red-brown, an' plenty o't.

8 Bot he heal'd them *for a'*, for his ain name's sake; <sup>i</sup>till mak kent what-na might was his.

<sup>i</sup>Exod. 9, 16.

9 <sup>j</sup>An' he wytit that tangly sea, an' it swakket awa; <sup>k</sup>an' he airtit them syne through the trochs; aye, e'en as on drowthy lan':

<sup>k</sup>Exod. 14, 21.  
Ps. 18, 15.

10 An' he hain'd them sae, frae the ill-willers' han'; an' coft them frae the han' o' theemie.

<sup>l</sup>Isai. 63, 11, 12, 13.

11 <sup>i</sup>The watirs, they whamle'd thae faes o' their ain; || bot ane o' themselfs was-na taigled.

<sup>i</sup>Exod. 14, 27; 15, 5.

<sup>†</sup>or, *no ane o' them*—the Egyptians—*was till the fore.*

12 <sup>k</sup>Syne they lippen'd that word o' his ain; an' laud till himsel they lilit.

<sup>k</sup>Exod. 14, 31; 15, 1.

13 <sup>l</sup>Bot sae sune, they quat min' o' his warks; an' waited-na weel on his guidin.

<sup>l</sup>Exod. 15, 24, 17, 2.

14 <sup>m</sup>An' † they grein'd, an' they yirn'd in the wust; they temptit the Mighty, in that gyte grun':

<sup>m</sup>Num. 11, 4, 33.  
Ps. 78, 18.  
1 Cor. 10, 6.

15 <sup>n</sup>An' he gied them the weight o' their will; bot hungir sent ben till their saul.

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *they greined a greinin.*

<sup>n</sup>Num. 11, 31.

16 <sup>o</sup>Moyse, niest, they envy'd i' the camp; an' Aaron, set-by till the LORD:

<sup>o</sup>Num. 16, 1

17 <sup>p</sup>Bot the yirth, scho raxit, an' Dathan scho glau'm'd; an' sweel'd owre the core o' Abiram:

<sup>p</sup>Num. 16, 31.  
Deut. 11, 6.

18 <sup>q</sup>Syne a bleeze, it brak out i' their thrang; an' the lowe, it lick'd up the ill-doers.

<sup>q</sup>Num. 16, 35, 46.



<sup>r</sup>Exod. 32, 4.

19 <sup>r</sup>They schupit a stirk intil Horeb; an' they loutit till slaughtit gowd:

<sup>i</sup>Jer. 2, 11.  
Rom. 1, 23.

20 <sup>r</sup>Sae they swappit what was their ain gloiry, till the mak o' the gerss-thriv'n knowte:

21 God they forgat, their heal-ha'din; wha wrought sic grand warks in Mizra'm:

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 78, 51;  
105, 23, 27.

22 The wonners he wrought in Ham's lan'; <sup>r</sup>an' the ferlies, by yon tangle-tide.

<sup>u</sup>Exod. 32,  
10, 11, 32.  
Deut. 9, 19;  
10, 10.

23 <sup>u</sup>He spak syne o' fellin them a', had-na Moyses, his ain walit wight, <sup>\*</sup>stude weel i' the slap afore him; till airt his angir awa, <sup>r</sup>that it suld-na win but till smoor <sup>r</sup>them.

<sup>\*</sup>Ezek. 13,  
5; 22, 30.

24 Na, <sup>r</sup>they lightlied the loesome lan'; his ain word they did-na put tryste in:

<sup>r</sup>Jer. 3, 19.

25 <sup>\*</sup>Bot they yammir'd on i' their howffs; they wad hearken nane <sup>†</sup>till JEHOVAH.

<sup>z</sup>Num. 14,  
2, 27.  
<sup>†</sup>Heb. *till the  
suff or cry o'  
Jehovah*

26 <sup>a</sup>Syne he rax't his ain han' heigh again them; till ding them clean owre, i' the wust:

<sup>a</sup>Exod. 16, 8.  
Num. 14, 33.  
Ps. 95, 11.  
Ezek. 20, 15.

27 <sup>b</sup>Till ding their seed by, amang folk; an' till sperfle them clean owre the kintras.

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 44, 11.  
Ezek. 20, 23.

28 They yoket them syne till Baal-Peor; <sup>c</sup>they pree'd at <sup>†</sup>the feasts o' the dead:

<sup>c</sup>Num. 25, 2,  
3; 31, 16.  
Deut. 32, 17.  
Hos. 9, 10.  
Rev. 2, 14.

29 They angir'd <sup>r</sup>him sair wi' their doens; an' the plague, it brak out on them braid:

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *the  
slachtirins  
till, or o'.*

30 <sup>a</sup>Syne Phineas stude, an' cam down wi' the law; an' <sup>r</sup>sae the mischieff, it was stay'd:

<sup>a</sup>Num. 25, 7.

31 An' siclike sal be countit till him for guid wark, <sup>†</sup>frae life's end till life's end, for ay.

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *frae  
kithgetin till  
kithgetin, ay  
on.*

32 <sup>c</sup>At the watirs o' warsle they fash'd <sup>r</sup>him sair; an' till Moyses cam ill, for their sakes:

<sup>c</sup>Num. 20, 3,  
13.  
Deut. 3, 26.

33 <sup>f</sup>For his thought, they dang

<sup>f</sup>Num. 20, 10.



throwither a'; an' owre fast spak he syne wi' his lips.

<sup>g</sup>Jud. 1, 21,  
27.

34 <sup>g</sup>They dang-na the folk, <sup>h</sup>the LORD bade them ding;

<sup>h</sup>Deut. 7, 2.

35 Bot slaughtit themselfs wi' the hethen, an' syne took a swatch frae their warks:

<sup>i</sup>Jud. 2, 2;  
3, 5, 6.  
Isai. 2, 6.

36 An' thirl'd themselfs down till

their eidols, <sup>k</sup>an' they war a girn i' their gate:

<sup>k</sup>Exod. 23,

33.

Deut. 7, 16.

37 Na, <sup>l</sup>they slachtir'd their sons an' their dochtirs, till gods o' the vera mischieff.

<sup>l</sup>2 Kings 16, 3.

Isai. 57, 5.

Ezek. 16, 20;

20, 26.

1 Cor. 10, 20.

38 An' they skail'd the saikless blude; blude o' their sons an' their dochtirs they slachtir'd, till waefu'

<sup>†</sup>Heb. *till  
deils.*

<sup>m</sup> Num. 35.  
33.† Heb. *bludes*.<sup>n</sup> Lev. 17, 7.  
Num. 15, 39.<sup>o</sup> Jud. 2. 16.<sup>a</sup> Ps. 106, 1;  
118, 1; 136, 1.† Heb. *frae  
the sea*.<sup>•</sup> Verses 13,  
19, 28.  
Hos. 5, 15.

gods o' Canaan; <sup>m</sup>an' the lan', it  
was filed wi' † blude.

39 Syne sae war they filed, wi'  
sic warks o' their ain; <sup>n</sup>an' play'd-  
lowse, wi' their ill-ettled thoughts:

40 An' sae was the wuth o' the  
LORD, kennled again his ain folk;  
till he grew'd at his ain heritage:

41 An' syne gied them owre till  
the hethen's han'; an' wha liket  
them ill, war their maisters:

42 An' their ill-willers thringet  
them down; an' aneth their han'  
they war broken.

43 <sup>o</sup>Mair nor ance he rax't them  
atowre; bot they angir'd *him* ay wi'  
their counsels, an' syne they cam  
laigh wi' their sin.

44 Bot he leukit ay sair on their  
dule; <sup>p</sup>whan he hearken'd them  
yammir an' a':

45 <sup>q</sup>An' mindet his tryst wi' them-  
sel, an' pitied them syne; like that  
mony-fauld gudeness o' his:

46 <sup>r</sup>An' † set them in pitie's place,  
afore a' that could mak them thirls.

47 <sup>r</sup>Heal us, LORD God o' our ain,  
an' gather us out frae the hethen; till  
gie laud till yer halie name, till be  
fain in liltin yer praises.

48 Blythe be the LORD, Israel's  
God, frae ae langsyne till anither;  
an' lat a' the folk say Amen:

HALLELUJAH!

<sup>p</sup> Jud. 3, 9;  
4, 3; 6, 7;  
10, 10.<sup>q</sup> Lev. 26, 41.  
42.  
Deut. 30, 1.<sup>r</sup> Ezra 9, 9.  
Jer. 42, 12.† Heb. *set  
them till  
pities*<sup>r</sup> 1 Chron. 16.  
35, 36.

## [PAIRT FIVE.]

## PSALM CVII.

*A lilt o' laud till the Lord, for his  
gudeness till a' that thole; an' till  
Israel abune the lave.*

[By wha's no said, nor kent.]

**G**IE <sup>a</sup>laud till the LORD, for he's  
gude; for his gudeness, it *bides*  
for evir:

2 Lat the bought o' the LORD say  
siclike; wham he coft frae the han'  
o' ill-willer:

3 An' weised them thegither frae  
ilka lan'; frae east an' frae wast,  
frae north an' † frae southe.

4 They wander'd athort the wust,  
on an unco en'less gate; nae town  
they could light on, till bide in:

5 Hungry an' drouthy baith, their  
life it wure out o' them pynin:

6 Than they sigh'd till the LORD  
i' their strett, an' he redd them frae  
a' their cumber;<sup>b</sup>

7 An' airtit them right on a road

*that was* straught, till gang till a  
town to bide in.

8 <sup>c</sup>They suld laud the LORD for  
his gudeness; an' his warks o' won-  
ner till sons o' men:

9 For he plenishes weel the yirnin  
will; an' the hungry saul, he steghs  
wi' guid.

10 Wha bide i' the mirk, an' the  
gloam o' dead; <sup>d</sup>wha are taigled wi'  
† lades o' airn:

11 For they fought at the words  
o' God, <sup>e</sup>an' lightlied the thoughts  
o' the Heighest:

12 An' he brak their heart wi' a  
lade; they stacher'd, an' nane till  
stay:

13 Than they sigh'd till the LORD  
i' their stretts; an' he heal'd them  
frae a' their cumber:<sup>f</sup>

14 <sup>g</sup>He fuhre'd them atowre frae  
the mirk an' dead-gloam; an' the  
ban's *that bun'* them, he synder'd.

<sup>c</sup> Verses 15,  
21, 31.<sup>d</sup> Job 36, 8.  
† Heb. *lades  
an' airn*.<sup>e</sup> Ps. 73, 24;  
119, 24.<sup>f</sup> Verses 6,  
19, 28.<sup>g</sup> Ps. 68, 6;  
146, 7.

<sup>b</sup> Verses 8,  
21, 31.

15 <sup>h</sup> They suld laud the LORD *for* his gudeness; an' his warks o' wonder till sons o' men:

16 For he flinders the yetts o' brass; an' sneds the couples o' airn.

<sup>i</sup> Job 33, 20.

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 9, 13;  
88, 3.

<sup>i</sup> Verses 6, 13,  
23.

17 Fules wi' their senseless gate, an' eke their wrang-doen, maun thole:

18 <sup>i</sup> A' kin' o' victual their life taks ill; <sup>k</sup> an' syne they come down till death's doors:

19 <sup>i</sup> Syne they sigh till the LORD i' their stretts; he heals them frae a' their cumber:

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 147, 15,  
18.  
Mat. 8, 8.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *their ain moults, or wastings.*

<sup>n</sup> Verses 8,  
15, 31.

<sup>o</sup> Lev. 7, 12.  
Ps. 50, 14.  
Hebr. 13, 15.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *slachtir slachtirins o' praise.*

20 <sup>m</sup> His word he sends but, an' he heals them; an' harls *them* atowre frae <sup>†</sup> the moults.

21 <sup>n</sup> They suld laud the LORD *for* his gudeness; an' his warks o' wonder till sons o' men:

22 <sup>o</sup> An' <sup>†</sup> offer a weight o' praise; an' keep min' o' his warks wi' a sang.

23 Wha gang till the sea in ships, an' hae do on the watirs wide;

24 Siclike they can see the warks o' the LORD, an' his wonners in that deep tide.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *he sets the breath o' the blast.*

25 Quo' he, an' <sup>†</sup> he ettles a blast; an' it heizes its watirs heigh:

<sup>p</sup> Ps. 22, 14;  
119, 28.  
Nah. 2, 10.

26 They gang up till the lift, they gang down till the laigh; <sup>p</sup> their life's like till thowe wi' dread:

27 They stacher an' swee, like some drukken carl; an' a' <sup>†</sup> their wit's i' their mouthe:

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *their wit, it's gorbled up.*

<sup>q</sup> Verses 6,  
13, 19.

28 <sup>q</sup> Syne they sigh till the LORD i' their stretts; an' he reddes them atowre frae their cumber:

<sup>r</sup> Mat. 8, 26.

29 <sup>r</sup> The steer he brings down, till a sugh fu' lown; an' the bringe o' the watir bides.

30 Fu' blythe are they syne, sae lown an' fine; an' he airts them in owre till their loesome haven.

<sup>s</sup> Verses 8,  
15, 21.

31 <sup>s</sup> They suld laud the LORD *for* his gudeness; an' his warks o' wonder till sons o' men:

32 They suld heize him heigh, i' the thrang o' the folk; an' eke frae the elders' seat, they suld laud himlane.

33 Rowin-fludes he can turn till a desart; and watir-gates, till drowthy grun':

34 Frutefu' yird, till a lowk o' saut; an' a' for the ill o' wha bide tharon.

35 <sup>t</sup> Bot the wust he can turn till a <sup>†</sup> stankit burn; an' drowthy lan', till watir-rins:

<sup>t</sup> Ps. 114, 8  
Isai. 47, 18.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *stank o' watirs.*

36 An' thar he gars hungry folk till stay; an' they ettles a town, till bide intil.

37 An' they saw the leas, an' they set the vine-trees; an' frute they mak syne, wi' an out-come still:

<sup>u</sup> Exod. 1, 7.

38 <sup>u</sup> An' he blythe-bids them than, an' they growe fu' gran'; an' their beiss, they dinna fa'-by wi' ill.

39 They dwinnle or lang, and down they gang; an' a' wi' a weight o' mischieff an' dule.

40 <sup>x</sup> He can toom out scorn on the foremaist; an' sends them till dauner on <sup>†</sup> gateless grun':

<sup>x</sup> Job 12, 21,  
24.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *toom lan' twi' nae road.*

41 <sup>y</sup> Bot he heizes the puir, frae the laighest lade; <sup>y</sup> an' wi' folk like a flock, he sets *him* on.

<sup>y</sup> 1 Sam. 2, 8.  
Ps. 113, 7, 8.

<sup>z</sup> Ps. 78, 52.

42 <sup>z</sup> The righteous sal leuk, an' fu' fain sal they be; <sup>z</sup> an' a' wrang-doen syne <sup>†</sup> her tongue sal tack:

<sup>a</sup> Job 22, 19.

<sup>b</sup> Job 5, 16.  
Prov. 10, 11

43 <sup>c</sup> Wha's wyss an' taks tent, siclike till see; the gudewill o' the LORD fu' plain sal mak.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *sal steek her gab.*

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 64, 9.  
Jer. 9, 12.  
Hos. 14, 9.

## PSALM CVIII.

*An God gang-na but till the stour, kings wad be wysser at hame; The hail o' Canaan maun be David's.*

A sang or heigh-lilt o' David's. [Brawly made, wi' sma' differ, frae the LVII. an' the LX., as ye may see.]



<sup>a</sup> Ps. 57, 7.

**M**Y heart, <sup>a</sup>it's set, O God; I  
maun sing; an' e'en wi' my  
gloiry play:

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 57, 8.

2 <sup>b</sup>Wauken langspiel, an' *wauken*  
harp; mysel I maun wauken, or  
blink o' day.

† Heb. *na-  
tions on the  
mither's side.*

3 I maun laud ye, LORD, amang  
hethen folk; an' lilt till yersel,  
amang †niebor kin:

4 For heigh abune hevin, yer  
gudeness *gangs*; an' yer trewth, till  
the cluds it *can win*:

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 57, 5, 11.

5 'O God, be thou liftit abune  
the lift; owre a' the yirth, thy  
gloiry *seen*.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 60, 5.

6 <sup>d</sup>That the folk ye loe weel, may  
be lowse'd out o' thril; help *wi'*  
yer right-han', an' hear me.

|| or, *ben in  
his haliness.*

7 Quo' God, || whar he bides by  
himlane, I maun up: Shechem I'll  
synder in twa, an' redd out the  
howe o' Succoth.

8 Gilode, it's mine ain, Manasseh  
mine *sal be*; Ephraim as weel, my  
head *sal hain*; an' Judah gie laws  
for me.

‡ Leuk till  
what's said  
at Ps. 60, 8.

9 Moab's but my sinin-cog; owre  
Edom, I'll fling my shoe: ‡ I maun  
daur ye, Philistia, *now*!

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 60, 9.

10 'Wha *sal airt* me the weel-  
bigget brugh? wha *sal wise* me  
in owre till Edom?

|| or, *an' ye  
didna.*

11 Winna ye, O God, *wha* ance  
schot us atowre? || winna ye gang  
furth, O God, alang wi' our hosts  
*till the stour*?

|| or, *in man;*  
leuk at Ps.  
60, 11.

12 *An* ye gie us help frae stretts,  
what signifies strenth in Edom? ||

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 60, 12.

13 <sup>f</sup>Wi' God himsel, we 'se do  
unco weel; for himlane *sal down-*  
tread our hail faedom! †

† Heb. *our  
faes.*

## PSALM CIX.

*The man wha kens-na how till do  
gude, sal ne'er hae gude till ken: an  
unco sair wytin be tholes.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-  
lilt o' David's.

**G**OD o' my laudin, <sup>a</sup>be-na sae  
whush:

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 83, 1.

2 For the mouthe o' mischieff, an'  
the lean mouthe, hae rax't themsel  
baith again me: they crack at mysel,  
wi' a tongue that lies.

3 Wi' ill-willed claivers, they  
wrought me roun; <sup>b</sup>an' fought at  
me saikless, *the twa*:

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 69, 4.  
John 15, 25.

4 For gudewill o' mine, they 're  
ill-willers to me; tho' I *fleech'd them*  
*wi'* prayer an' a':

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 35, 7,  
12; 38, 22

5 'An' ill they gied me for gude;  
an' spite, for the luvie I *gied them*.

6 Set ye the mischieff owre him-  
sel; <sup>d</sup>an' the deil be on his right han':

<sup>d</sup> Zech. 3, 1.

7 At his rightin, lat him be the  
wrang; 'an' his bidden, for ill lat  
it stan':

<sup>e</sup> Prov. 28, 9.

8 His days, o' nae count lat them  
be; <sup>f</sup>an' his turn lat anither try:

<sup>f</sup> Acts 1, 20.

9 <sup>g</sup>Faitherless *ay* be his weans;  
an' his wife a widow, *forby*.

<sup>g</sup> Exod. 22, 24.

10 His weans, lat them harl about  
an' seek; an' yirn frae their howffs  
sae drear:

<sup>b</sup> Job 5, 5:  
18, 9.

11 <sup>h</sup>Lat the ockerer rax owre ilk  
haet that was his; an' frem folk lay  
han's on his gear:

12 Nane lat there be till him pitie  
to gie; an' nane for his orphans till  
spier.

<sup>i</sup> Job 18, 19

13 <sup>i</sup>The last o' his line, be till  
death condign; their name, frae the  
niest kin dight out:

14 <sup>k</sup>Be the ill o' his faithers in  
mind wi' the LORD; an' his mither's  
misfaur no forget:

<sup>k</sup> Exod. 20, 5.

15 Ay lat them be, † whar the  
LORD can see; || tho' mind o' them  
*'quat* frae the yirth.

† Heb. *right  
 afore the  
Lord.*

|| or, *lat him  
quat mind o'  
them.*

16 For he ne'er had min' till do  
gude; bot he herried the feckless  
wight; an' the weak an' the wastit  
heart, *be ettled* till do to dead:

<sup>j</sup> Job 18, 17.  
Ps. 34, 16.

17 <sup>m</sup>An' syne, sen he liket till  
swear, e'en lat it come till himsel;  
an' ne'er had the will to blythe-bid,  
far lat it bide frae him still:

<sup>m</sup> Ezek. 35, 6.

18 And e'en as he happit him owre, wi' an aith, like some dud o' his ain; lat it win like a spate till his wame; an' like oyle, lat it seep in his bane:

19 Lat it be till him syne, like the cleedin that haps; an' the graith, he draws weel round himlane.

20 Siclike, frae the LORD, be the darg o' my faes; an' o' them wha speak ill o' my saul. §

§David cou'd ne'er thole the ill-heartit, nor the ill-doer.

21 Bot yerlane, O LORD, my Lord, do ye *a' that's right* for me: for yer ain name's sake, for it's gude; in yer kindness, O redd me free.

22 For puir an' forfainr *am* I a'; an' my heart, i' the midds o' me, 's dune:

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 102, 11; 144, 4.

23 <sup>a</sup>Like the gloam as it flits, I gae by; like the locust, I swee up an' down.

† Heb. *zui' hungerin*.

24 My knees they can knoit, †*am* sae toom; an' my body, it wears out o' bouk:

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 22, 7. Mat. 27, 39.

25 Syne, <sup>a</sup>I been a jeer till them; wha saw me, their head they sheuk.

26 Stoop me, LORD God o' my ain; heal me, for that gudeness o' thine:

27 Syne sal they ken, that siclike's yer ain han'; that yerlane, O LORD, did it syne.

28 E'en lat them ban, bot blythe-bid ye yerlane; lat them up, an they will, cuisten down be they still; bot yer leal-man, fu' fain lat him be.

29 Lat my ill-willers ay, be cled wi' dismay; an' thick like a cleuk, theeket owre wi' their scorn be they.

30 Unco loud till the LORD, I 'se gie laud wi' my mouthe; an' in midds o' the thrang, gie him praise:

<sup>a</sup>Ps. 16, 8; 73, 23; 110, 5; 121, 8.

31 <sup>a</sup>For he stan's at the han' o' the feckless man; till haud him soun' frae †the *lawless* loons, wad gie law till end his days.

† Heb. *lawless* o' his life.

## PSALM CX.

*The Lord's Chrystit sal be king an' a', owre an' ayont Melchizedek.*  
Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

QUO' the <sup>a</sup>LORD till that Lord o' mine, Sit ye on my ain right han'; till I mak ill-willers o' thine, a brod for yer feet till stan':

<sup>a</sup>Mat. 22, 44. Mark 12, 36. Luke 20, 42. Acts 2, 34. 1 Cor. 15, 25. Hebr. 1, 13. 1 Pet. 3, 22. Leuk Ps. 45, 6, 7.

2 The rod o' yer might frae Zioun, the LORD, he sal rax 't himsel; in midds o' a' yer ill-willers, haud ye the gree fu' snell.

<sup>b</sup>Jud. 5, 2.

3 <sup>b</sup>Folk wi' a will, *sal be* thine, i' the day o' yer might an' a'; 'wi' braws sae meet, the dewy weet, o' yer bairn-time sweet, frae the lap o' the light || sal fa'. §

|| or, *hansels an' a'.*

<sup>c</sup>Ps. 96, 9.

|| or, *till yersel.*

4 The LORD's taen a tryst, an' he winna gae frae 't; <sup>d</sup>Yersel *sal be* priest on Melchizedek's gate, lang enough:

§ Twal gates, nae fewer, o' turnin this ae verse ye may count i' the best buiks; some right, some wrang.

5 The LORD, 'on yer ain right han', sal ding kings in the <sup>f</sup>day o' his wuth:

<sup>d</sup>Hebr. 5, 6; 7, 17, 21.

Leuk Zech. 6, 13.

<sup>e</sup>Ps. 16, 8.

6 He sal redd amang hethen folk; wi' the dead, he sal pang *the sheugh*:

<sup>f</sup>Ps. 2, 5.

Rev. 11, 18.

<sup>g</sup>he sal clour the crown, owre lan' out o' boun':

<sup>g</sup>Ps. 68, 21. Hab. 3, 13.

7 <sup>h</sup>Frae the burn || he gaes by, he sal drink whan he's dry; an' syne rax his head fu' heigh.

<sup>b</sup>Jud. 7, 5, 6. || or, *on the gate.*

## PSALM CXI.

*The warks o' the Lord are loesome an' gran'; an' the truth o' his mouthe ever mair sal stan'.*

Hallelujah. [Ane.]

THE LORD I maun laud, wi' a' my heart; i' the thrang o' the righteous, an' kirk itsel.

☞ Tak tent till the orderin o' thir three Hallelujah liltis: (1.) God's gude; (2.) Gude folk are like God; (3.) They're baith unco gude till the feckless.

2 Fu' grand *are* the warks o' the LORD; till be spier'd for, by a' that loe them.

3 Bright an' braw, his wark it's a'; an' his righteousness stan's till nae endin.

4 Min' o' his warks sae grand, he

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 36, 5;  
103, 8.

made guid for ay; <sup>a</sup>thoughtfu' an' kind *is* JEHOVAH.

5 Guid he can gie, till wha fear himsel; his tryst he has min' o' for evir.

6 The might o' his warks till his folk he made plain; till gie them the lan' o' the hethen.

7 The warks o' his han's, they're trewth an' right; <sup>b</sup>an' sikkerness' sel, a' his biddens:

8 'Fu' stievely they stan' for evir an' ay; wrought in truth an' aefauldness.

9 Redden he sent till his folk; his tryst he bade be for evir; halie an' awesome, his name *is*.

10 <sup>d</sup>The height o' what's wyss, *is* the dread o' the LORD; <sup>e</sup>heedfu' guid's wi' guid-warkers a'; an' his laud, it sal last for evir.

## PSALM CXII.

*The guid a gude man can do, an folk wad but think on 't! God's the God o' guid-warks, and o' a' guid-warkers.*

Hallelujah. [Twa.]

**B**LYTHE <sup>a</sup>may the man be *that* fears the LORD; an' likes weel till bide by his biddens:

2 His out-come an' a' sal be gran' in the lan'; the race o' the righteous is blessed.

3 Rowth an' plenty *sal be* in his hous; an' his right, it sal ay be fu' sikker.

4 <sup>b</sup>Light i' the mirkness, wins up for the right; he's gude, an' he's kind, an' he's righteous.

5 'The man that's gude can be kind, an' can lend; an' ay keeps his word at the rightin.

6 For nevir sae lang, he winna gae wrang; †ay in guid enugh mind, *is* the righteous.<sup>d</sup>

7 At the sugh o' mischieff, nae

dread has he; stieve stan's his heart in JEHOVAH.

8 Sae sikker's his heart *is*, 'nae dread can he hae; till he sees <sup>e</sup>far ayont a' his cumber.

9 <sup>f</sup>He sends far an' near, he can gie till the puir; <sup>g</sup>his righteousness stan's for evir; <sup>h</sup>an' in gloiry his horn sal be heigher.

10 <sup>i</sup>The ill-doer sal see, an' sal fyke; <sup>k</sup>he sal grush wi' his teeth, <sup>l</sup>an' sal thowe frae the dyke: <sup>m</sup>the will o' the wicked sal dwinnle.

## PSALM CXIII.

*Another lilt o' laud. The Lord leuks owre the heighest; the Lord leuks down till the laigest.*

Hallelujah. [Three.]

**L**AUD ye the LORD, ye folk o' his ain; laud ye the name o' JEHOVAH.

2 <sup>a</sup>Sae blythe may the name o' JEHOVAH be; frae the now, till nae end o' time comin.

3 <sup>b</sup>Frae the sun's gaen abune, till the time he gaes down, the name o' the LORD's to be laudit.

4 Owre a' the hethen, JEHOVAH's heigh; 'owre the lift itsel, his gloiry.

5 <sup>d</sup>Wha's like the LORD, that's God o' our ain; wha sets him sae heigh in his biggen?

6 <sup>e</sup>Wha louts him sae laigh till leuk wi' *his een*, on the lift an' the lan' *aneth him*!

7 <sup>f</sup>He lifts the forfairn frae the stoure; he raxes the puir frae the †ase-pit:

8 <sup>g</sup>Till set *him* along wi' the best; along wi' the best o' his kinsfolk.

9 <sup>h</sup>The wanter he sets in a hous o' her ain; an' *e'en maks* her blythe, the mither o' weans. Hallelujah!

## PSALM CXIV.

*When the Lord steers, bow the yirth*

<sup>c</sup> Prov. 1, 33;  
3, 33.

<sup>||</sup> or, *owre his ill-willers.*

<sup>f</sup> 2 Cor. 9, 9.

<sup>g</sup> Deut. 24, 13.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 75, 10.

<sup>i</sup> Luke 13, 28

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 37, 12.

<sup>l</sup> Ps. 58, 7, 8.

<sup>m</sup> Prov. 10, 28.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 19, 7.

<sup>c</sup> Isai. 40, 8.  
Mat. 5, 18.

<sup>d</sup> Deut. 4, 6.  
Joh 28, 28.  
Prov. 1, 7; 9, 10.

Eccles. 12, 13.

<sup>e</sup> or, *guid speed.*

<sup>||</sup> (3.)

God an'  
God's folk  
are gude till  
the feckless.

<sup>a</sup> Dan. 2, 20.

<sup>b</sup> Isai. 59, 19.  
Mal. 1, 11.

<sup>c</sup> (2.)  
Gude folk  
are like God.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 128, 1.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 1, 1.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 89, 6.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 138, 6.  
Isai. 57, 15.

<sup>f</sup> 1 Sam. 2, 8.  
Ps. 107, 41.

† The vera  
Hebrew,  
*ashphit.*

<sup>g</sup> Job. 36, 7.

<sup>h</sup> 1 Sam. 2, 5.  
Ps. 68, 6.

<sup>b</sup> Job 11, 17.  
Ps. 97, 11.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 37, 26.  
Luke 6, 35.

† Does-na  
forget his ain  
tryst; or, is  
ay in guid  
mind wi' his  
niebors.

<sup>d</sup> Prov. 10, 7.



maun dinnle; heights an' bowes can trimmle baith.

[By wha's no said.\*]

**W**HAN <sup>a</sup>Israel wan but frae Mizra'm; <sup>b</sup>an' Jakob's houss frae folk that war frem:

2 <sup>c</sup>Judah's sel was his halie howff;

an' Israel was his kingryk than.

3 <sup>d</sup>The sea, it saw, an' swakket awa; <sup>e</sup>Jordan gaed bak in dams:

4 <sup>f</sup>The hills, they lap like thrawart tups; the knowes, like speanin lams.†

5 <sup>g</sup>What ail'd ye, Sea, ye swakket sae; Jordan, that ye gaed wrang?

6 Hills, that ye lap like warslin tups; an' ye knowes, like speanin lams?

7 At sight o' the LORD, Yirth, ye maun steer; at the sight o' Jakob's GUDE:

8 <sup>h</sup>Wha swappit the wust for a †stank sae clear; the flint, for a †watir-flude!

### PSALM CXV.

*Like draws to like, the warld owre:  
Fulish folk maun hae feckless gods;  
folk that ken better, hae God the Lord.*

[By wha's no said.]

**N**O <sup>a</sup>till oursel, LORD, no till us; bot a' till that name o' yer ain, for yer gudeness an' <sup>e</sup>en for yer trewth, gie the gloiry.

2 <sup>b</sup>What-for suld the hethen say, Whar syne is that God they aught?

3 <sup>c</sup>Bot that God o' our ain, <sup>s</sup>i' the lift by himlane; what he liket himsel, he has wrought.

4 <sup>d</sup>Their eidols are siller an' gowd; the wark o' folk's han's o' the yird:

5 Thar's a mouthe o' their ain, bot they canna speak; an' een o' their ain, bot they see-na:

6 They hae lugs o' their ain, bot

they canna hear; an' a nose o' their ain, bot they smell-na:

7 Han's hae they, bot they han'le nane; an' feet, bot they winna steer: no a sugh hae they, ben their craig.

8 <sup>e</sup>Like themselves are the folk, wha can mak sic gear; an' a' that lippen till them!

9 <sup>f</sup>Lippen ye till the LORD, O Israel; their stoop an' their schild's himlane.<sup>g</sup>

10 O Aaron's houss, lippen ye till the LORD; their stoop an' their schild is he:

11 Wha fear the LORD, lippen ye till the LORD; their stoop an' their schild he'll be.

12 The LORD has guid min' o' oursel: he sal bless an' blythe-bid the houss o' Isr'el; Aaron's houss blythe-bid sal he:

13 <sup>h</sup>He sal blythe-bid a' wha fear the LORD; the sma', wi' the heigh o' degree.

14 The LORD sal mak mair o' ye, ay; mak ye mair, an' mak mair o' yer weans!

15 O blythe be ye a' in the LORD, <sup>i</sup>wha made baith the lift an' the lan':

16 The lift, <sup>aye</sup> the lift, it's the LORD's; bot the lan' he has gien till men's sons.

17 <sup>k</sup>The dead can gie nae Hallelujahs; nor nane wha gang down till the lown:

18 <sup>l</sup>Bot oursel, we maun blythe-bid JEHOVAH; frae the now an' for evir an' ay: †Laud HIMLANE.

### PSALM CXVI.

*The Lord's the stievest stoop in a' stretts: Folk maun speak as they think, tho' they're whiles wrang:  
We're behadden to the Lord himlane, for a' that's gude an' true.*

[By wha's no said.]

\* Frae this, on till the 119, itsel amang the lave, are a' ca'd Hallelujahs by the LXX.

<sup>a</sup>Exod. 13, 3.

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 81, 5.

<sup>c</sup>Exod. 6, 7;

19, 6.

Deut. 27, 9.

<sup>d</sup>Exod. 14,

21.

Ps. 77, 16.

<sup>e</sup>Josh. 3, 13,

16.

<sup>f</sup>Ps. 29, 6.

68, 16.

† Heb. *bairns*

o' the flock.

<sup>g</sup>Hab. 3, 8.

<sup>b</sup>Exod. 17, 6.

Num. 20, 11.

Ps. 107, 35.

† Heb. *loch o'*

*watirs.*

† Heb. *een o'*

*watirs.*

<sup>a</sup>Leuk 1:ai.

48, 11.

Ezek. 36, 32.

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 42, 3,

10; 79, 10.

Joel 2, 17.

<sup>c</sup>1 Chron. 16,

26.

Ps. 135, 6.

Dan. 4, 35.

<sup>d</sup>Deut. 4, 28.

Ps. 135, 15.

Jer. 10, 3.

<sup>e</sup>Ps. 135, 18.

Hab. 2, 18,

19.

<sup>f</sup>Leuk Ps.

118, 2, 3, 4:

135, 19, 20.

<sup>g</sup>Ps. 33, 20.

Prov. 30, 5.

<sup>h</sup>Ps. 128, 1, 4.

<sup>i</sup>Ps. 95, 5;

96, 6.

<sup>k</sup>Ps. 6, 5; 88,

10, 11, 12.

Isai. 38, 18.

<sup>l</sup>Dan. 2, 20.

† Heb. *Halle-*

*lujah.*

|  |   |   |  |
|--|---|---|--|
|  | <p><b>T</b>HE LORD I loe weel, for he hearkens, till the sigh o' my biddens an' a':</p> <p>2 For he louts his lug to mysel; I maun skreigh, †sae lang as 'am livin' ava'.</p> <p>3 <sup>a</sup>The dules o' dead wan about me; an' the stouns o' the lang-hame sought me sair: hamper an' cumber, I kenn'd them baith:</p> <p>4 Syne I skreigh'd, i' the name o' the LORD; Ah now, O LORD! redd my life frae skaith.</p> <p>5 The LORD, he 's fu' gude an' fu' righteous; our God, he 's fu' kindly an' a':</p> <p>6 The LORD, he leuks weel to the weakly; forfochten was I, and he heal'd me a'.</p> <p>7 Haud ye hame †to the lown again, O my saul; <sup>b</sup>for the LORD 's been fu' gude to yerlane:</p> <p>8 <sup>c</sup>For my life, ye wrought but frae the dead; my een frae a tear, my feet †frae the birse o' a stane.</p> <p>9 E'en sae sal I fuhre, <sup>d</sup>wi' the LORD to the fore, in the lan' o' livin' men.</p> <p>10 <sup>e</sup>I trystit sae weel, I spak sae leal; wi' mylane, I was sairly dang thro':</p> <p>11 <sup>f</sup>An' quo' I my ain gate, whan I cou'd-na wait, †No ae yird-born loon o' them 's true.<sup>g</sup></p> <p>12 What syne sal I gie, till the LORD for a fee, <sup>for</sup> his double o' gude to mysel?</p> <p>13 The stoup o' heal-ha'din I'll heize fu' hie, an' the †name o' the LORD sal out-tell:</p> <p>14 <sup>h</sup>My trysts till the LORD, I maun e'en mak them guid; aye, in face o' his peopil a'.</p> <p>15 <sup>i</sup>Sair i' the sight o' the LORD, is the dead o' the folk he loes weel.</p> <p>16 Hae pitie, LORD; <sup>k</sup>yer ain loon am I: yer loon, mylane; <sup>l</sup>yer ain</p> | <p>maiden's son: my thirlban's, ye lowse'd them <i>forby</i>.</p> <p>17 <sup>m</sup>An offer o' laud I maun lift till thee; i' the name o' the LORD, I maun cry.</p> <p>18 <sup>n</sup>My trysts till the LORD, I maun e'en mak them guid; aye, in face o' his peopil a':</p> <p>19 In the faulds o' the LORD's ain houss; in the midds o' yersel, Jerusalem: †Ye maun e'en gie laud till JAH.</p>  | <p><sup>m</sup> Lev. 7, 12.</p> <p><sup>n</sup> Verse 14.</p> <p>† Heb. Halle-lujah.</p>   |
|  | <p>PSALM CXVII.</p> <p><i>A lilt o' laud for a' livin' folk.</i></p> <p>[By wha 's no said.]</p> <p><b>G</b>IE <sup>a</sup>laud till the LORD, O a' ye folk; laud ye Himsel, a' niebor kin:</p> <p>2 For heigh owre oursel, 's his gudeness gran'; an' the truth o' the LORD for ay <i>sal win</i>: Hallelujah!</p>   | <p>PSALM CXVIII.</p> <p><i>Wha, sae weel as his ain, can ken the gudeness o' God: i' the field an' the fauld, he stoops them; his han' maks their houss an' hame.</i></p> <p>[By wha 's no said.]</p> <p><b>G</b>IE <sup>a</sup>laud till the LORD, for he 's gude; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for ay.</p> <p>2 <sup>b</sup>Lat Israel say siclike; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for ay:</p> <p>3 Lat Aaron's houss say siclike; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for ay:</p> <p>4 Lat wha fear the LORD say siclike; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for ay.</p> <p>5 <sup>c</sup>I skreigh'd till the LORD in stretts; <sup>d</sup>an' wi' scowth, the LORD hearken'd till me.</p> <p>6 <sup>e</sup>The LORD himsel 's on my side; I care-na what man does till me:</p> <p>7 <sup>f</sup>The LORD 's wi' my frien's, forby; atowre my ill-willers I'll see.</p> <p>8 <sup>g</sup><i>It 's</i> better to bide on the LORD, nor to lippen till bairns o' the yird:</p> | <p><sup>a</sup> Rom. 15, 11.</p> <p><sup>a</sup> 1 Chron. 16, 8.<br/>Ps. 106, 1;<br/>107, 1; 136, 1.</p> <p><sup>b</sup> Leuk till Ps. 115, 9, &amp;c.</p> <p><sup>c</sup> Ps. 120, 1.</p> <p><sup>d</sup> Ps. 18, 19.</p> <p><sup>e</sup> Ps. 27, 1;<br/>56, 4, 11.<br/>Isai. 51, 12.<br/>Hebr. 13, 6.</p> <p><sup>f</sup> Ps. 54, 4.</p> <p><sup>g</sup> Ps. 40, 4;<br/>62, 8, 9.<br/>Jer. 17, 5, 7.</p> |

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 146, 3.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *the  
foremaist  
folk.*

9 <sup>h</sup> *It's* better to bide on the LORD,  
nor till lippen <sup>†</sup> the heighest laird.  
10 The folk, ane an' a', wan about  
me; i' the name o' the LORD, I maun  
sned them by!

11 About, an' about, they wan  
roun' me; i' the name o' the LORD,  
I maun sned them by!

<sup>†</sup> Deut. 1, 44.

<sup>h</sup> Eccles. 7, 6.  
Nah. 1, 10.

12 <sup>i</sup> They byket about me, like  
bees; they gaed down <sup>k</sup> like a bleeze  
o' thorns: i' the name o' the LORD,  
I maun sned them by!

13 Ye schot at me sair, till ding  
me owre; bot the LORD, he was  
stoop till me.

<sup>†</sup> Exod. 15, 2.  
Isai. 12, 2.

14 <sup>i</sup> My strenth an' my sang, *is*  
the LORD; an' eke, my heal-ha'din  
sal be.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *i' the  
shielins o' the  
rightous:  
tho' they  
bide i' the  
shiel, the  
Lord keeps  
them weel.*

15 *It's* the sugh o' a sang an'  
heal-ha'din, they're baith wi' <sup>†</sup> gude  
folk i' the shiels; *for* the right han'  
*itsel* o' JEHOVAH, it *ay* maks the  
surest bield:

16 The right-han' *itsel* o' JEHO-  
VAH, it raxes atowre sae weel; the  
right-han' *itsel* o' JEHOVAH, it *ay*  
maks the surest bield.

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 6, 5.  
Hab. 1, 12.

17 <sup>m</sup> Nane sal I die, bot sal livin  
be; an' the warks o' the LORD, I  
sal tell:

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *dingin,  
he might ding  
me.*

18 The LORD, <sup>†</sup> he might ettle till  
ding me sair; bot till dead, he wad  
ne'er gie mysel.

<sup>n</sup> Isai. 26, 2.

19 <sup>n</sup> O rax till me wide, the yetts  
o' the gude; it's by them I'se win  
ben, *whan* I ettle the LORD till laud:

<sup>o</sup> Ps. 24, 7.

|| or, *the yett  
o' the Lord:  
no ner-han  
sae pithy.*

20 <sup>o</sup> For that's *ay* || the yett till the  
LORD; <sup>p</sup> by its-lane sal the rightous  
win ben.

<sup>p</sup> Isai. 35, 8.  
Rev. 21, 27;  
22, 14, 15.

21 Laud till yersel I maun gie, for  
ye hearken'd till me; an' help ye  
been *ay* till me *syne*.

<sup>q</sup> Mat. 21, 42.  
Mark 12, 10.  
Luke 20, 17.  
Acts 4, 11.  
Eph. 2, 20.  
1 Pet. 2, 4, 7.

22 <sup>q</sup> The stane the biggers wad  
nane o', the head o' the neuk it has  
been:

23 Frae the LORD himlane, siclike  
maun hae fa'n; an' a ferlie it *stan's*  
in our een.

24 A day siclike, 's the wark o'  
the LORD; blythe an' fu' fain lat us  
be tharin:

25 <sup>†</sup> Fy haste ye, LORD; ye maun  
help accord: <sup>†</sup> fy haste ye, LORD;  
ye maun gar *us* win!

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *Beseik  
ye, Lord.*

26 <sup>r</sup> O blythe be the wight that  
fuhres, i' the name o' JEHOVAH's  
*sel*; blythe hae we bidden ye a',  
frae the houss o' the LORD *himlane*.

<sup>r</sup> Mat. 21, 9;  
23, 39.  
Mark 11, 9.  
Luke 19, 38.  
Leuk Zech.  
4, 7.

27 *It's* God the LORD, 'gies us  
light; thirl ye the hanel, wi' ban's  
fu' tight, till the horns o' the altar-  
stane.

<sup>r</sup> Esth. 8, 16.

28 God o' my ain *are* ye, till yer-  
sel I maun gloiry gie; my God, I  
maun heize ye hie!

29 Gie laud till the LORD, for  
he's gude; for his gudeness for evir  
sal be!

## PSALM CXIX.

*Mony a line o' laud for the Law, and  
mony a tryst till bide by its biddens,  
ye sal find i' this lang, weel-wrought,  
weel-wordit Psalm.*

[By wha's no here said; aiblins by  
David in his young days, or i' the  
lown at his leasure, as he gaed  
frae houss till ha' amang his ene-  
mies: leuk verses 54, 79, 84, 86,  
an' 176. Ca'd by the LXX.  
Hallelujah.]

### ALEPH.

A' STRAUGHT i' the gate,  
do weel; <sup>a</sup> wha gang by the  
law o' the LORD:

<sup>N</sup> ALEPH  
sounds  
atween  
A an' Ha.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 128, 1.

2 A' wairdin his <sup>†</sup> will, do weel;  
seekin him wi' their <sup>†</sup> heart's accord.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *twills.*  
<sup>†</sup> Heb. *hail  
heart.*

3 An' eke, <sup>b</sup> they do nae folie; *bot*  
*ay* in his gate they steer:

<sup>b</sup> 1 John 3,  
9; 5, 18.

4 *As* ye hae gien sic commaun,  
till bide by yer biddens clear.

5 An my gate war but sikkerly  
set; till haud by yer tryst 'am fain:

6 An' syne I sal ne'er be scham't,  
*whan* <sup>c</sup> I leuk till yer biddens ilk ane.

<sup>c</sup> Job 22, 26.



<sup>d</sup> Verse 171.

7 A' laud, wi' leal heart, <sup>d</sup>I 'se gie thee; whan I ken yer right-rechtsins sae trew:

8 An yer trysts I but sikkerly keep, O cast me-na far frae you!

BETH.

9 By what sal a chield redd his gate? till haud by the thing ye say:

10 By my heart its-lane, I hae sought yersel; lat me ne'er frae yer biddens gae.

11 Ben i' my heart, <sup>e</sup>I hae happit yer word; that I ne'er suld gae wrang wi' thee:

12 Bless'd an' blythe, O LORD, are yerlane; <sup>f</sup>gie wit o' yer trysts till me.

13 But frae my lips, I hae sent the count o' yer ain right-rechtsins a':

14 By the gate o' yer trysts I hae blyther been, nor wi' a' the gear cou'd fa'.

15 Biddens o' thine, I sal sigh on them; an' tent the gates ye gang:

16 Blythely bide i' yer trysts sal I; yer tellin I 'se ne'er think lang.

GIMEL.

17 Gie <sup>g</sup>eneugh till yer servan', LORD; I sal live, an' haud weel by yer word:

18 Gar open my een, I sal see the ferlies o' thy record.

19 Gangrel, <sup>h</sup>gang I on the yird; hide nane yer commauns frae me:

20 Gane <sup>i</sup>is my saul wi' the pyne, for yer rightins, a' day, that † I dree.

21 Gin ye winna wyte the proud; the curst, wha gae by yer commauns:

22 Gibin an' jeerin put far frae me; for yer biddens I thole i' my han's.

23 Gabbin again me the foremaist sat; bot yer leal-man thought ay on yer law:

24 Grand pleasure <sup>k</sup>yer biddens gie ay till me; *for* they are the men o' my ha'.

<sup>j</sup> BETH  
sounds  
atween B  
an' Bh.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 37, 31.  
Luke 2, 19,  
51.

<sup>f</sup> Verses 26,  
33, 64, 68,  
108, 124,  
135.

<sup>j</sup> GIMEL  
sounds  
atween G  
an' Gh.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 116, 7.

<sup>b</sup> Gen. 47, 9;  
1 Chron. 29,  
15.

Ps. 39, 12.  
2 Cor. 5, 6.  
Hebr. 11, 13.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 42, 1, 2;  
63, 1; 84, 2.

† Heb. it can  
dree, or, *twi*  
dreein.

<sup>k</sup> Verses 77,  
92.

DALETH.

25 Dang down i' the stoure, is my saul; <sup>m</sup>gar me live, as yersel avise'd:

26 Descrivit my gate, hae I; ye hae hearken'd: <sup>n</sup>tell me yer trysts.

27 Draught me the gate o' yer laws; I sal think on yer wonnerwarks syne:

28 Dleepin awa <sup>o</sup>is my saul, wi' kiaugh; haud me up, wi' that word o' thine.

29 Ding the gate o' a lie, far far frae me; bot gie me braw scowth i' yer law:

30 Dearly I loe the gate that's true; yer right-rechtsins, I ettle them a'.

31 Deep i' yer trysts am I; O LORD, lat me ne'er hing my head:

32 Dinkly I'll gae the gate ye say, <sup>p</sup>an my heart ye but set ahead.

HE.

33 Airt me, O LORD, <sup>q</sup>the gate o' yer trysts; an' I 'se haud it, as *sikker* as gear:

34 E'en gie me lear, an' I 'se keep yer law: na, I 'se waired it, wi' heart heal an' fere.

35 Airt me the gate o' yer ain commauns; for till it, am I uncoly fain:

36 Even my heart till a' ye say; an' no wi' greed till grein.

37 Haud-by my een <sup>r</sup>frae glowrin at nought; <sup>r</sup>in yer ain gate gar me steer:

38 Heigh owre yer loon, heize up † yer tryst; wha *louts* fu' laigh i' yer fear.

39 Haud-by the scorn I dread sae sair; for yer rightins, they *'re* a' sae † stieve:

40 Hae I no sought yer visitins? <sup>s</sup>i' yer righteousness, gar me live.

VAU.

41 Weise me ance mair yer gude-ness, LORD; *an'* yer heal-ha'din, e'en as ye spak:

42 Wyssly syne, till scorners o'

<sup>j</sup> DALETH  
sounds  
atween D  
an' Dh.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 44, 25.

<sup>m</sup> Verse 40.  
Ps. 143, 11.

<sup>n</sup> Verse 12.  
Ps. 25, 4; 27,  
11; 86, 11.

<sup>o</sup> Ps. 107, 26.

<sup>p</sup> Isai. 60, 5.

<sup>j</sup> HE sounds  
atween  
Heh, Ae, an'  
Et.

<sup>q</sup> Verse 12.

<sup>r</sup> Isai. 33 15.

<sup>s</sup> Prov. 23, 5.

† Heb. yer ain  
spoken word.

† Heb. they  
gude.

<sup>i</sup> Verses 25,  
37, 88, 107,  
149, 156,  
159.

<sup>j</sup> VAU  
sounds  
atween V  
an' F. But ae  
word in He-  
brew o' that  
ae letter:  
ettles, while:

An', whiles  
Bot, whiles  
Sen or Syne;  
and ilka  
verse o' this  
pairt begins  
wi't.

mine; for I lippen yer word, I'll speak bak.

43 Word syne o' truth, frae out my mouthe, tak ye-na clean awa; for I lippen yer rightins a':

44 Weel syne sal I waird, for evir an' ay, yer ain maist aefauld law.

45 Wi' walth o' gate, I 'se daiker syne; for I haud yer commauns at need:

46 Word syne o' yer wairnins, "I 'se wair on kings; an' sal ne'er hing down my head.

47 Wi' wonner-will, I 'se waught my fill o' yer biddens I loe sae weel:

48 Will heize my han's till yer dear commauns, an' lout owre yer statutes leal!

ZAIN.

49 Seek owre the word, *ye spak* till yer loon; on whilk ye gar'd me to lippen:

50 Siclike *was* a' my content in my care; for yer word it was, keepit me livin.

51 Sae sair as the proud, they scorn'd at me; frae that law o' yer ain I ne'er sought:

52 Sae lang sen-syne, yer rightins I mind; an', LORD, I was kindly wrought.

53 Sic dreid, it cam owre me syne; for the ill, wha mak light o' yer law:

54 Sangs till me, yer statutes be; in the houss whar 'am frem an' a'.<sup>§</sup>

55 Zit \*a' the night, I mindet yer name; O LORD, an' yer law I keepit:

56 Zat ay was my ain, till haud *fu' fain*; for I wairded †a' that ye threepit.

HETH.

57 Ha'din o' mine *are ye*, †LORD; yer words, quo' I, I suld mind:

58 Heal-hearted, I sought yer face; till mysel, as ye plighted, be kind.

59 How far I gaed *wrang*, I cou'd tell; till yer laws syne, I airted my gaens:

60 Hastit, an' swither'd I nane; till haud by yer ain commauns.

61 Hail droves o' wrang-doers rave me in twa; bot I ne'er loot yer law frae my sight:

62 Half i' the mirk, I wauken me up; till lilt o' yer rightins right.

63 Halvers gang I, wi' a' that fear thee; an' wha mind yer wairnins weel:

64 How yer gudeness, LORD, the yirth fu'fills; <sup>a</sup>mak me till yer trystins leal!

TETH.

65 The thing that 's gude, till yer leal-man, LORD; ye hae dune, siclike as ye spak:

66 Thole me till learn what 's right an' wyss; for my tryst, on yer biddens, I tak.

67 Thole'd I ne'er yet, <sup>a</sup>I gaed wrang wi' my fit; bot sen-syne, I hae wairded yer word:

68 The GUDE an' gude-doer, YER-LANE *are ye*; <sup>b</sup>tell me yer trystins, LORD.

69 Threepit on me the haughty a lie; bot yer biddens I keepit, wi' heart fu' leal:

70 Theekit, 'e'en as wi' talch, is that heart o' theirs; bot yer law, mylane I liket it weel.

71 *Think* <sup>d</sup>weel for me, for I thole the dree, o' yer trysts to be wyss fu'filler:

72 The †weight o' yer word 's worth mair till me, <sup>e</sup>nor thousands o' gowd an' siller!

JOD.

73 Yer han's me made, <sup>f</sup>an' sikker me stay'd; gie me wit, an' yer biddens I'll ken:

74 Yersel wha fear, <sup>g</sup>sal see me syne; an' be blythe, on yer word that I fen'.

75 Yer rightins, LORD, I ken they 're right; an' in truth <sup>h</sup>ye hae cuisten me down:

76 Yer pitie till hearten me, come,

<sup>a</sup> Verses 12, 26.

<sup>b</sup> TETH sounds T, or Th.

<sup>a</sup> Verse 71. Jer. 31, 18, 19

<sup>b</sup> Verses 12 26.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 17, 10. Isai. 6, 10.

<sup>d</sup> Verse 67. Hebr. 12, 10, 11.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *the law o' yer mouthe*.

<sup>e</sup> Verse 127. Ps. 19, 10. Prov. 8, 11.

<sup>g</sup> JOD sounds J, auld Scots.

<sup>f</sup> Job 10, 8. Ps. 100, 3; 138, 8.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 34, 2.

<sup>h</sup> Hebr. 12, 10.

<sup>u</sup> Ps. 138, 1. Mat. 10, 18, 19.

<sup>†</sup> ZAIN sounds between S, SS, an' Z; auld Scots.

<sup>§</sup> David has been joukin sair, here an' there, frae the han' o' his ill-willers.

<sup>\*</sup> Ps. 63, 6

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *yer o'erwords*, or *visitins*.

<sup>¶</sup> HETH sounds H, or Hh.

<sup>†</sup> Ps. 16, 5. Jer. 10, 16. Lam. 3, 24.

|   |  |  |  |
|---|--|--|--|
|   | I pray; as ye spak till yer faithfu' loon.   | 93 Lang lang it <i>maun be</i> , †or yer biddens I flee; for wi' them, ye haud me on live:                             | † Heb. <i>sal nane flee</i> , or <i>forget</i> . |
| <sup>1</sup> Verses 24, 47, 174.                            | 77 Yer kindness win till me, an' syne I sal live; for <sup>1</sup> yer law, 's my delight an' mair:        | 94 <i>LORD</i> , 'am yer ain, saif me mylane; for yer biddens I'd fain describe.                                       |  |
| <sup>2</sup> Verse 86.                                      | 78 Ye †maun daunt the proud, for they <sup>2</sup> ding me wi' lies; but I sigh owre yer visits, sair.     | 95 Leukin till fell me, ill folk they †war keen; bot mysel, I thought weel on yer †law:                                | † Heb. <i>war keen on me</i> .                   |
| § Folk sal come till David, whan they ken he 's God's King. | 79 Yont till me, a' wha fear thee, an' wha ken yer biddens, sal rin: §                                     | 96 Like till a' "that 's finish'd, an end I hae seen; yer commaun, it braids unco' braw.                               | † Heb. <i>bid-dens</i> .                         |
|   | 80 Yare be my heart, in thae trysts o' yer ain; an' till schame, I sal nevir win.                          |  | <sup>u</sup> Mat. 5, 18; 24, 35.                 |
|   | CAPH.  | MEM.   | <sup>u</sup> MEM sounds <i>M</i> .               |
| ⊃ CAPH sounds <i>Ch</i> or <i>K</i> .                       | 81 Clean gane is my saul, <sup>1</sup> for that help o' thine, <i>bot</i> I lippen me ay till yer word.    | 97 Meikle loe I yer law! *it 's thought till me, a' the day lang:  | * Ps. 1, 2.                                      |
| <sup>1</sup> Ps. 73, 26; 84, 2.                             | 82 Clean gane are my een, <sup>m</sup> for that word o' yer ain; sayan, Whan will ye comfort accord?       | 98 Mair nor my faes, ye taught me yer commauns; for ay till mysel they belang.   |  |
| <sup>m</sup> Verse 123.                                     | 83 Clung <sup>n</sup> tho' I be, like a †skin i' the reek, yer trysts I dinna forget:                      | 99 Mair nor a' my maisters, hae I o' lear; for yer trystins, they 're a' my thought:                                   |  |
| <sup>n</sup> Job 30, 30.                                    | 84 Count †like how lang yer loon <i>maun thole</i> , <sup>o</sup> or ye right wha wrang me yet.            | 100 Mair nor the auldest, hae I o' wit; for yer biddens, right canny I wrought.  |  |
| † Heb. <i>skin bottle</i> .                                 | 85 Canny, for me, <sup>p</sup> the proud scoupit <i>their</i> sheughs; siclike, they war ne'er i' yer law: | 101 My feet I hae wairded, frae ilka wrang gate; ay for I keepit yer word:   |  |
| † Heb. <i>like how many days</i> .                          | 86 Commauns o' thine, they 're true ilk ane; saikless <sup>q</sup> they seek me; help me an' a'.           | 102 Mysel, frae yer rightins, I ne'er turn'd awa; for yerlane, ye hae taught me, <i>LORD</i> .                         |  |
| <sup>o</sup> Ps. 39, 4.                                     | 87 Clean i' the yirth, they maist sweel'd me owre; but ne'er frae yer trysts did I swee.                   | 103 Mair nor hynnies intil my mouthe, 'how sweet are yer words i' my hals:   | <sup>y</sup> Ps. 19, 10. Prov. 8, 11.            |
| <sup>p</sup> Ps. 35, 7.                                     | 88 Keep me, <sup>r</sup> like yer gudeness, livin ay; an' I'll bide by ilk bidden ye gie.                  | 104 Mylane, I hae learn'd frae yer biddens weel; <sup>z</sup> syne, I hate ilka gate that 's fause.                    | <sup>z</sup> Verse 12S.                          |
| <sup>q</sup> Verse 78.                                      | LAMED.   | NUN.   | ⊃ NUN sounds <i>N</i> .                          |
| ⊃ LAMED sounds <i>L</i> .                                   | 89 <i>LORD</i> , 'lang or langsyne, yer word stan's i' the lift:   | 105 Night-light till my feet, <sup>a</sup> is that word o' yer ain; an' †ay whar I gang, it 's bright:                 | <sup>a</sup> Prov. 6, 23.                        |
| <sup>1</sup> Ps. 89, 2.                                     | 90 Lat folk †come an' gang, yer truth it maun stan'; ye ettled the yirth, no till shift.                   | 106 Nane sal I steer, <sup>b</sup> frae the word I swear; till haud by yer rightins right.                             | † Heb. <i>until my gate</i> .                    |
| Mat. 24, 34, 35.  | 91 Like as ye gied commaun, the day they can stan', for they 're a' but thirls o' yer ain:                 | 107 Nar gane was I clean, sae uncoly dune; <i>LORD</i> , <sup>c</sup> wauken me yet, as ye spak:                       | <sup>b</sup> Neh. 10, 29.                        |
| † Heb. <i>till kithgettin an' kithgettin</i> .              | 92 'Less nor yer law 'war a' my delight; in my dule, I had dwinnle'd an' gane.                             | 108 Na, the gift o' my mouthe, lat it pleasure ye, <i>LORD</i> ; <sup>d</sup> an' yer rightins, fu' clear till me mak. | <sup>c</sup> Verse SS.                           |
| <sup>1</sup> Verse 24.                                      |  |  | <sup>d</sup> Verses 12, 26.                      |



<sup>e</sup> Job 13, 14.

109 No, <sup>e</sup>tho' my life 's been ay  
in my loof, hae I forgotten yer  
law:

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 140, 5;  
141, 9.

110 No, <sup>f</sup>tho' ill folk set a net  
for me, frae yer biddens hae I fa'n  
awa.

<sup>g</sup> Deut. 33, 4.<sup>†</sup> Heb. *tak for  
my ain.*<sup>h</sup> Verses 77,  
92, 174.

111 Ne'er till tine, <sup>g</sup>yer tellins  
†are mine; <sup>h</sup>for my heart's content  
*are they evir:*

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *the heel.*

112 Na, my heart I sal lout till  
do yer statutes, till †the end o' a'  
time thegither.

## SAMECH.

<sup>D</sup> SAMECH  
sounds  
between <sup>S</sup> an' <sup>Sh</sup>.

113 Senseless thoughts, I mislike  
them <sup>a'</sup>; bot that law o' yer ain, I  
loe weel:

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *o' my  
ain.*<sup>i</sup> Ps. 32, 7;  
91, 1.

114 Shaltir an' schild †till me  
baith, <sup>i</sup>are ye; till yer word, I hae  
lippen'd fu' leal.

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 6, 8;  
139, 19.  
Mat. 7, 23.

115 Swith, <sup>k</sup>awa traе me syne,  
ye ill-doers <sup>a'</sup>; I maun keep the  
commouns o' my Gude:

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *like yer  
ain word.*

116 Stoop me †e'en as ye said, I  
sal live; an' ne'er for my houp hing  
my head.

117 Stoop me, an' syne I'll be  
saif; an' ay, till yer biddens, tak  
tent:

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *stra-  
vaigers frae  
yer trysts.*

118 Sterk on the grun', ye lay  
†tryst-breakers <sup>a'</sup>; for their lie, but  
a scham sal be *kent*.

<sup>•</sup> Ezek. 22, 18.

119 Sinners <sup>a'</sup>, frae the yirth, ye  
soop by 'like stoure; an' sae, o' yer  
trystins 'am glaid:

<sup>m</sup> Hab. 3, 16.

120 Sair trimmles my bouk, <sup>m</sup>wi'  
dread o' thee; an' sair at yer rightins  
'am fley'd.

## AIN.

<sup>y</sup> AIN  
sounds  
O, Ay, or Ez.

121 Ay right an' righteousness, I  
hae dune; till my ill-willers' will  
dinna lea' me:

<sup>n</sup> Verses 81,  
82.

122 Ay be yer thirlman's ban' for  
gude; lat-na the haughty plea me:

123 Ay for yer help, <sup>n</sup>my een  
they gae dune; an' eke for yer ain  
right-rechtin:

<sup>•</sup> Verse 12.

124 Ay wi' yer thirlman, do as  
ye like; <sup>•</sup>an' thae trysts o' yer ain,  
gie me light in.

125 E'en till yersel, a loon *am* I;  
gie me wit, an' gar ken yer bidden:

126 E'en now, LORD, it 's time ye  
suld *up an'* do; yer law, they hae  
clean out-ridden.

127 E'en sae, <sup>p</sup>I think mair o' yer  
will; nor o' gowd, an' <sup>a'</sup> that 's  
fine o't:

128 E'en sae, <sup>a'</sup> ye bid I sal haud  
it right: <sup>q</sup>an' ilk lean gate, I'll hae  
nane o't.

## PE.

<sup>p</sup> Verse 72.  
Ps. 19, 10.  
Prov. 8, 11.

129 Fu' mighty *are* thy commauns;  
e'en sae, my saul wairds them weel:

130 Fu' clear comes a blink o' yer  
words; <sup>r</sup>makin wyss the weanliest  
chiel.

131 Fu' wide rax't I my mouthe;  
an' sighd, for I sought yer will:

132 Fy, <sup>r</sup>glint on mysel, an' be  
kind till me; <sup>s</sup>as, till wha loe yer  
name, ye †do still.

133 Fit me weel †as I gang, <sup>u</sup>i'  
yer word; <sup>•</sup>an' lat nae wrang hae  
right on me:

134 Fesh me hame frae the grip  
o' the carl; syne, heed till yer tel-  
lins I'll gie.

135 Fu' bright <sup>v</sup>be yer leuk on  
yer loon; <sup>•</sup>an' ay gar me ken yer  
will:

136 Fludes, <sup>a</sup>frae my een they rin  
down; for yer law they can follow  
but ill. §

## TZADDI.

137 'T's righteous, O LORD, *are* ye  
yersel; an' upright, yer rightins <sup>a'</sup>:

138 'T's †right *are* the tellins ye  
gie furth; an' they 're truth itsel  
an' <sup>a'</sup>.

139 Zele o' my ain, <sup>b</sup>it sweet'd me  
up; for yer words, my ill-willers  
§forhow'd:

140 Zat word o' zine, <sup>c</sup>it 's clear'd  
sae fine; yer thirlman, he bee's till  
loe 't.

141 'T's but sma' *am* I, an' little  
set-by; <sup>•</sup>bot yer biddens, I ne'er for-  
get.

<sup>D</sup> PE sounds  
between  
*Ph.* an' *F.*<sup>r</sup> Ps. 19, 7<sup>s</sup> Ps. 106, 4.  
<sup>t</sup> 2 Thes. 1, 6,  
7.<sup>†</sup> Heb. *as the  
gate is.*<sup>†</sup> Heb. *my  
gate*<sup>u</sup> Ps. 17, 5.<sup>x</sup> Ps. 19, 13.  
Rom. 6, 12.<sup>y</sup> Ps. 4, 6.<sup>z</sup> Verses 12,  
26.<sup>a</sup> Jer. 9, 1;  
14, 17.

Ezek. 9, 4.

§ Ill readin  
whan folk 's  
greetin;  
waur greet-  
in. for ye  
canna read.<sup>y</sup> TZADDI  
sounds  
between <sup>Tz</sup>  
an' <sup>St</sup>, an' <sup>Z</sup>.<sup>†</sup> Heb. *right-  
ousness.*<sup>b</sup> Ps. 69, 9.  
John 2, 17.§ Auld Scots,  
*till sling by.*<sup>c</sup> Ps. 12, 6;  
18, 30.  
Prov. 30, 5.

142 'T's right for ay, yer rightins are they; an' yer law, it 's the truth compleat.

143 Strett an' skaithe, they fand me baith; yer commauns, they war joie till me:

144 Stays for ay, †the right ye say; gie me wit, an' I 'se †thole a wee.

## KOPH.

145 Quo' I wi' a skreigh frae a' the heart, Harken me, LORD; yer trysts I'll tide:

146 Quo' I till yersel, wi' a skreigh; Heal me, an' yer biddens I'll bide.

147 Keppit the light <sup>d</sup>hae I; an' I cry'd; for yer word I was fain.

148 Keppit 'my een the slakkens o' night; till sigh on that word o' yer ain.

149 Quaiet my din, o' yer gude-ness, LORD; <sup>f</sup>o' yer rightousness, haud me on live:

150 Quha wark mischieff, they win owre nar han'; awa frae yer law, they thrive.

151 Quha †but yer lane suld be nar me, LORD; an' a' yer commauns o' truth!

152 Quhile or now, o' yer tellins I trew; that ye founded them weel, lang enough.

## RESH.

153 Rew on my sorrow, and redd me but; for yer law I dinna forget:

154 Redd my plea, <sup>g</sup>an' ransom me; for yer ain word, <sup>h</sup>wauken me yet.

155 Rax't far enough, <sup>i</sup>is <sup>i</sup>help frae the rough; for yer tellins, they seek-na ava':

156 Right mony, LORD, 's yer kind accords; <sup>k</sup>wauken me, †wi' yer rightins an' a'.

157 Right mony, they †rax an' rive at me; <sup>l</sup>bot ne'er frae yer biddens I steer'd:

158 Right-wrangers I saw, an'

fash'd mysel sair; for yer words, siclike they ne'er waird.

159 Rax† an' trew, gin yer biddens I loe; o' yer gudeness, LORD, 'wauken me:

160 Rute† o' yer word, it 's <sup>been</sup> truth itsel; syne right, a' ye right, maun ay be.

## SCHIN.

161 Sair till win on me, the foremaist sought; at yer words syne, my heart sheuk wi' fear:

162 Sae blythe was I, owre that word o' yer ain, as I had fand unco gear.

163 Shaughlin talk, I thole waur an' waur; it 's yer law, I like sae weel:

164 Seven times a day, I gie laud till yersel; for thae rightins o' thine sae leal.

165 Shaltir sae lown, <sup>m</sup>'s for wha loe yer law; an' nought sal be, till skew them:

166 Sure enough, LORD, <sup>n</sup>I leuk for yer help; an' thae biddens o' thine, I gae thro' them.

167 Sae weel 's my saul wairds yer tellins a'; an' O, but I loe them dearly:

168 Sae weel 's I waird baith yer †will an' yer word; for my gate, it 's a' kent till ye clearly.

## TAU.

169 Till yer sight, O LORD, lat my skreigh win nar; an' e'en as ye said, gie me wit:

170 Till yer sight, lat my weary bidden win ben; an' e'en as ye spak, redd me but.

171 Thir lips o' mine, <sup>o</sup>sal gie laud <sup>till</sup> ye fine; for yer tellins, till me ye taught:

172 This tongue o' my ain, yer word sal †mak plain; for a' yer biddens are †straught.

173 That han' o' thine, maun be stoop o' mine; <sup>p</sup>for yer tellins I tak them right:

† Heb. leuk  
owre an' see.

† Verse 88.

† Heb. Head  
o' yer word,  
truth.

W SCHIN  
sounds  
atween S an'  
Sh.

<sup>m</sup> Prov. 3, 2.

<sup>n</sup> Gen. 49, 18.  
Verse 174.

† Heb. yer  
visitins an'  
yer biddens.

T TAU  
sounds  
atween T an'  
Th.

<sup>o</sup> Verse 7.

† Heb. tell  
owre.

† Heb.  
straightness,  
or rightness.

<sup>p</sup> Josh. 24, 22.  
Prov. 1, 29.

† Heb. right o'  
yer rightins.

† Heb. bide  
livin.

P KOPH  
sounds  
atween K,  
Qu, an' Chu.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 5, 3;  
130, 6.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 63, 1, 6.

<sup>f</sup> Verses 40,  
154.

† Heb. yer lane  
suld be nar.

RESH  
sounds R.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 35, 1.  
Mic. 7, 9.  
<sup>h</sup> Verse 40.

<sup>i</sup> Job 5, 4.

<sup>k</sup> Verse 149.  
† Heb. like.

† Heb. raxers  
an' rixers o'  
me.

¶ Verse 165.

¶ Verses 16,  
24, 47, 77,  
111.¶ Isai. 53, 6.  
Luke 15, 4,  
&c.

A.C. 1058.

\* Leuk till  
Headins, an'  
tak tent for-  
by; a' thir  
sangs o' the  
Upgaens,  
they're on  
the upgaen  
o' God wi'  
his folk  
langsyne  
frae Ægypt  
till Canaan,  
an' wi'  
David frae  
Canaan till  
Jerusalem.

† David  
wad fain  
win Up.

¶ Ps. 118, 5.  
Jonah 2, 2.

† Heb. ettles  
some kin' o'  
stok for  
burnin.

¶ 1 Sam. 25, 1.  
Jer. 49, 29.

† David  
syne leuks  
heigh Up.

¶ Ps. 124, 8.

174 Thole'd I lang, LORD, <sup>a</sup>for  
the health ye *accord*; an' yer law,  
<sup>r</sup>'it 's my vera delight.

175 Thrive lat my life, it sal laud  
yersel; for yer rightins, they stoop  
me yet.

176 Thoughtless I gaed, 'like a  
sheep was stray'd; wise roun' yer  
loon; for yer biddens I dinna forget.

## PSALM CXX.

*David, wi' sair warsle, wad fain  
win hame till Zioun; his ill-willers  
syne maun thole the gree.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.\*

**T**ILL the LORD, <sup>a</sup>in my stretts  
I could scraigh; an' he heark-  
en'd till me mylane:

2 LORD, ye maun redd my life;  
frae the lean lips, frae the guilefu'  
tongue!

3 What maun be dune wi' yersel?  
what sal befa' ye yet? tongue that  
sae fause can gang!

4 Flanes o' the mighty, fu' snell;  
wi' slaughts o' the †bleezan rung.

5 Wae 's me, intil Mesech I bade  
sae lang! <sup>b</sup>or taigied in howffs o'  
Kedar!

6 O'er lang *wi' siclike* I hae wair'd  
my time; wi' the loon that cares-na  
for kindness.

7 Kindness I *ettle* mysel; bot ay  
when I crack, it 's for ill they 're.

## PSALM CXXI.

*David lippens till the heights abune  
Zioun; an' till him that 's abune  
the heights.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.

**T**ILL the heights, I maun cast  
my een; whar else can my  
help come frae?

2 <sup>a</sup>My help 's frae the LORD him-  
lane; wha made baith the lift an'  
the lan'.

3 Yer fit he winna lat steer; <sup>b</sup>nor  
dover, wha hauds ye heal:

4 Na, he neither dovers nor sleeps,  
wha keeps waird upon Israel.

5 The LORD, he 's yer keeper an'  
a': 'the LORD *sal be* sconce till thee;  
<sup>d</sup>on yer han', on yer ain right han'.

6 'The sun sal-na blight ye by  
day; nor the mune, *as scho gangs*  
the night thro'.

7 The LORD, he sal waird ye frae  
ilka ill; yer life, he sal waird it weel:

8 The LORD, *she* sal waird yer  
gaen-out an' gaen-in, for evir an'  
ay, frae the now!

## PSALM CXXII.

*David's fu' blythe o' Zioun; whar he  
sal be King an' a'.*

A sang o' the Upgaens: ane o'  
David's.

**F**U' fain was I whan they said to  
mysel, Till the houss o' the  
LORD lat us gang:

2 Our feet, they sal stan' i' thae  
yetts o' yer ain, Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem 's bigger fu' braw;  
like a brugh <sup>a</sup>bigger a' by itslane:

4 <sup>b</sup>For thar, niebor-kins, they  
†maun gather an' a': the LORD's  
niebor-kins; 'the trysts o' Israel;  
till gie laud, to the name o' the  
LORD, wi' a sang.

5 <sup>d</sup>For thar now †are dight, the  
throns o' the right; the throns o'  
*King David's* line!

6 Seek ye for the lown o' Jerusa-  
lem: fu' lown sal they be, wha  
wiss weel till thee.

7 Peace be ay on yer dykes; an'  
lown in yer biggins sae fine!

8 For my brether's saik, for my  
niebors' *saik*, I maun e'en cry, Lown  
be in thee!

9 For the houss o' the LORD,  
that 's God o' our ain, 'I maun  
seek a' that 's guid for thee!

<sup>b</sup>Ps. 127, 1.  
Isai. 27, 3.

¶ Isai. 25, 4.

<sup>d</sup>Ps. 16, 8;  
109, 31.

¶ Ps. 91, 5.  
Isai. 49, 10.  
Rev. 7, 16.

¶ Deut. 28, 6

† David's  
bidden till  
gang Up.

<sup>a</sup>2 Sam. 5, 9.

<sup>b</sup>Exod. 23, 17.  
Deut. 16, 16.

† Heb. *win*  
up till the  
town.

¶ Exod. 16, 34.


<sup>d</sup>Deut. 17, 8.

† Heb. *settled*  
down.

¶ Neh. 2, 10.



## PSALM CXXIII.

 God's folk leuk lang till they win Up.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 121, 1.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 115, 3.

God's folk, down-cuisten, leuk lang for Himsel.

A sang o' the Upgaens.

**T**ILL yersel <sup>a</sup>I cast up my een, <sup>b</sup>O ye wha bide i' the lift.

2 Like as thirlfolk's een, till their maisters' han', like as maidens' een, till their mistress' han'; e'en sae our ain een, till the LORD our God, they leuk up, till he rew upon us.

3 Rew on us, LORD, O rew upon us; for o' scorn, we're as fou's we can bide:

<sup>c</sup> Exod. 5, 15-19.

4 Our 'life's taen a staw, at the skeigh o' the braw; *an'* the scorn o' wha hove wi' pride.

## PSALM CXXIV.

 David minds how Israel wan Up. Leuk Exod 14.

*What God's folk maun hae dree'd, an' the Lord had-na been on their side.*

A sang o' the Upgaens: ane o' David's.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 129, 1.

**A**N the LORD had-na been for oursel, <sup>a</sup>a weel now may Israel say;

2 An the LORD had-na been for oursel, whan folk wan up on us fey;

3 Syne had they sweel'd us livin an' a', whan their wuth at oursel did reenge:

4 Syne had the watirs sweel'd us owre, the drift had gaen owre our lives:

5 Syne had the watirs, bremin heigh, gaen owre our sauls wi' a breinge.

6 Blythe be the LORD wha ettled us nane, *for* a glaum to the teeth o' siclike!

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 91, 3. Prov. 6, 5.

<sup>c</sup> Heb. the hunter's girn.

7 Our life, <sup>b</sup>like a bird, it slippit <sup>†</sup>the girn; the girn an' a', 's been riven in twa; an' oursel, we hae clear'd the dyke.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 121, 2.

8 <sup>c</sup>Our stoop's i' the name o' the LORD; wha made baith the lift an' the laigh.

## PSALM CXXV.

God's folk like a town amang the hills; *fu' lown an' cosy round it a'*

A sang o' the Upgaens.


**W**HA lippen the LORD are like Zioun-hill; that win-na steer, *an'* that bides for ay.

2 Jerus'lem's sel, the heights haud her weel; sae the LORD himsel, his folk he can sweel, roun about; frae the now, an' for evir mair.

3 <sup>a</sup>For the wrang-doer's rod win-na stay for ay, on the shouthir o' righteous folk: for as meikle's the righteous ne'er rax't their han's, wi' ony mischieff to yoke.

4 Do weel, O LORD, till *them* that do weel; an' till *them*, that are straught i' their hearts:

5 Bot wha swee ay about <sup>b</sup>i' their ravell'd gates, the LORD maun lat gang wi' the warkers o' wrang: *bot* 'lown-tide on Israel *sal* wait.

 How God's ain sal be keepit Up.

<sup>a</sup> Exod. 20, 2. Prov. 22, 8. Isai. 14, 5.

<sup>b</sup> Prov. 2, 15.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 128, 6. Gal. 6, 16.

## PSALM CXXVI.

*Whan God's folk war lowse'd frae ban', they cam hame like a spate on the lan'.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.

**W**HAN the LORD fush *her* thirldom hame till Zioun; <sup>a</sup>like doveran folk war we:


2 <sup>b</sup>Syne was our mouthe wi' laughin fou; an' our tongue, it was liltin free. Syne quo' they amang hethen folk, Fu' grandly the LORD for them has wrought.

3 Fu' grandly the LORD, he cou'd do for us; *an'* weel may we blythesome be:

4 The LORD, he brought hame our thirldom a', like spates on the <sup>||</sup>birstled lea.

5 <sup>c</sup>Wha saw wi' a tear; wi' a sang they sal shear:

6 Wha greetin gangs out, wi' a

 How blythe they war a', whan they cam Up.

<sup>a</sup> Acts 12, 9.

<sup>b</sup> Job 8, 21.

<sup>||</sup> or, the southe lan'.

<sup>c</sup> Jer. 31, 9, &c.

† Heb. *haud-*  
*in them heigh.*

lade o' gude seed; sal come hame  
wi' a lilt, an' his nieffu's o' corn  
† fu' hie!

## PSALM CXXVII.

How  
God's Hous  
maun be  
bigget Up.

*Livin folk's ay better nor stane an'  
lime; an' biggin siclike for a hous  
till the Lord's his ain wark.*

A sang o' the Upgaens: for Solo-  
mon.\*

\* Ps. 72.

**A**N JEHOVAH big-na the hous,  
they fash for nought, wha  
big at it; <sup>a</sup> an' JEHOVAH keep-na the  
brugh, he waukens for nought wha  
keeps waird onto 't.

2 It'll do ye nae guid till steer or  
light, till bide late at night, eatin  
yer bread wi' a pingle: *for* till them  
he loes weel, he gies sleep.

3 Na, <sup>b</sup> bairns are the LORD's heri-  
tage; <sup>c</sup> the † mither's fraught, *his* fee.

4 Like flanes in the han' o' some  
mighty wight, sae † new-fund folk  
*maun be.*

5 Blythe be the wight wi' a sheaf  
o' siclike; <sup>d</sup> no blate sal they be,  
but sal crack fu' hie, till wha wiss  
them ill, i' the yett.

## PSALM CXXVIII.

How  
God's ain  
folk sal  
growe Up.

*A braw hous, baith but an' ben, wi'  
guid till fen', hae the rightous.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 112, 1;  
115, 13;  
119, 1.

**O** <sup>a</sup> BLYTHE may ilk ane be,  
wi' dread o' the LORD; wha  
gangs i' thae gates o' his ain:

2 <sup>b</sup> Whan ye pree o' the wark o'  
yer han's; fu' blythe *sal* ye be, an'  
fu' weel *sal ye fen'* yerlane.

3 Yer gudewife, like the fraughtit  
vine, by the sconce o' yer hous sal  
*stan'*; yer weans, round about yer  
melthibuid, sal growe like the  
olive wands.

4 E'en sae, sae blythe sal the  
wight be, *wha lives* in the dread o'  
the LORD.

<sup>b</sup> Isai. 3, 10.

5 'The LORD sal blythe-bid ye  
frae Zioun; an' on a' that's guid in  
Jerus'lem, ye sal leuk ilka day o'  
yer life.

6 Ye sal e'en see yer bairns' bairns,  
<sup>d</sup> an' lown intil Israel rife!

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 134, 3.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 125, 5.

## PSALM CXXIX

*A lifetime's wrang wad be owre lang:  
heartless wark, shearin ill corn.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.

**S**AE sair as they wrought me  
<sup>a</sup> frae † bairn-time; <sup>b</sup> weel now  
may Israel say:

2 Sae sair as they wrought me,  
frae † bairn-time; an' ne'er mann'd  
abune me till stay.

3 On my riggin, the plewers they  
plew'd; an' lang enugh furs they  
drew:

4 The rightous LORD, he sned the  
coid o' that wrang-deedie crew!

5 They hang the head, an' hame  
they gaed; that wiss'd ill to Zioun,  
ilk ane.

6 Like gerss on the riggin, war  
they; afore ye can † sned it, it's  
gane.

7 Jimplify the shearer can fill his  
han'; or the banster his bosom pang:

8 Nor naebody says 'Gude speed  
wi' yo; We blythe-bid yo *a' i'* the  
name o' the LORD; as they fuhre  
the gate along.

How  
lang they  
tholed or  
they wan  
Up,

<sup>a</sup> Ezek. 23,  
3;  
Hos. 2, 15;  
11, 1.

† Heb. *my*  
*bairn-time.*  
<sup>b</sup> Ps. 124, 1.

† Heb. *drave*  
*out upon 't.*

<sup>c</sup> Ruth 2, 4.

## PSALM CXXX.

*Frae the laigest flude, God's guidin's  
guid: an' he's no half sae stoor as  
be's ca'd.*


A sang o' the Upgaens.

**F**RAE <sup>a</sup> the deeps sae awesome  
dread, O LORD, I hae scaigh'd  
till thee:

2 Harken, O LORD, till my  
scaigh; till the sugh o' my weary  
bidden, yer lugs lat them loutit be.

It's  
waitin weel  
that helps  
Up.

<sup>a</sup> Lam. 3, 55  
Jonah 2, 2.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 143, 2.<sup>c</sup> 1 Kings 8, 40.<sup>P</sup> s. 2, 11.  
Jer. 33, 8, 9.<sup>d</sup> Ps. 27, 14;  
33, 20;  
40, 1.Isai. 8, 17;  
30, 18.<sup>e</sup> Ps. 63, 6;  
119, 147.<sup>f</sup> or, *frae ae mornin's light till anither.*<sup>f</sup> Ps. 86, 5, 15.<sup>g</sup> Ps. 103, 3, 4. The king suld be lown when he is Up.<sup>a</sup> Rom. 12, 16.<sup>†</sup> Heb. *hae I gaen in the mightinesses, an' wounners afore me; or, that hae been quair'd on me*<sup>b</sup> Mat. 18, 3.  
<sup>i</sup> Cor. 14, 20.<sup>†</sup> Heb. *ay on for ay.* David syne maun hae the ark Up.

A. D. 1004

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *a' his facher.*3 <sup>b</sup> LORD, an ye leuk at fauts, wha syne, LORD, cou'd stan' ava'?4 Bot pitie 's *been ay wi' yersel*, for sae stoor 's 'ye been thought an' a'.5 <sup>d</sup> I hae leuk'd for JEHOVAH lang; my life, it has leukit this while; na, on his word I hae stoopit me sair.6 'My life, it *leuks* mair for the LORD, || nor them wha leuk for the mornin; wha leuk for the mornin ere.7 Lat Israel lippen JEHOVAH, <sup>f</sup> for ay wi' JEHOVAH thar 's rewth; an' rowth o' remead wi' himsel.8 An' it 's Him, frae his ain wrang-doens, <sup>g</sup> sal cannily redd Israel

## PSALM CXXXI.

*David, till be sae uncely thought on, keeps ay a lown sugb by himlane.*

A sang o' the Upgaens: ane o' David's.

**M**Y heart, O LORD, was-na haughty; nor my een, they hae-na been heigh: <sup>a</sup> nor no, wi' sic ferlies <sup>†</sup> afore me, hae I gaen govan skeigh.2 O gin I hae-na been quaiet! an' gin I hae-na whush'd my thought; like a <sup>b</sup> wean, that 's been spean'd *frae* his mither, my life on mylane *'s been* wrought.3 Till JEHOVAH, lat Israel lippen; frae the now, till o' time <sup>†</sup> thar 's nought

## PSALM CXXXII.

*David, wi' a sair facht, an' mony a waukrife thought, ettles a brav bame-comin an' a lown neuk for the Lord on Zioun.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.

**L**ORD, hae min' o' David, and a' the cumber he stude: <sup>†</sup>2 How he swure an aith till JEHOVAH, <sup>a</sup> *how* he trystit till Jakob's Gude: <sup>b</sup>

4 'I winna gie sleep till my een; or rest to my winkers, I rede:

5 Till I 'seen a neuk for JEHOVAH; an' hingins for Jakob's Gude!

6 We heard word o't, or lang, <sup>d</sup> at Ephraatah; 'we fand 't <sup>f</sup> in the bauks o' the wood:7 Lat us ben till the sconce o' his hingins; <sup>g</sup> lat us lout at his ain fit-brod!8 <sup>h</sup> Up, LORD, till yer shielin sae canny; <sup>i</sup> yersel, an' the ark o' yer tryste:9 Yer priests, <sup>k</sup> lat them wear what <sup>†</sup> fits them; yer sants, lat them lilt fu' lound:10 *An'* for sake o' David, yer leal-man, turn awa-na the face o' yer Chryst.11 'The LORD swure an aith till David, sae sikker he win-na gae frae 't: <sup>m</sup> On that thron o' yer ain, frae that lisk o' yer ain, till *yer* outcome I'se ay gie a seat.

12 Yer weans, gin they waird weel my trystin, an' my bidden I taught them syne; than bairns o' their ain, ay for evir, sal sit on that thron o' thine.

13 <sup>n</sup> For the LORD, he sought lang for Zioun; whar he liket himsel to bide:14 <sup>o</sup> Sic-like, *quo' he*, my ain rest sal be; for evir an' ay, it 's here I'll stay; for I like it sae weel mysel.15 <sup>p</sup> Her victual, I'll blythe-bid fu' blythely; her hungry, I'll stegh wi' bread:16 <sup>q</sup> Her priests, I maun cleed wi' heal-ha'din; <sup>r</sup> her sants, they sal lilt fu' glaid:17 'Thar I sal gar growe *King* David's horn; *an'* <sup>s</sup> a light, for my chrystit I'll nouriss:<sup>a</sup> Ps. 65, 1.<sup>b</sup> Gen. 49, 24.<sup>c</sup> Prov. 6, 4.<sup>d</sup> 1 Sam. 17, 12.<sup>e</sup> 1 Sam. 7, 1.<sup>f</sup> 1 Chron. 13, 5.<sup>g</sup> Ps. 5, 7;

99, 5.

<sup>h</sup> Num. 10, 35.

2 Chron. 6,

41, 42

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 78, 61.<sup>k</sup> Job 29, 14.

Isai. 61, 10.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *what's right*, by the law.<sup>†</sup> Ps. 89, 3, 4,

33; 110, 4.

<sup>m</sup> 2 Sam. 7,

12.

1 Kings 8, 25.

2 Chron. 6,

16.

Luke 1, 69.

Acts 2, 30.

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 48, 1.<sup>o</sup> Ps. 68, 16.<sup>p</sup> Ps. 147, 14.<sup>q</sup> 2 Chron. 6,

41.

Ps. 149, 4.

<sup>r</sup> Hos. 11, 12.<sup>s</sup> Ezek. 29, 21.

Luke 1, 69.

<sup>t</sup> 1 Kings,

11, 36; 15, 4.

2 Chron. 21, 7.



18 His ill-willers eke, I sal cleed wi' scorn; bot his crown on himsel, it sal flourish.

## PSALM CXXXIII.

*Gude-will, like gude oyle, rins weel an' gangs far.*

A sang o' the Upgaens ane o' David's.

SEE syne, how gude an' how braw, <sup>a</sup>for †frien's to bide weel thegither!

2 <sup>b</sup>Like the oyle sae gude, *that was toom'd* on the head; it cou'd rin on the beard, ontill Aaron's beard, that gaed till the neuk o' his manteel:

3 Like the dewy weet that comes down compleat, *frae* <sup>c</sup>Hermion ontill Mount Zioun: for <sup>d</sup>it 's thar the LORD ettles the blythest bode; life that sal *bide* for evir

## PSALM CXXXIV.

*God's folk, they maun laud him night an' day*

A sang o' the Upgaens.\*

SYNE ye maun laud the LORD. <sup>a</sup>a' ye loons o' JEHOVAH's ain: <sup>b</sup>wha bide in the houss o' the LORD, the lee-lang night yerlane.

2 Ye maun heize yer han's till his halie howff, an' blythe-bid the LORD himlane.

3 The LORD frae Zioun <sup>c</sup>blythe-bid yersel; <sup>d</sup>wha wrought baith the lift an' the lan'.

## PSALM CXXXV.

*The hail bouss o' Israel, wha hae been weel tell'd, an' wha ken brawly a' that the Lord has dune for them, suld laud the Lord for his gudeness sae lang's Mount Zioun stan's.*

[By wha's no said.] Hallelujah.

LAUD ye the name o' JEHOVAH; <sup>a</sup>gie laud, ye loons o' the LORD:

2 <sup>b</sup>Wha bide in the houss o' JEHOVAH; in the faulds o' the houss o' our God.

3 Hallelujah! for gude *is* JEHOVAH; lilt ye till his name, <sup>c</sup>for *it* 's braw:

4 <sup>d</sup>For Jakob, till Himsel, the LORD singled; Israel, for his hirsell an' a'.

5 For brawly I ken, <sup>e</sup>the LORD he 's fu' gran'; an' that Laird o' our ain, 's ayont a' gods *o' the lan'*.

6 <sup>f</sup>Whate'er the LORD likes he can do, in the lift an' the lan'; in the fludes an' ilk awesome howe.

7 <sup>g</sup>Wha carries the mists frae the neuks o' the lan'; <sup>h</sup>the slaughts o' lowe, till a spate he can thowe; an' he airts but the win' frae its awmries.

8 <sup>i</sup>Wha dang the first-born o' Mizraam; †o' beast an' o' body baith.

9 <sup>k</sup>Wha airtit sic trysts atowre, an' sic ferlies, in midds o' yersel, Mizraam; on Pharaoh, an' a' *Pharaoh's* loons.

10 <sup>l</sup>Wha dang fu' mony folk; an' fell'd the starkest kings:

11 Like Sihon, king o' the Amorites; an' like Og, the king o' Bashan; <sup>m</sup>an' like a' thae kings o' Canaan:

12 <sup>n</sup>An' ettled their lan' *for* a ha'din, a ha'din till Israel his ain.

13 <sup>o</sup>LORD, yer name 's evir-lastin; an' min' o' yersel, O JEHOVAH, frae kith till kin it *can stan'*.

14 <sup>p</sup>For the LORD, he sal right-recht his peopil; an' rew on his servans a'.

15 <sup>q</sup>The gudes o' the hethen 's but siller an' gowd; the wark o' folk's han's o' the yird:

16 *Thar* 's a mouthe o' their ain, bot they canna speak; een o' their ain, bot they see-na:

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 134, 1.

<sup>b</sup> Luke 2, 37.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 147, 1.

<sup>d</sup> Exod. 19, 5.  
Deut. 7, 6, 7;  
10, 15.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 95, 3;  
97, 9.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 115, 3.

<sup>g</sup> Jer. 10, 13;  
51, 16.

<sup>h</sup> Job 28, 25,  
26; 38, -4  
Zech. 10, 1.

<sup>i</sup> Exod. 12,  
12, 29.  
Ps. 78, 51;  
136, 10.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *frae man on till beast*.

<sup>k</sup> Exod. 7; 8;  
9; 10; 14.  
Ps. 136, 15.

<sup>l</sup> Num. 21, 24,  
25, 26, 34,  
35.  
Ps. 136, 17.

<sup>m</sup> Josh. 12, 7.

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 78, 55;  
136, 21, 22.

<sup>o</sup> Exod. 3, 15.  
Ps. 102, 12.

<sup>p</sup> Deut. 32, 36.

<sup>q</sup> Ps. 115, 4-8.

<sup>g</sup> They maun a' be frien's that bide Up.

<sup>a</sup> Gen. 13, 8.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *brether*.

<sup>b</sup> Exod. 30,  
25, 30.

<sup>c</sup> Deut. 4, 48.

<sup>d</sup> Lev. 25, 21.  
Deut. 28, 8.  
Ps. 42, 8.

<sup>g</sup> An' lilt day an' night whan they stay Up.

\* Hinmaist sang o' the Upgaens. David, an' the folk, an' the ark, an' the Lord himsel, are a' weel hame till Zioun.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 135, 1, 2.

<sup>b</sup> 1 Chron. 9, 33.

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 135, 21.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 124, 8.

17 *Tha're* lugs o' their ain, bot they canna hear; no, nor nevir ae sugh i' their hals is.

18 Sic-like are they a', wha can mak sic gear; an' a', wha can lippen until them.

19 *O* Israel's houss, bless ye the LORD; *O* Aaron's houss, bless ye the LORD:

20 *O* Levi's houss, bless ye the LORD; wha fear the LORD, bless ye the LORD:

21 Blythe be the LORD, *frae* Zioun; wha bides at Jerusalem still. Hallelujah!

## PSALM CXXXVI.

*A lift o' laud on God's warks, wi' an  
owrecome ay on his gudeness.*

[By wha's no said.]

**G**IE *a* laud till the LORD, for *be's* gude; *b* for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

2 Gie laud till *the* God o' gods; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

3 Gie laud till the LORD o' Lords; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

4 Till wha *d* by himlane wrought ferlies sae gran'; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

5 *e* Till wha wrought the lift wi' the †slight o' his han'; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

6 *f* Till wha rax't the yirth atowre the fludes; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

7 *g* Till wha wrought the lights sae gran' an' bright; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

8 *h* The sun till be laird, sae lang's it's light; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

9 The mune an' the stern, till hae gree by night; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

10 *i* Till wha dang Mizraam, in

their first-born *a'*; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

11 *k* An' redd but Isra'l frae the midds o' them *a'*; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

12 *l* Wi' a hand o' might, an' an arm outright; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

13 *m* Till wha synder'd the tangly sea in twa; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

14 An' fuhred Israel atowre, atween the twa; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

15 *n* Bot whamle'd Pharaoh, folk an' *a'*, in that sea o' the tangly tide; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

16 *o* Till wha airtit syne his ain folk, in the muir; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

17 *p* Till wha dang mighty kings atowre; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

18 *q* An' racket kings baith stieve an' stoor; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

19 *r* Sihon, till wit, the Am'rites king; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

20 *s* An' Og, till wit, o' Bashan king; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

21 *t* An' gie'd their lan' in ha'din free; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir:

22 Till Israel free, his ain loon till *be*; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

23 Wha mindet us ay, in a' our waes; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

24 An' rax't us atowre frae amang our faes; for his gudeness it *tholes* for evir:

25 *u* Wha ettles bread for a' flesh an' bluid; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

26 Gie laud till *him that's* †God abune; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for evir.

*k* Exod. 12, 5, 13, 3, 17

*l* Exod. 6, 6.

*m* Exod. 14, 21, 22. Ps. 78, 13.

*n* Exod. 14, 27, 28. Ps. 135, 9.

*o* Exod. 15, 22.

*p* Ps. 135, 10, 11

*q* Deut. 29, 7

*r* Num. 21, 21.

*s* Num. 21, 33.

*t* Josh. 12, 1, &c. Ps. 135, 12.

*u* Ps. 104, 27, 145, 15; 147, 9.

† Heb. God o' the lift.

*r* Ps. 115, 9

Ps. 134, 3.

*d* Ps. 106, 1; 107, 1; 118, 1.

*b* 1 Chron. 16, 34, 41.

*e* Deut. 10, 17.

*d* Ps. 72, 18

*e* Gen. 1, 1. Prov. 3, 19. Jer. 51, 15.

*f* Heb. *his ain kennin*.

*f* Gen. 1, 9. Ps. 24, 2. Jer. 10, 12.

*g* Gen. 1, 14.

*h* Gen. 1, 16

*i* Exod. 12, 29. Ps. 135, 8.

PSALM CXXXVII.

*A lilt o' dule in captivity: nae sang  
o' the Lord's awa'.*

[Ane o' Jeremiah's, quo' the LXX.]

**B**Y Babel's fludes, thar we sat  
us down; an' we grat, as we  
mindet Zioun:

2 Our harps we hang the saughs  
amang, in the heart o' the town war  
growin.

3 For they plague't us sair, wha  
brought us thar, the turn o' a sang  
to gie them; <sup>a</sup>an' wha wrought us  
wae, *wad nought* but play—*cry'd*,  
Sing us a sang o' Zioun!

4 Bot how sal we sing a JEHO-  
VAH's sang, on grun' that 's ayont  
*his keepin'?*

5 Gin I slight ye, Jerusalem; may  
my right-han' tine her *slight!*

6 My tongue gang dry i' my hals,  
an I think-na lang on thee; an I  
roose-na yersel, Jerusalem, †abune  
a' that 's dear to me!

7 O LORD, hae min' o' <sup>b</sup>Edom's  
weans, in Jerusalem's day o' *maen*;  
how they cry'd, Ding *her* down!  
Ding *her* down! aye, down till the  
laighest stane.

8 *An' Dochtir* o' Babel, ye, <sup>c</sup>that  
or lang maun wastit be; <sup>d</sup>blythe be  
the wight that sal quat ye right, wi'  
sic-like as ye gar'd us dree.

9 Blythe *sal* he *be* that taks haud  
o'; <sup>e</sup>an' gars yer bit weans, on the  
*hard* whinstanes, wi' a fling intil  
flinders flee!

PSALM CXXXVIII.

*A lilt o' laud till the Lord that 's gude.  
Ane o' David's.*

**I** MAUN laud ye, LORD, †wi'  
my heart's accord; <sup>a</sup>afore the  
gods, I maun lilt till thee.

2 <sup>b</sup>I maun lout me laigh <sup>c</sup>i' yer  
halie howff; I maun lilt till yer

name, for yer rewth an' yer trewth;  
for heigh abune a' that name o' yer  
ain, that word o' yer ain ye hecht.

3 I' the day whan I skreigh'd an'  
ye hearken'd me, ye doubled the  
might o' my saul.

4 <sup>d</sup>A' kings o' the lan' sal gie laud  
till ye, LORD; an they heard but the  
words o' yer mouthe:

5 An' fu' loud they sal lilt i' the  
gates o' the LORD; for the skance  
o' the LORD, it 's fu' grit.

6 <sup>e</sup>Tho' the LORD *be* fu' heigh,  
<sup>f</sup>the laigh he can sight; an' the  
mighty, he kens far eneugh.

7 Tho' I gang pingled roun', ye  
can haud my life soun'; on the  
wuth o' my faes, yer han' ye can  
heize; an' yer right-han', sal haud  
me fu' lown.

8 <sup>g</sup>The LORD sal do a' for mysel;  
yer gudeness, O LORD, *tholes* for  
evir: the warks o' yer han', ye  
win-na <sup>h</sup>fling by, a'-thegither.

PSALM CXXXIX.

*How the Lord made a', an' kens a',  
that belongs or befa's us.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-  
lilt o' David's.

**L**ORD, <sup>a</sup>ye rypit me, thrugh an'  
thro', till ye kent *me*:

2 <sup>b</sup>Yerlane, ye ken weel o' my  
down-sittin baith, and my risin; fu'  
brawly ye ken the thought that 's  
far ben, 'ithin me.

3 Gangin or lyin, ye trew me a';  
no a gate o' my ain, but ye tent it:

4 For a word o' my tongue *thar*  
canna be; bot al-utterlie, LORD, ye  
hae kent it.

5 Ahint an' afore, ye hae sweel'd  
me roun'; an' atowre me, yer loof  
ye straughtit:

6 <sup>c</sup>Sic'na ken o' yer ain, 's owre  
heigh for me; †it 's abune might  
o' mine, till win at it.

Afore the  
CHRIST,  
LIT. 570.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 79, 1.

† Heb. *abune*  
*the head o'*  
*ny joies.*

<sup>b</sup> Jer. 49, 7.  
Lam. 4, 22.  
Ezek. 25, 12.  
Obad. 10, &c.

<sup>c</sup> Isai. 13, 1;  
47, 1.  
Jer. 25, 12;  
50, 2.

<sup>d</sup> Jer. 50, 15.  
29.  
Rev. 18, 6.

<sup>e</sup> Isai. 13, 16.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 102, 15  
22.

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 113, 5, 6.  
Isai. 57, 15.  
<sup>f</sup> James 4, 6.  
1 Pet. 5, 5.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 57, 2.  
Phil. 1, 6.

<sup>h</sup> Job 10, 3, 8.

<sup>a</sup> Jer. 12, 3.

<sup>b</sup> 2 Kings 19,  
27.

† Heb. *wi'*  
*my hail heart.*  
<sup>a</sup> Ps. 119, 46.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 28, 2.

<sup>c</sup> 1 Kings 8,  
29, 30.

<sup>c</sup> Job 42, 3.  
Ps. 40, 5.

† Heb. *for it.*  
*I hae-na pith.*



<sup>d</sup> Jer. 23, 24.

7 <sup>d</sup>O whar sal I win, frae that spreit o' yer ain; an' whar sal I flee frae yer sight?

<sup>e</sup> Amos 9, 2, 3, 4.

8 <sup>e</sup>An I spiel till the lift, ye <sup>re</sup> thar by yerlane; <sup>f</sup>an I streek i' the sheugh, ye're <sup>aneth</sup>.

<sup>f</sup> Prov. 15, 11.

9 The wings o' the light, I may dight them on, an' bide on the lave o' the watirs:

§ That he  
sawd-i-a gae  
down i' the  
watirs.

10 Bot thar yer ain han', it suld weise me on; an' yer right han' itsel suld upha' me. §

<sup>g</sup> Job 26, 6;

34, 22.

Dan. 2, 22.

Hebr. 4, 13.

11 An I say syne, The mirk it sal hap me owre; than the night, like light, it sal schaw me:

12 For <sup>g</sup>the mirk at-weel, frae yersel's nae bield; bot the night, it gies light like the day: the mirkest mirk 's like the lightest light, per-fay!

13 For yerlane, ye had a' my lisk; in my mither's bouk, ye biel'd me.

† Heb. *toon-  
ner rearks o'  
yer ain mak-  
in, ilk haet  
o' me.*

14 I suld lilt till ye syne, 'am sae wonner fine; †wrought a' sae gran', as my thought can forestan', sae weel to'.

<sup>b</sup> Job 10, 8, 9.  
Eccles. 11, 5.

15 <sup>b</sup>My banes war-na happit frae thee, tho' I was wrought i' the mirk; wi' sae mony a fauld, i' the laighest halds o' the yirth.

or, i' the  
days o' their  
makin.

16 My bouk, yer cen they took tent o'; an' intil yer buik they war scriven, †a' *pairs* o' me syne that war schuppen, or ere thar was ane o' them worth.

<sup>1</sup> Ps. 40, 5.

17 <sup>1</sup>An' yer friendly thoughts to mysel; O God, how they 're by my ken! What-na wheen o' them a' to tell!

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 119, 115.

§ A wheen  
bluidy folk,  
thar slach-  
ter'd till  
eidols, an'  
bigget d'il's  
houses intil  
God's ain  
towns.

18 An I suld ettle till count them, mair nor san', ayont tellin they be! Gin I wauken, 'am ay wi' thee.

<sup>2</sup> Chron. 19,2  
Ps. 119, 158.

19 LORD GOD, an ye fell the ill-doer! <sup>k</sup>Awa frae me, bluidy loons: 20 Wha cry till yersel like an eidol; an' turn till the mischieff yer towns. §

21 LORD, <sup>l</sup>jimply I thole wha ill-

will ye; an' flyte wi' yer gain-stan'ers a':

22 I like them, as ill 's I can like them; for ill-willers o' mine, they sal sta'.

23 <sup>m</sup>Ye maun rype me, O God, an' †heart-ken me; ye maun try me, an' trew my thoughts:

24 An' see gin *thar's* †ought o' a lie in mysel; <sup>n</sup>an' airt me the endless gate.

<sup>m</sup> Job, 31, 6  
Ps. 26, 2.

† Heb. *ken  
my heart.*

† Heb. *gate o'  
a lie.*

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 5, 8;  
143, 10.

## PSALM CXL.

*Wae fa' the ill-deedie man, tho' a crown an' a' be abune him.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**R**EDD me, LORD, frae the ill-deedie man; <sup>a</sup>frae the man o' mischieff, waird me:

2 Wha ettle a' that 's ill, i' *their* heart; <sup>b</sup>ilka day they forgather till waur me.

3 Their tongue they hae whatt, like an ethir's; 'the feim o' the ask 's i' their lips: Selah.

4 <sup>d</sup>Redd me, LORD, frae the ill-doer's han'; 'frae the man o' mischieff, waird me: wha ettle till fank my gates.

5 <sup>f</sup>The haughty, they happit a girn for me; an' links forby: a net they rax't by the side o' the road; girns they set down, till *tak* me: Selah.

6 Quo' I till the LORD, My ain God *are* ye: Hearken, O LORD, to the sugh o' my bidden.

7 O LORD, my Lord, my heal-ha'din might; ye hae happit my head in the day o' redden.

8 LORD, gie the ill-doer nane his will; his weary thought, ye maunna fu'fil; <sup>g</sup>they're heigh enough, LORD, already: Selah!

9 Wha fank me roun'—atowre their crown, <sup>h</sup>may the ill o' their lips be theekit!

§ This  
thought till  
be again Saul  
an' his frien'  
Doeg: like  
enough.

<sup>a</sup> Verse 4.<sup>b</sup> Ps. 56, 6

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 53, 4  
Rom. 3, 13.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 71, 4.<sup>e</sup> Verse 1.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 35, 7;  
57, 6; 119,  
110; 141, 9.  
Jer. 18, 22.

<sup>g</sup> Deut. 32, 27

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 7, 16;  
94, 23.  
Prov. 12, 13;  
18, 7.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 11, 6.

10 <sup>i</sup>Bleezan blaunds come abune them; ben i' the lowe gar sling them; laigh i' the sheugh gar ding them, that they ne'er sal stan' again.

11 The ill-tongued man, on the yirth sanna stan'; the ill-deedie carl mischieff sal harl, till he fa'.

12 For I ken that the LORD sal do right till the puir; an' right-recht till the feckless an' a'.

13 An' syne sal the righteous gie laud till yer name; an' afore ye, the aefauld hae a ha'.

## PSALM CXLI.

*David's bidden sal be fain, an' David's tholin sal be kind: wba wytes him weel, sal ne'er do him ill.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

**L**ORD, I skreigh till yersel, fy haste ye till me; lout yer lug till my din, ay whan I skreigh till thee.

<sup>a</sup> Rev. 5, 8; 8, 3, 4.<sup>b</sup> Rev. 8, 3, 4.<sup>c</sup> Ps. 134, 2.

2 Lat <sup>a</sup>my bidden win right till yer sight, ay <sup>b</sup>like the haly reek; <sup>c</sup>the heizin-up o' my looves, *like* the hansel at gloamin eke.

3 LORD, put the waird on my mouthe; ay haud the flake o' my lips:

<sup>d</sup> Prov. 23, 6.

4 Swee-na my heart till a word o' ill; till wark at mischieff, wi' folk that do ill; <sup>d</sup>an' ne'er lat me pree o' their sweets.

<sup>e</sup> Prov. 9, 8; 19, 25; 25, 12.<sup>f</sup> or, ding me kindly, &c.

5 <sup>e</sup>Lat the gude man <sup>||</sup>ding me, I'se *tak* it fu' kind; lat him wyte me, it's oyle on my head; siclike sal ne'er crack my crown: for or lang, in their ain day o' need, an' my bidden *for them* sal come roun.

6 Whan their righters gang down till the sheugh, syne sal they hear *what* I say; for *my words* sal be canny eneugh.

7 For like tearin an' rivan the yirth, our banes are dang here awa there awa, clean at the mouthe o' the heugh.

8 Bot ay till yersel, O JEHOVAH; <sup>f</sup>my een, Lord o' mine, *are* till thee: I lippen me a' till yerlane; an' ye maun-na mislippen me.†

9 Kep me <sup>g</sup>frae the grip o' the girns, they stentit sae straught for mysel; an' eke frae the loopy-links, o' them wha wark at ill.

10 <sup>h</sup>Lat ill-doers coup in their ain fankin-gear, ay whan I can loup owre, mysel!

<sup>f</sup> 2 Chron. 20, 12.  
Ps. 123, 1, 2.  
† Heb. *my life*, or *saul*.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 119, 110;  
140, 5;  
142, 3.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 35, 8

## PSALM CXLII.

*Wba kens sae weel wbar we bide, or wba can redd us like God.*

\* Maschil o' David's; a heart's-bode o' his ain, whan he bade i' the cove, *out o' sight*.

\* Leuk till *Headins*, an' Ps. 57.

**I** SIGH'D till the LORD wi' my †breath; wi' my †breath, till the LORD I cou'd sigh:

† Heb. *sound*, or *cry*.

2 <sup>a</sup>I toom'd out afore him my thought; my strett I made plain in his sight.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 102, headin

3 Whan my spreit was dang gyte in mysel, <sup>b</sup>yerlane it was, kent my gate; <sup>c</sup>on the road that I slippet alang, they happit a girn for my *fit*.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 143, 4.<sup>c</sup> Ps. 140, 5.

4 <sup>d</sup>Leuk weel on the right, an' see; <sup>e</sup>bot nane till ken me thar: a' shaltir frae me was gane; for my life, no a livin took care.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 69, 20.<sup>e</sup> Ps. 31, 11; 88, 8, 18.

5 I sigh'd till yersel, O LORD; quo' I, <sup>f</sup>Yerlane be my houp: ye're a' <sup>g</sup>that's left till me, <sup>h</sup>in the land o' livin folk.

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 46, 1;  
91, 2.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 16, 5; 73, 26; 119, 57.  
Lam. 3, 24.

<sup>h</sup> Ps. 27, 13.

6 Tak tent till my chirm, for 'am worn awa; redd me frae wha wad win at me, for they're sterker nor me an' a'.

7 But wi' my life frae *this* weary hald, laud till yer name to gie; <sup>i</sup>the righteous †sal crown me *or lang*, for <sup>k</sup>yersel sal gie double till me.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 34, 2.

† Heb. *sal gather round about me*, like a crown.

<sup>k</sup> Ps. 119, 17.

## PSALM CXLIII

*David skreighs, ay sairer an' sairer:*

God maun hearken, or he'll die wi'  
sic unco dule.  
Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

a Ps. 31, 1

**H**EARKEN, LORD, till my bid-  
den; <sup>a</sup>lout yer lug till my  
weary schraigh: in yer truth, speak  
hame till me syne; in yer rightous-  
ness:

b Exod. 34, 7.  
Job 4, 17; 9,  
2; 15, 14;

2 An' come-na till stricks wi' yer  
thirlman; <sup>b</sup>for nane lives, can be  
right afore thee.

c Eccles. 7, 20.  
Rom. 3, 20.  
Gal. 2, 16.

3 For the Ill-ane, he 's eftir my  
saul; my life he wad thring till the  
yird: he wad steek me in mirkest  
boles; as wha, lang sen-syne, hae  
been dead.

c Ps. 142, 3.

4 'Sae my gheist, it 's forfoughten  
within me; my heart, it 's cleán  
daze'd i' my midds.

d Ps. 77, 5,  
10, 11.

5 <sup>d</sup>I mindet the days o' lang-syne;  
I bethought me on a' ye hae dune;  
I dree't on the wark o' yer han's:

e Ps. 88, 9.

f Ps. 83, 1.

6 <sup>e</sup>I braidet my looves afore ye;  
and, e'en as a drowthy lan', <sup>f</sup>my life  
it *could lang* for thee: Selah.

g Ps. 28, 1.

7 Fy haste ye, till answer me,  
LORD; my gheist, it 's a' but gane:  
hide-na yer face frae me, in case-be  
I gang like *the lave*; <sup>g</sup>wi' them wha  
are pang'd i' the sheugh.

h Ps. 46, 5.

i Ps. 5, 8.

k Ps. 25, 1.

8 Lat me hear o' yer gudeness at  
<sup>h</sup>mornin ere, for I lippen me a' till  
yersel: <sup>i</sup>airt me the gate I suld  
gang; <sup>k</sup>for, till yerlane I lift up my  
saul.

l Ps. 25, 4, 5;  
139, 24.† Heb. *lan' o'*  
*straightness*.

m Isai. 26, 10.

† Heb. *lan' o'*  
*straightness*.

n Ps. 119, 25.

o Verse 7, 8.

9 Redd me but frae my ill-willers,  
LORD; till yersel, I maun gang till  
hide me.

10 <sup>l</sup>Learn me †the gate o' yer ain  
gude-will, for yerlane are **JEHOVAH**,  
God o' my ain: that spreit o' yer  
ain 's fu' nieborlie ay; airt me a  
lan', <sup>m</sup>*awhar* the gate 's fu' plain.†

11 For yer name's sake, LORD,  
<sup>n</sup>haud me livin ay: in your right-  
ousness, redd but my life, frae a  
strett *like* this:

12 And, o' yer gudeness, ding my

ill-willers by; an' ding ilk ane that  
wad ding my saul: <sup>o</sup>for *wha* but  
mylane is yer thirlman!

p Ps. 116, 16.

## PSALM CXLIV.

*David's ain thought o' Kingly gree,  
and o' a' that suld be, intil a wheel-  
guided, wheel-thriven state.*  
Ane o' David's.

**B**LYTHE be the LORD, my  
heigh-ha'din; <sup>a</sup>wha hansels  
my han's for the stour; *wha ettles*  
my fingers for facht:

q 2 Sam. 22,  
35.  
Ps. 18, 34.

2 <sup>b</sup>My gree, an' my hainin-towir;  
my uphauder, an' my redder-but;  
my schild, ontill whilk I may lippen;  
wha thrings my folk laigh †till my  
fit.

r 2 Sam. 22,  
2, 3, 40, 48.† Heb. *aneth*  
*mysel*.

3 LORD, 'what 's the yird-born,  
ye suld heed him? or son o' the  
carl, ye tak tent till him?

s Job 7, 17.  
Ps. 8, 4.  
Hebr. 2, 6.

4 <sup>d</sup>The yird-born, he 's waur nor  
naething; <sup>e</sup>his days, *they* wear by  
like a gloam.

t Job 4, 19;  
14, 2.  
Ps. 39, 5;  
62, 9.  
c Ps. 102, 11.

5 LORD, <sup>f</sup>lout yer lift, an' win on  
*them*; <sup>g</sup>tang but the heights, an'  
they 'll reek!

f Ps. 18, 9.  
Isai. 64, 1.  
g Ps. 104, 32.

6 <sup>h</sup>Light a lowe, an' daze them;  
out wi' yer flanes, an' fley them!

h Ps. 18, 13,  
14.

i Ps. 18, 16.

7 <sup>i</sup>Rax yont yer han's frae abune  
*them*: <sup>k</sup>redd me an' rowe me frae  
unco spates; <sup>l</sup>frae the han' o' the  
bairns o' the frem:

k Verse 11.  
Ps. 69, 1, 2,  
14.l Ps. 54, 3.  
Mal. 2, 11

8 Whase mouthe cracks fusionless  
clauvers; an' their right-han', 's a  
right-han' o' scham!

9 <sup>m</sup>A new sang, O God, I maun  
sing till yersel; on a harp wi' ten-  
some thairms, I maun lilt till thee:

m Ps. 33, 2, 3

10 *Wha yerlane*, <sup>n</sup>can gie scowth  
till kings; wha can redd but David  
his thirlman, frae *the grip o'* the  
gruesome sword.

n Ps. 18, 50.

11 <sup>o</sup>Lowse me, an' redd me hame,  
frae the han' o' the bairns o' the  
frem; whase mouthe cracks fusion-

o Verse 7, 8.



less clavers, an' their right-han', 's  
a right-han' o' scham!

12 That our sons *be* like growthy  
sprouts, weel-grown i' their bairn-  
time a'; our dochters like †shapely  
stances, weel-set in a pailis-wa':

13 That our barns *be* bursen wi'  
victual, ‖frae ae hairst till anither  
*come roun'*; our sheep, by thousands  
on thousands, may thrang athort a'  
our towns:\*

14 That our knowte *may be* brawly  
thriven; neither outshot nor in-win  
*amang them*; nor nae eerie sugh in  
our yairds.

15 <sup>b</sup>Blythe *may* the folk be, whase  
fa' is siclike; blythe *at-weel may* the  
folk be, whase God is the LORD.

### PSALM CXLV

*Folk lang-syne hae laudit the Lord;  
bot nane o' them kens like David.*

A laud-lilt o' David's.\*

**L**ORD GOD o' my ain, that 's  
King, <sup>a</sup>I maun heize ye heigh;  
an' laud yer name, for evir an' ay:

2 Ilka day, I maun roose yersel;  
an' laud yer name for evir an' ay.

3 <sup>b</sup>Fu' gran' 's the LORD, an' weel  
to be laudit; †end o' his 'greatness  
nane can be:

4 Outcome till outcome, sal laud  
yer warks; an' weel schaw furth  
yer mighty gree.†

5 The weight o' yer glourious  
loffthead, an' the sugh o' yer won-  
ner-warks, I maun ken:

6 The might o' yer wonner-warks  
folk hae tell'd; bot yer mightiness  
a', mylane sal pen:

7 Word they hae croon'd o' yer  
gudeness, †lang; bot yer rightous-  
ness syne they sal lilt on hie!§

8 <sup>d</sup>Kind an' pitifu' *ay is* the LORD;  
lang or he lowes; and rews right  
fain:

9 Gude 's the LORD till a' *forby*; an'  
his pitie, atowre his warks ilk ane.

10 LORD, yer doens, they praise  
ye a'; an' sants o' yer ain, they suld  
speak ye fair:

11 The weight o' yer kingryks,  
folk maun tell; an' ay on yer right-  
ousness words maun ware:

12 Till lat †yird-born folk his  
might weel wot; an' a' the weight  
of his kingryks rare.

13 <sup>e</sup>Thae realms o' thine, *hae been*  
realms out o' mind; an' yer rewl,  
it *s' †ayont* a' livin kind.

14 The LORD, he stoops a' wha  
stacher down; <sup>f</sup>an' straights a' wha  
gang twa-fauld:

15 <sup>g</sup>The een o' the lave leuk a'  
till thee; <sup>h</sup>an' ye gie them bread  
belyve:

16 Braidin yer loof, <sup>i</sup>an' toomin  
aneugh, o' yer gudeness, till a' on  
live.

17 Right *is* the LORD in ilk gate  
o' his ain, an' kindly in a' that his  
han' does:†

18 <sup>k</sup>Nieborlie *ay is* the LORD, till  
a' wha cry on himsel; till a' wha  
cry on himsel, †right heartilie.

19 The gudewill he warks o' wha  
fear himsel; an' he hearkens their  
skeirgh, an' he saifs them:

20 The LORD fen's for a', wha  
loe himsel; but a' warkers o' wrang  
he dings by:

21 The laud o' the LORD, my  
mouthe sal tell; an' that name o'  
his ain sae halie, a' flesh sal blythe-  
bid for evir an' ay.

### PSALM CXLVI.

*Nae lippenin to ony but God, wha  
made baith the lift an' the lan'.*

[By wha 's no said.]

**H**ALLELUJAH! <sup>a</sup>Gie laud till  
the LORD, O my saul!

2 <sup>b</sup>I maun lilt till the LORD, whan  
'am livin; I maun lilt till my God,  
whiles I last ava'.

† Heb. *skew*  
stances like a  
pailis.

‖ or, *frae kind*  
till kind o'  
victual.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 33, 12;  
65, 4; 146, 5.

\* Ps. 100,  
Headlin.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 30, 1.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 96, 4.

† Heb. *rypin*  
out.

<sup>c</sup> Job 5, 9;  
9, 10.

† Heb. *mighti-*  
nesses.

† Heb. *meikle*  
mind.

§ No till eftir  
David spak,  
kenn'd folk  
the wo'ners  
o' the Lord.

<sup>d</sup> Exod. 34,  
6, 7.  
Num. 14, 18.  
Ps. 86, 5, 15;  
103, 8.

† Heb. *sons o'*  
the yird-born

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 146, 10.  
1 Tim. 1, 17.

† Heb. *in ilka*  
*kithgettin an'*  
*kithgettin.*

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 146, 8.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 104, 27.  
<sup>h</sup> Ps. 136, 25.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 104, 21;  
147, 9.

† Heb. *han's*  
*twarks.*

<sup>k</sup> Deut. 4, 7.

† Heb. *in*  
*treuth.*

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 103, 1.

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 104, 33

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 118, 8, 9.  
Isai. 2, 22.

3 <sup>c</sup> Lippen ye nane till princes, *not yet* till son o' the yird; nae *gift* o' heal-ha'din has he.

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 104, 29.  
Eccles. 12, 7.  
Isai. 2, 22.

4 <sup>d</sup> His breath wins awa; he wins hame till his stoure; in that sel-sam day, <sup>e</sup> his thoughts die.

<sup>e</sup> Leuk 1 Cor. 2, 6.  
<sup>f</sup> Jer. 17, 7.

5 <sup>f</sup> Blythe be the wight, whase help 's in the God o' Jakob; whase tryst 's in the LORD, his God:

<sup>g</sup> Gen. 1, 1

6 <sup>g</sup> Wha made baith the lift an' the lan'; the sea, an' ilk haet intil them; wha bides by the trewth evir mair:

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 103, 6.

7 <sup>h</sup> Wha rights amang sair-tholin folk; wha ay ettles bread for the hungry; <sup>i</sup> the LORD lats the thirl-bun' gang.

<sup>i</sup> Ps. 68, 6;  
107, 10, 14.

8 <sup>k</sup> The LORD, he can lighten the blin'; <sup>i</sup> the LORD, he can straught the twa-fauld; the LORD loes the righteous weel:

<sup>g</sup> Mat. 9, 30.  
John 9, 7-32.  
<sup>i</sup> Ps. 145, 14;  
147, 6.  
Luke 13, 13.

9 <sup>m</sup> The LORD keeps haud o' the frem; the orph'lin an' widow, he stoops; bot the gate o' ill-doers, he dings.

<sup>m</sup> Deut. 10, 18.  
<sup>Ps.</sup> 68, 5.

10 <sup>n</sup> The LORD sal be King for ay! That God o' yer ain, O Zioun, is frae ae folk's time till anither: <sup>†</sup> Laud till the LORD gie ye!

<sup>n</sup> Ex. 15, 18.  
<sup>Ps.</sup> 10, 16;  
145, 13.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *Hallelujah*

## PSALM CXLVII.

*Anither lilt o' laud till Jehovah, makar o' a', an' friend till a', in Jakob.*

[By wha 's no said.]

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 92, 1

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 135, 3

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 33, 1.

**H**ALLELUJAH! <sup>a</sup> For gude *it's*, to lilt till our God; <sup>b</sup> sic liltin 's baith blythe 'an' braw.

<sup>d</sup> Deut. 30, 3.

2 *It's* the LORD sal big up Jerusalem; <sup>d</sup> the spersle'd o' Israel, sal gather them a':

<sup>e</sup> Ps. 51, 17.  
Isai. 57, 15;  
61, 1.

3 <sup>e</sup> Healin the heart-broken kindly; an' mendin their unco stoun's.

<sup>f</sup> Leuk Gen. 15, 5.  
Isai. 40, 26.

4 <sup>f</sup> He tells the tale o' the starnies; he cries till them a' by *their* names:

5 Gran 's our LORD, an' fu' mighty; o' his thoughts, thar 's nae tellin ava'.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 146, 8, 9.

6 <sup>g</sup> The LORD lifts the laigest fu' canny; the ill, he dings till they fa'.

7 Time wi' a sang till **JEHOVAH**; sing ye till our God wi' the harp:

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 104, 13  
14.

8 <sup>h</sup> Wha theeks owre the lift wi' the carrie; wha *syne* ettles rain for the yirth: wha gars gerss on the heights tak the road:

<sup>i</sup> Job 38, 41.  
<sup>Ps.</sup> 104, 27,  
28; 136, 25  
145, 15.

9 <sup>i</sup> Wha gies victual till beiss o' the field; <sup>k</sup> till the <sup>†</sup> schraighin brood o' the craw.

<sup>k</sup> Job 38, 41.  
Mat. 6, 26.

10 He cares nane for the strenth o' the aiver<sup>l</sup>; likes as little the shanks o' the carl:

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *zehil schraigh*.

11 The gudewill o' the LORD 's on wha fear him; on wha lippen a' till his rewth.

<sup>l</sup> Ps. 33, 16,  
17, 18.  
Hos. 1, 7.

12 Gie laud till the LORD, O Jerusalem; Zioun, lilt heigh till yer God:

13 For the bars o' yer yetts, he made sikker; an' yer weans, intil ye, blythe-bade:

14 Wha settled yer march wi' lown *niebors*; <sup>m</sup> an' stegh'd ye wi' best o' the wheat.

<sup>m</sup> Ps. 132, 15  
Deut. 32, 14  
Ps. 81, 16.

15 <sup>n</sup> Wha sends but his bidden on yirth; unco speedy, his word it wins on:

<sup>n</sup> Ps. 107, 20

16 Snaw, like 'oo, he can ettle; an' strinkles the cranreuch, like ase.

17 Wha deals out his ice like moolins; wha can thole, in the face o' his cauld?

<sup>o</sup> Verse 15.  
Leuk Job 37, 10.

18 <sup>o</sup> Syne out wi' his word, an' it thowes them; his breath wins about, an' watirs they wimple enew.

<sup>p</sup> Ps. 76, 1;  
78, 5; 103, 7  
<sup>q</sup> Mal. 4, 4.

19 <sup>p</sup> His words, he taught them till Jakob; <sup>q</sup> his trysts, an' his rights, till Isra'l:

20 Siclike he wrought-na wi' ither folk; an' *his* rightins they ne'er kent amang them: <sup>†</sup> Laud ye the LORD.

<sup>r</sup> Leuk Rom 3, 1, 2.

<sup>†</sup> Heb. *Hallelujah*.

## PSALM CXLVIII.

*Ane heigh-lilt o' laud till the Lord, frae a' that bides in the warld.*

[By wha 's no said.]

**H**ALLELUJAH! Laud the LORD himsel frae the lift; laud him frae the heighest heights:

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 103, 20, 21.

2 <sup>a</sup> Laud him, a' errand-rinners o' his ain; laud him, a' hosts o' his.  
3 Laud him, baith sun an' mune; laud him, a' starns o' light:

<sup>b</sup> 1 Kings 8, 27.<sup>c</sup> Gen. 1, 7.<sup>d</sup> Gen. 1, 1, 6. Ps. 33, 6, 9.<sup>e</sup> Ps. 89, 37; 119, 90, 91. Jer. 31, 35, 36; 33, 25.

4 Laud him, <sup>b</sup> ye lift o' lifts; <sup>c</sup> an' ye fludes owre the hevins' height:

5 Lat them <sup>a</sup> laud the name o' the LORD; <sup>d</sup> for himlane gied the word, an' they schupen war:

6 <sup>e</sup> An' he ettled them ay till stan'; he made-guid a decreet, that suld ne'er be schuten-owre.

7 Laud ye the LORD, frae yirth, gryfes an' ilk awesome howe:

8 Lowe an' hail; snaw an' mist; whirlin blast, that warks his bidden:

9 Heigh heights, an' a' ye knowes; frutefu' stoks, an' ilka cedar:

10 Brute o' the field, an' beiss o' the fauld; wurblin worm, an' flican feddyr:

11 Kings o' the yirth, an' a' peopil; provosts, an' a' right-rechters o' the lan':

12 Baith lads an' lasses; auld folk an' bairns:

<sup>f</sup> Ps. 8, 1. Isal. 12, 4.

13 Lat them <sup>a</sup> laud the name o' the LORD; <sup>f</sup> for his name is heighest: his loffiheid alane, <sup>s</sup> abune yirth an' hevins.

<sup>g</sup> Ps. 75, 10.<sup>b</sup> Ps. 149, 9.<sup>i</sup> Eph. 2, 17.<sup>†</sup> Heb. Hallelujah.

14 <sup>g</sup> An' he straughtit has the horn o' his ain folk on hie; <sup>h</sup> the praise o' a' his sanctit anes; the bairns-folk o' Israel; <sup>i</sup> a folk ay nar till himsel: <sup>†</sup> Laud till the LORD gie ye!

## PSALM CXLIX.

*A lilt o' laud for the Sancts in Jakob.*  
[By wha's no said.]

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 35, 3<sup>b</sup> Leuk Job 35, 10. Ps. 100, 3. Isal. 54, 5.

**H**ALLELUJAH! <sup>a</sup> Sing ye till the LORD a new sang; his praise in the thrang o' the Sancts.

2 Lat Israel <sup>b</sup> be blythe in his

makar; Zioun's bairns be fu' fain in their king:

3 <sup>c</sup> Lat them laud till his name || wi' a dinnele; wi' the drum an' the harp, lilt loud till him:

<sup>c</sup> Ps. 81, 2. || or, wi' the dance.

4 <sup>d</sup> For the LORD's weel content wi' his peopil; <sup>e</sup> the down-cuisten, wi' health he'll mak trim.

<sup>d</sup> Ps. 35, 27. <sup>e</sup> Ps. 152, 16

5 Lat the Sancts be fu' blythe in gloiry; <sup>f</sup> lat them lilt fu' loud on their beds:

<sup>f</sup> Job 35, 10.

6 The heigh-lilts o' God, in their mouthes ay; <sup>g</sup> and, i' their han', a double-faced swurd that sneds.

<sup>g</sup> Hebr. 4, 12 Rev. 1, 16.

7 Till wrack God's-right on the hethen; <sup>an'</sup> wyte amang niebors <sup>a</sup>:

8 Till yoke their kings intil thirl-bans; an' their foremaist in airn branks:

9 <sup>h</sup> Till wark on them, right that's written; <sup>i</sup> sic gloiry belangs a' his Sancts. Hallelujah!

<sup>b</sup> Deut. 7, 1, 2. <sup>i</sup> Ps. 148, 14.

## PSALM CL.

*The binmaist Hallelujah, fu' heigh an' grand, wi' a' that can dirl an' blaw.*  
[By wha's no said.]

**H**ALLELUJAH! Gie laud till God in his haly-rood; gie him laud in the lift o' his strenth!

2 <sup>a</sup> Gie him laud intil a' his wonners; gie him laud in the feck o' his might!

<sup>a</sup> Ps. 145, 5, 6

3 Gie him laud wi' the tout o' the horn; <sup>b</sup> gie him laud wi' the brod an' the harp!

<sup>b</sup> Ps. 81, 2; 149, 3.

4 Gie him laud wi' the drum an' the || dinnele; gie him laud wi' the thairms <sup>†</sup> o' delight!

|| or dance; aiblins some gear that dinnled an' sheuk.

5 Gie him laud wi' the dirl o' the cymbals; gie him laud, wi' the cymbals dirlin hie!

<sup>†</sup> Heb. an' delight—some sang-gearsae ca'd

6 Lat a' ye can blaw t̃no', laud the LORD; <sup>†</sup> Laud till the LORD gie ye!

<sup>†</sup> Heb. Hallelujah!

END O' PSALMS.



## DAVID AND GOLIATH.

---

This bit lilt o' his ain till David's Praise,  
Whan he fought again Goliath,  
Stan's like a to-fa' till the Psalms  
[Quo' the LXX.]

Sma' was I amang brether o' mine;  
An' the bairn was I, i' my faither's ha';  
My faither's fe I was hirdin:  
My han's, they wrought the organ fine;  
An' my fingers, *wi' thairms*, the harp an' a'  
They war girdin.

An' wha was 't tell'd the LORD o' me?  
The LORD himsel, he hearken'd till me;  
An' his rinner he sent, an' he cried me awa—  
*Cried me awa* frae my faither's fe;  
An' wi' chrystin oyle o' his ain an' a',  
He chrystit me:  
Brether o' mine, they war brave an' braw;  
An' the LORD o' them wad hae nought ava'.

Furth gaed I, till fecht wi' the frem;  
Syne by his eidols he swure at me:  
Bot that swurd o' his ain, I claught it frae him;  
An' I sned his head frae his shouthirs trim;  
An' the skaith an' the scorn I carried it a',  
Frae the folk o' Israel, hame wi' me!

# NOTICE.

## TO THE GENERAL READER.

IN reply to numerous inquiries as to the variety of the Scottish Dialect employed in this Translation, the Translator begs to state:—

1. That there are not, on an average, more than five words in a thousand exclusively very old Scotch, such as is to be found in the earliest Scottish authors. Whoever may imagine otherwise is mistaken.

2. A very large number of terms employed by Burns are also employed here, as may easily be ascertained by consulting the Glossary for his Poems. But the expressions or phraseology most frequently employed by Burns could not, for very obvious reasons, be admitted in a translation of the Bible.

3. The bulk of the language, both in terms and phraseology, is such as was in daily use by all well-educated peasants and country gentlemen of the last generation, and such as they had received by tradition from their own forefathers—men who represented the true vernacular of their country, from the days of the Reformation and of the Covenant. With such language the Translator was familiar in his youth, as many of his readers must also have been. To the young of the present generation it may seem strange; but any strangeness to be found in it otherwise, or by others, must result solely from the newness of its grammatical application to so solemn a theme as the Word of God.

4. There are one or two compound terms, made up of well-known simple terms, in the very spirit and according to the recognised idioms of the Scottish language, to express words or ideas in the Hebrew language which no Scotch or English or Latin terms *alone* ever will or can express. A very little practice, it is hoped, will not only accustom the intelligent reader to the use of these words, but enable all readers to receive through them a much truer sense of the Original than could possibly be conveyed by any single terms whatever.

5. In conclusion on this subject, the Translator has only farther to add, that, in conformity with recent highest authorities in the Scottish language, he has adopted the most popular form of orthography for certain well-known words; but in so doing, he must protest against their mispronunciation as if they were English. Thus:—

*igh* sounds *ich*, as in *sigh*;  
*ight* „ *icht*, „ *light*;  
*aught* „ *aucht*, „ *taught*;  
*ought* „ *ocht*, „ *thought*;  
*eigh* „ *eegh*, „ *skreigh*;  
except in *weigh*, which sounds *wee*;  
and in *weight*, „ „ *veecht*.

*ead* sounds *eed*, as in *head*;  
*ei* „ *ee*, „ *heid*;  
*ie* „ *ee*, „ *lie*;  
*ow* „ *os*, „ *town*, *down*;  
*ow* „ *ow*, „ { *down*, *own* to  
  } confess;  
*y* final „ *ie*, „ *ly* or *by*;  
except in *Fy!* and *by*, where *by* signifies *beyond*.

To pronounce on the English principle any word in which one of these syllables occurs, is to destroy at once both the character and force of the sound.

In the translation of the *PSALMS*, the reader will find that most of them fall naturally into a sort of rhythmical cadence, and many of them into rhyme itself. It may be proper to state, with respect to this peculiarity, that no device whatever has been employed to produce such effect—the fact being, that in many cases the *Psalms* which present this rhythmical aspect are more literally translated than they could well have been otherwise; and that there is generally a corresponding rhythm, and sometimes even a corresponding rhyme, in the Hebrew original. In other portions of Scripture, the Historical and Chronological for example, which are strictly prosaic in themselves, the same sort of metrical cadence does not occur, nor would it be at all desirable in a translation. There will, nevertheless, be found even in these, and more obviously among the Prophets, many passages where a certain measured flow of words agreeable to the sense will prevail, without labour or artifice; the Scotch language, when purely and carefully written, having, like the Hebrew, such tendency to rhythm naturally in itself.

As to comparative accuracy and the choice of terms, the Translator ought also now to state, that where any difference as between the present and the authorised English Version may occur, he is not responsible. His own work is done directly from the Original, which he has attended to with the utmost care—Scotch for Hebrew, with all possible fidelity; and he has not much doubt that any impartial scholar, who is sufficiently acquainted with the spirit and the idioms of both languages, will admit that the present Scotch translation in general is much closer to the Original in many ways than our well-known English Version is, and that no variation anywhere occurs in it greater than what occurs everywhere and constantly in the English. He feels it the more necessary to make this statement explicitly, inasmuch as most readers in the first instance may be disposed to adopt the English Version as an ultimate standard of comparison, although it is often utterly inadequate, and sometimes even erroneous, as a measure of the Hebrew Sense. In saying which, he is far from depreciating in any way the acknowledged merits of so grand a work. On the contrary, that Version has been consulted by him with scrupulous reverence, as has also the Genevan Version, in the same language, which preceded it, in which our own most distinguished Reformers had a share. In addition to which, the Septuagint, and the Vulgate old and new; the individual versions of Pagninus, Praten, Tremellius, Junius, and Cocceius in Latin; of Diodati in Italian, of Luther and Ulenberg in German, with the French and Belgian Versions old and new, have received equal attention wherever doubt or obscurity occurred. Many valuable suggestions have thus been obtained; and as the Translator has had the happiness of finding that his own independent rendering was often identical, or in perfect harmony, with the best of these, he has less hesitation in adhering to it as at least worthy of some consideration.

## ADVERTISEMENT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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In proportion to the encouragement he receives in this undertaking, the Translator will make every effort to proceed at an early date thereafter with the rest of the Bible.





